

SMASH

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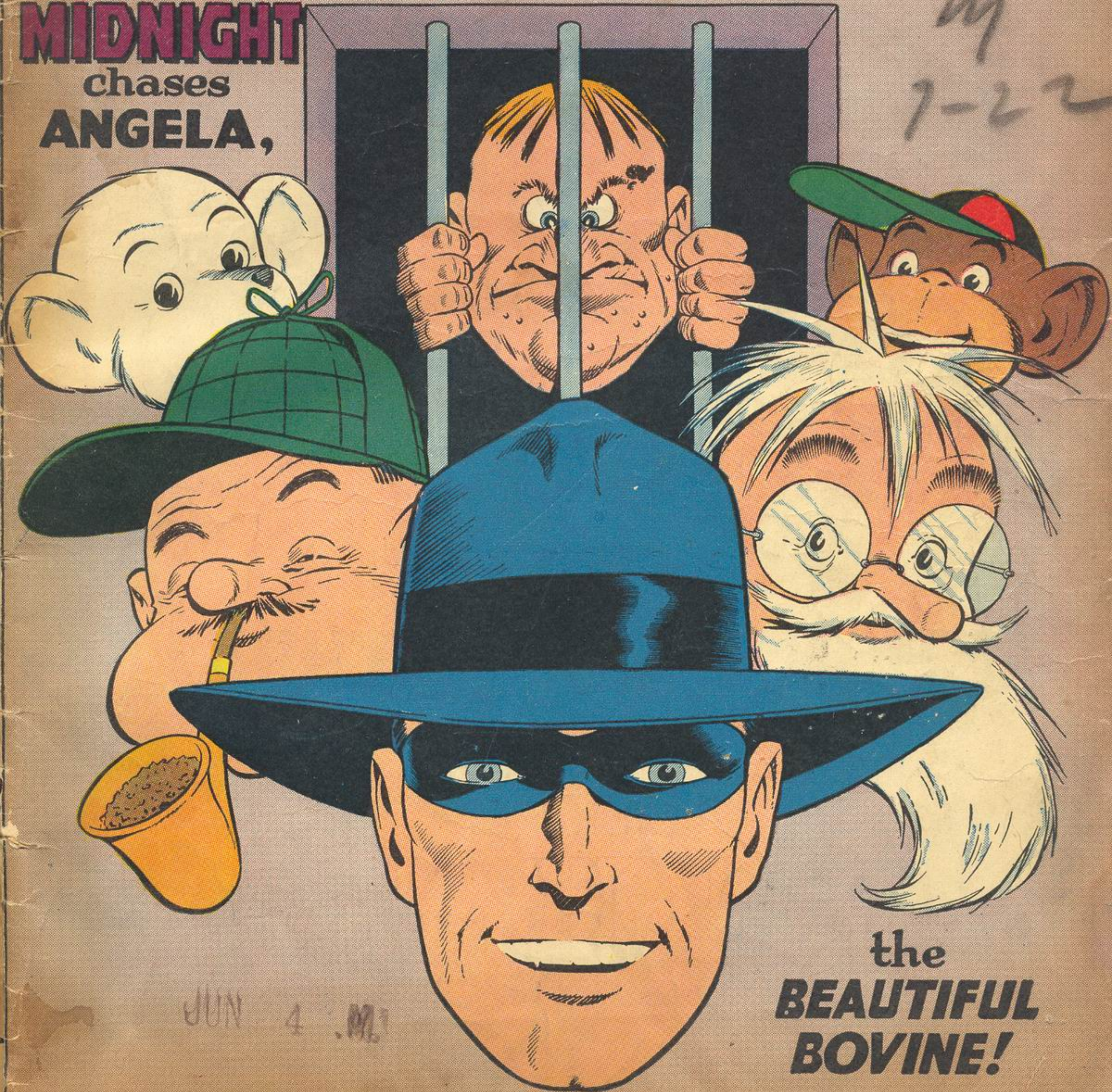


AUGUST
No. 72

COMICS

10¢

MIDNIGHT
chases
ANGELA,



the
**BEAUTIFUL
BOVINE!**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN COMICS

THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



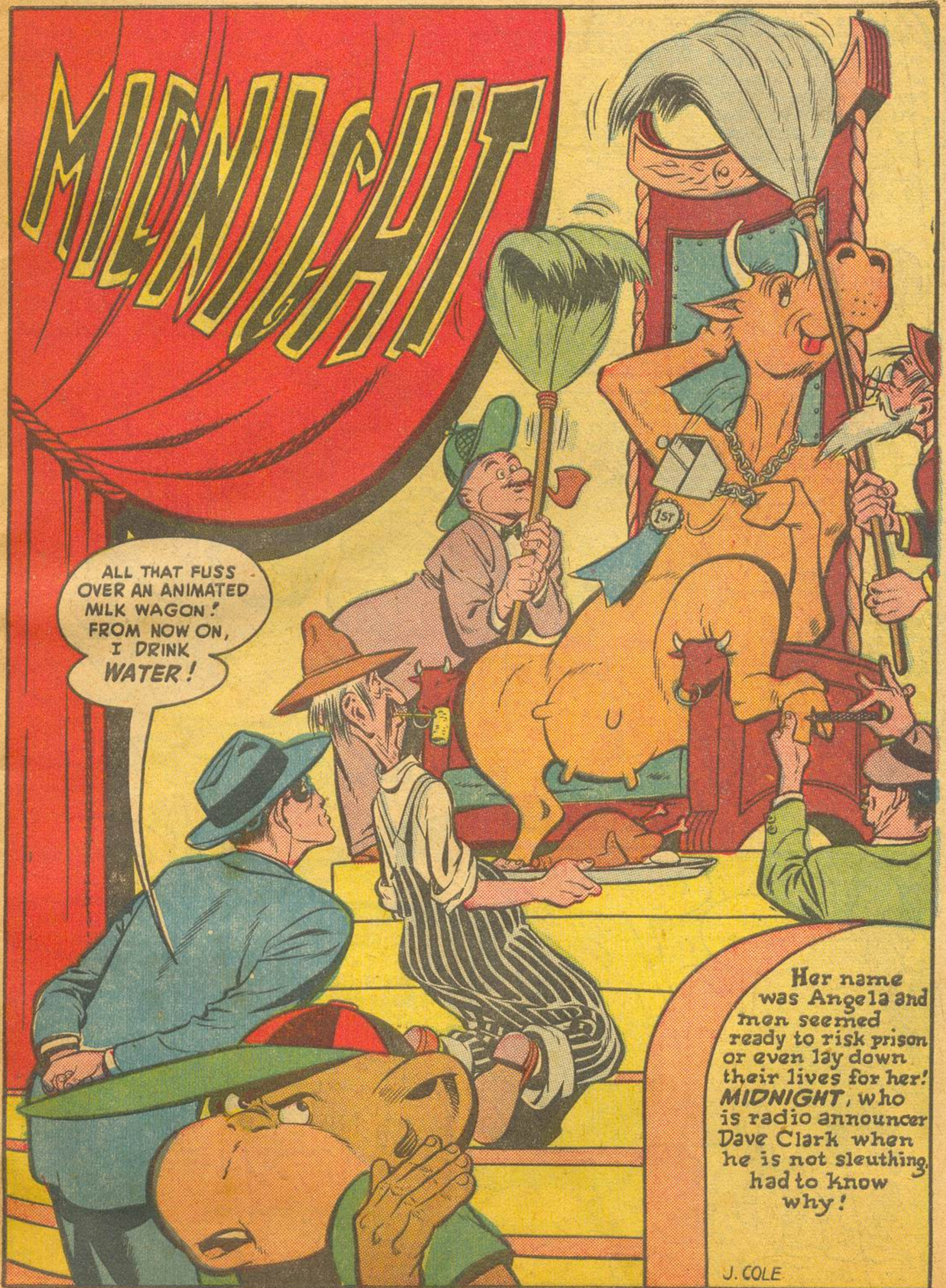
LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH

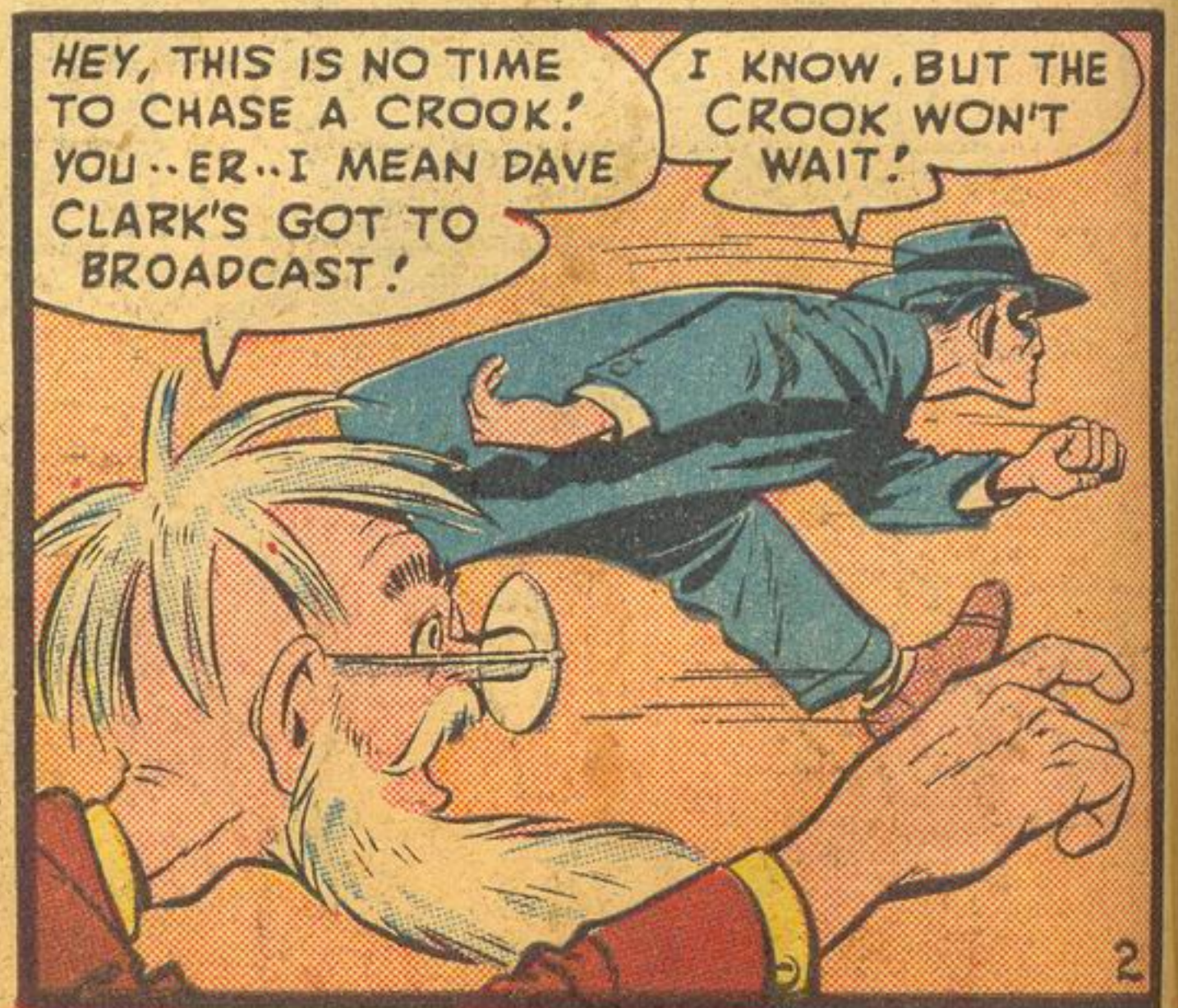
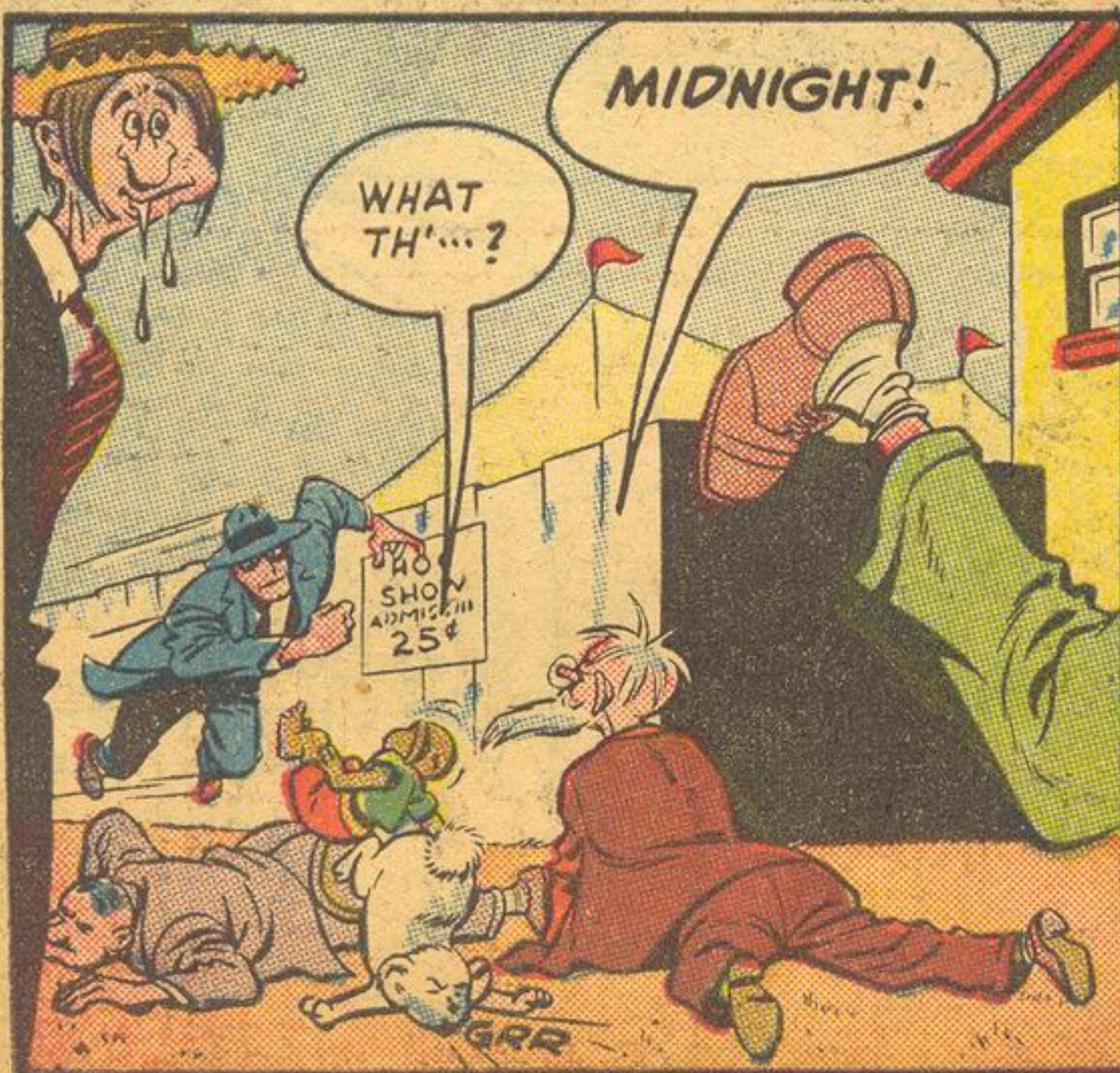
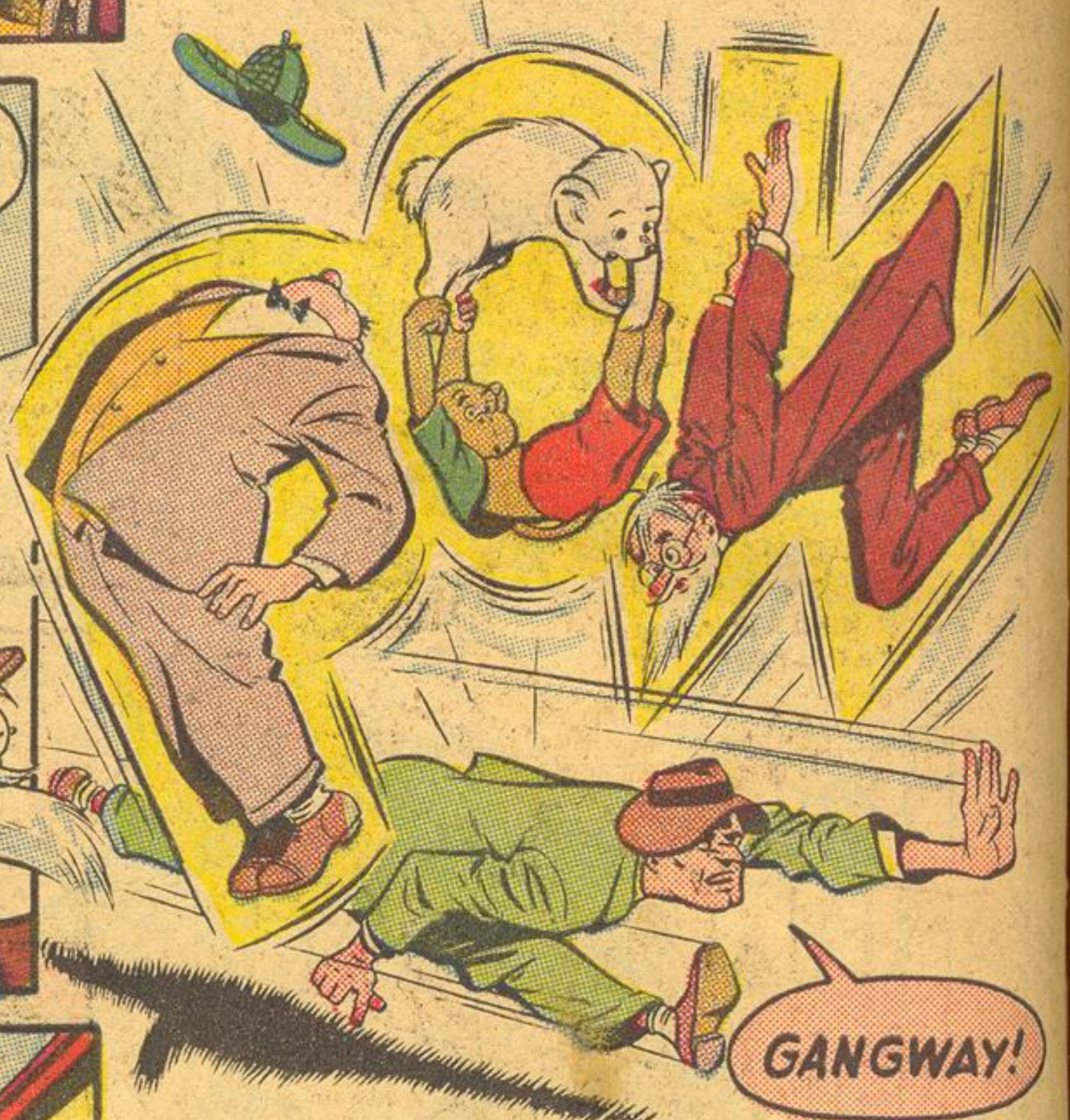
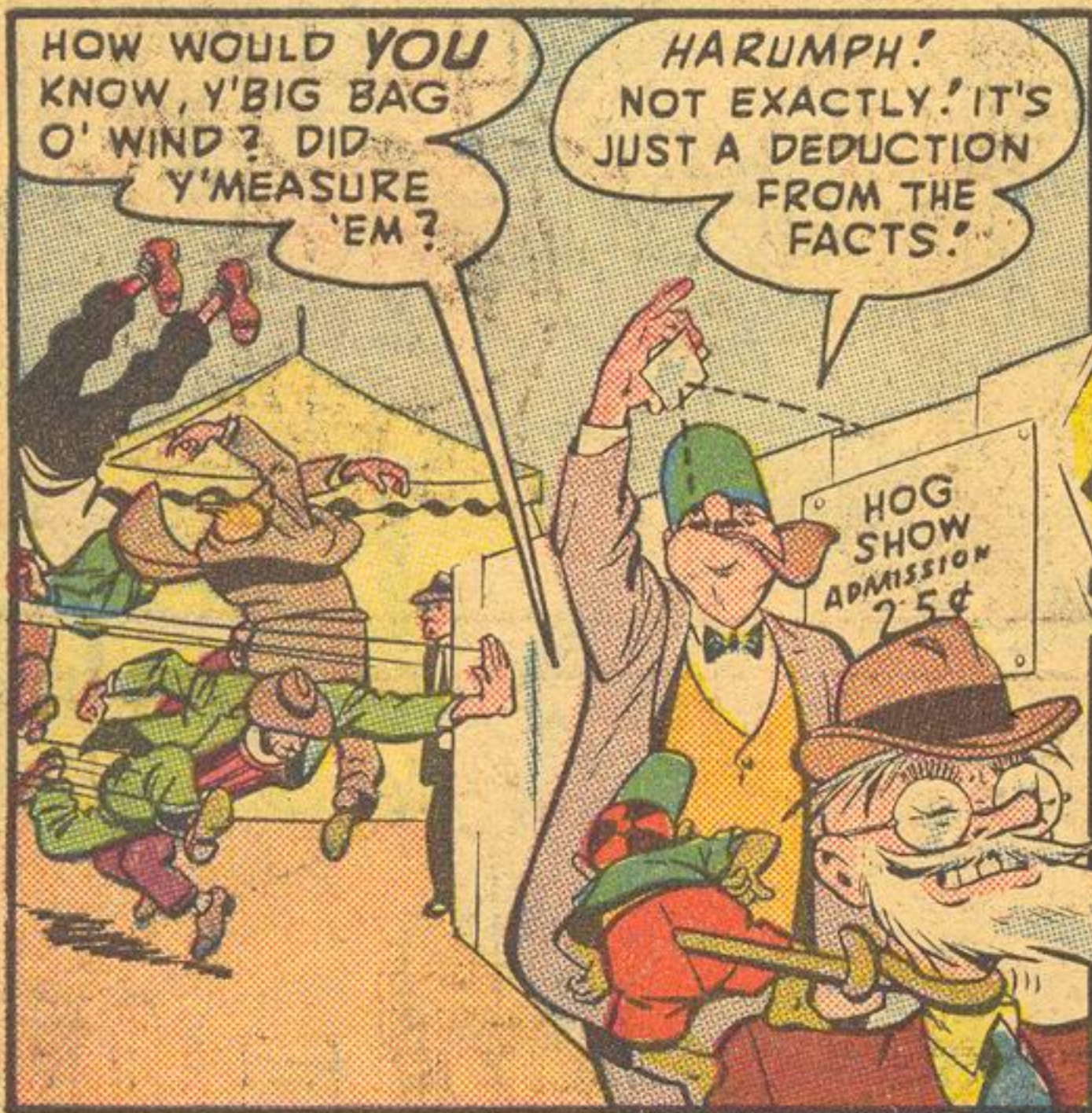
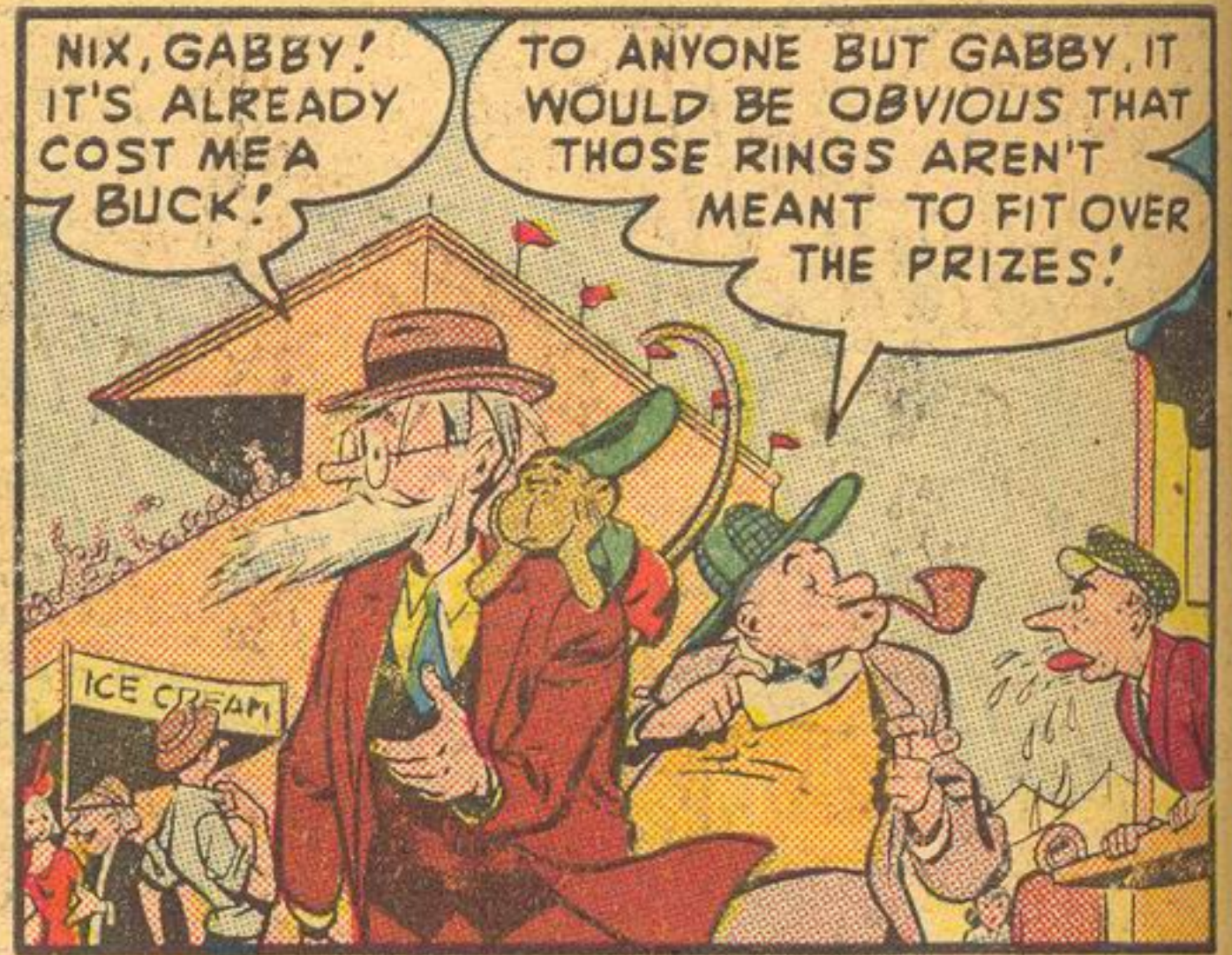
ACTION, LAUGHS ^{AND} THRILLS!

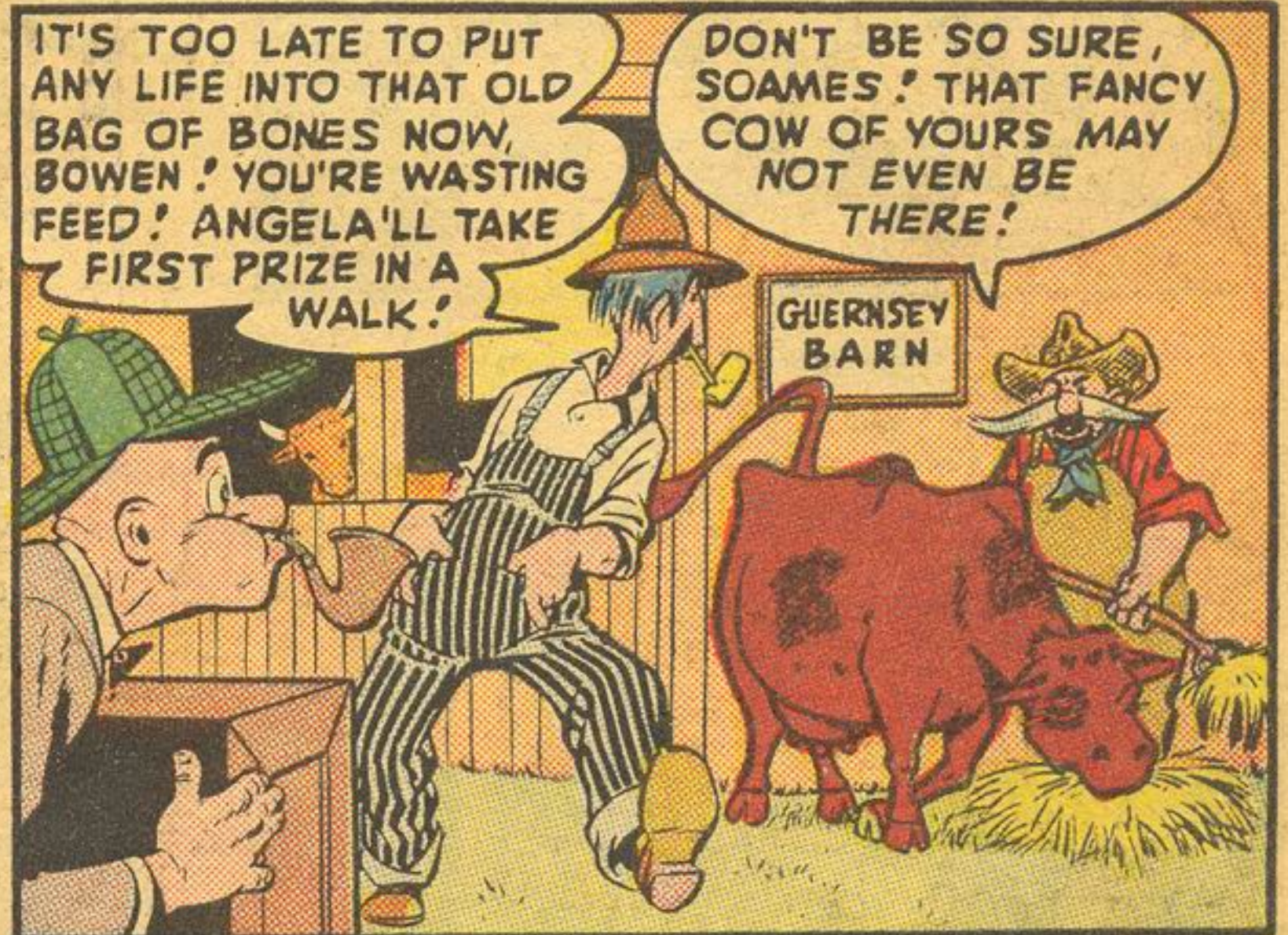
HIT
COMICS
NATIONAL
COMICS

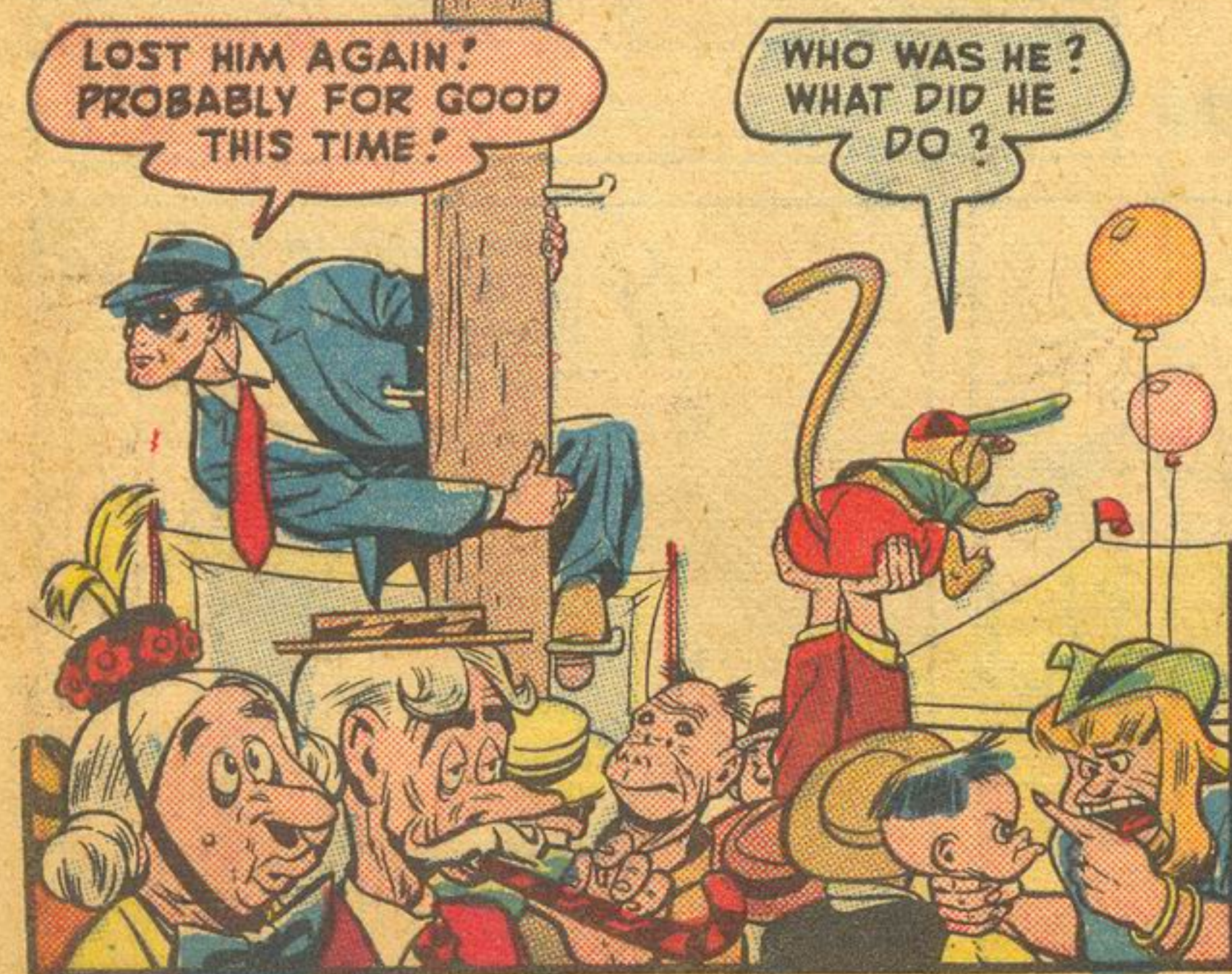
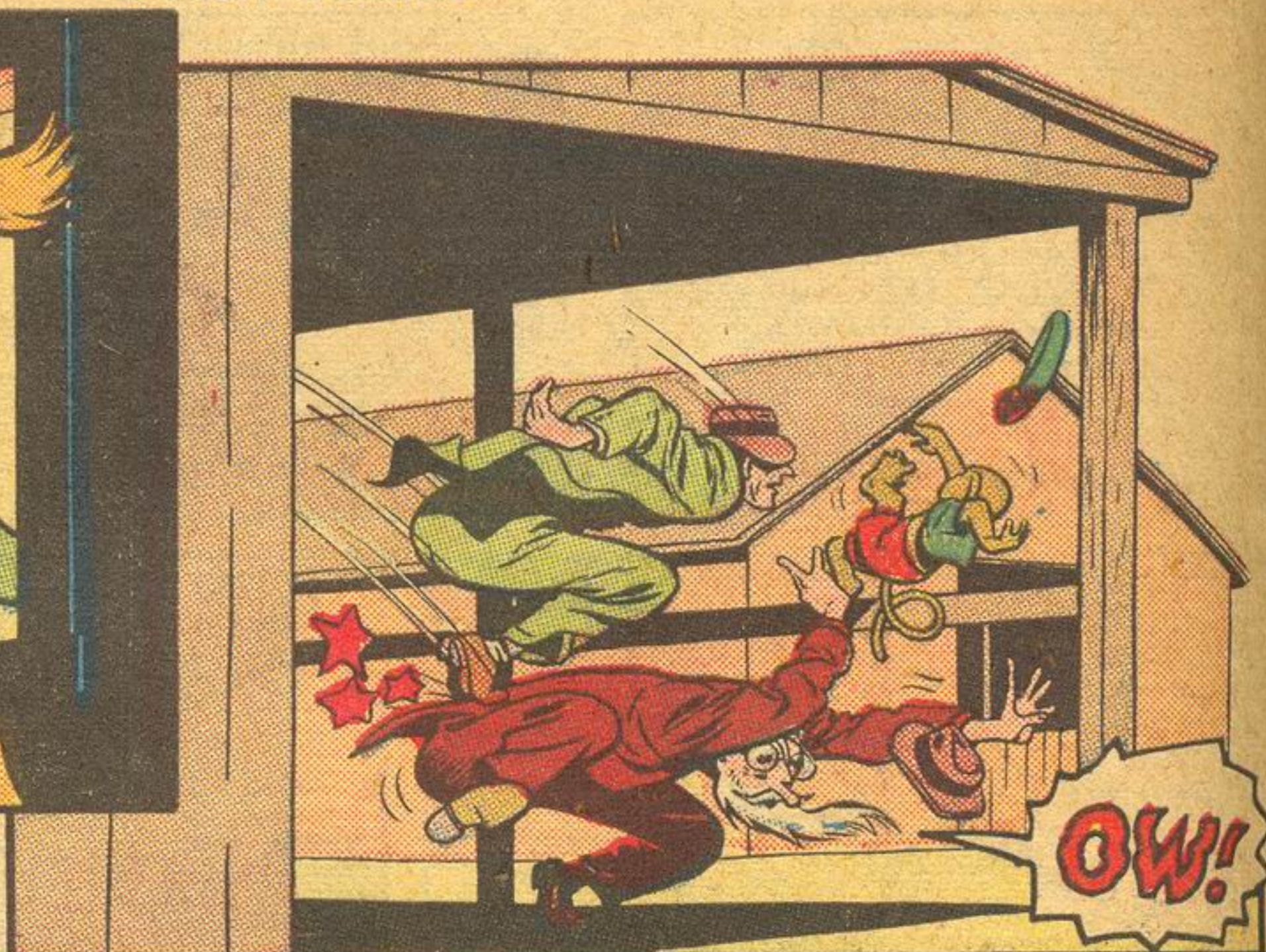


ALL THAT FUSS
OVER AN ANIMATED
MLK WAGON?
FROM NOW ON,
I DRINK
WATER!

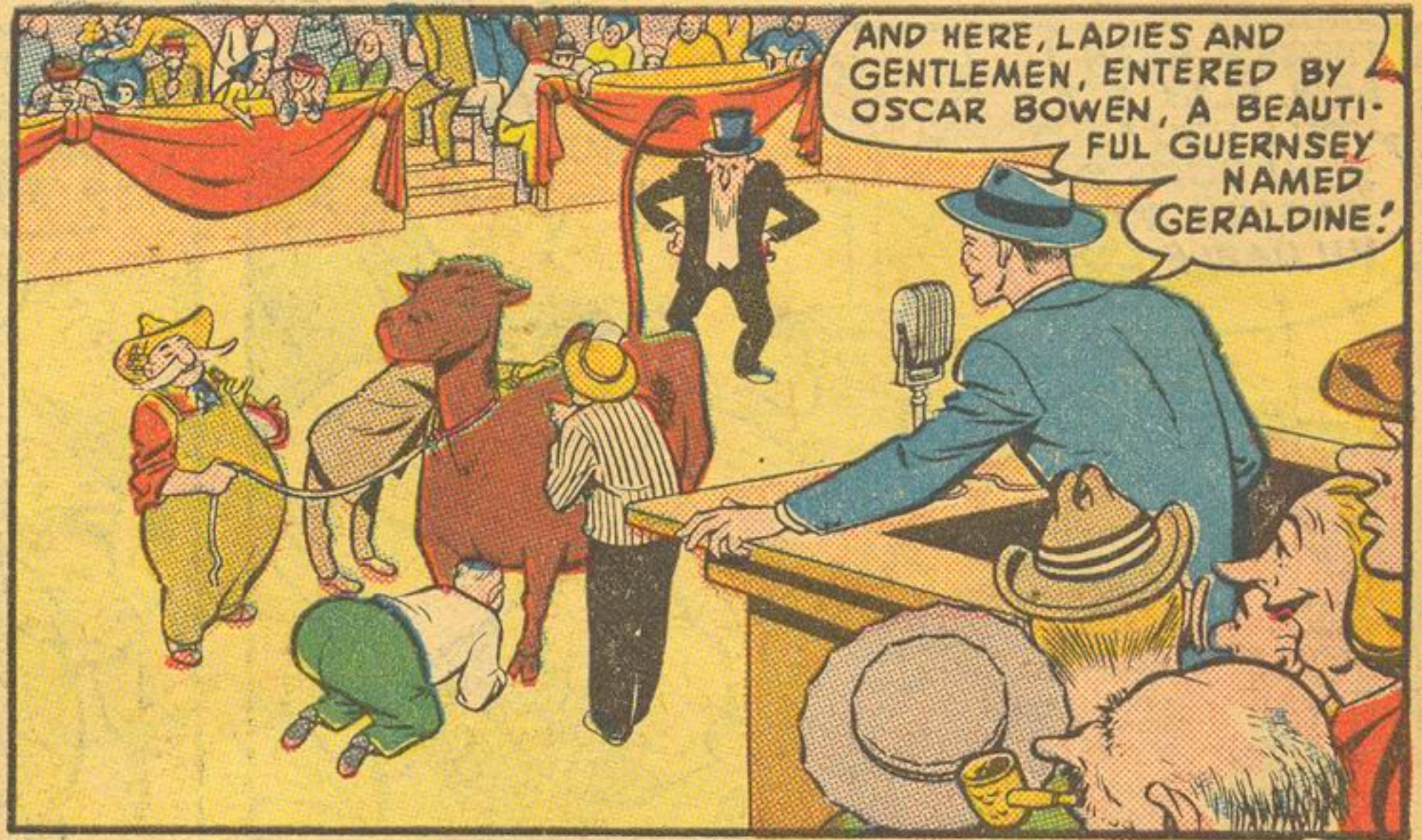
Her name
was Angela and
men seemed
ready to risk prison
or even lay down
their lives for her!
MIDNIGHT, who
is radio announcer
Dave Clark when
he is not sleuthing,
had to know
why!







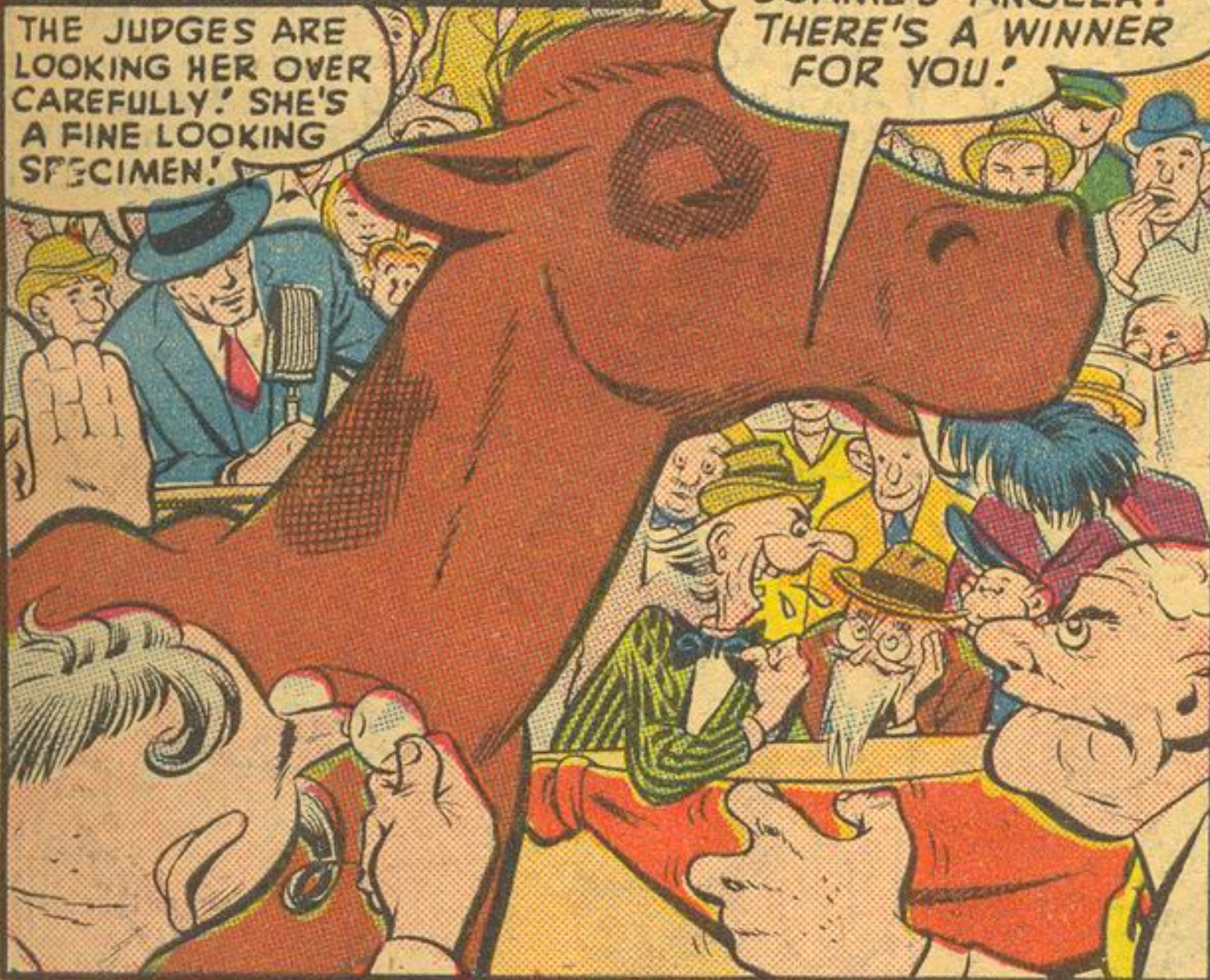
AS DAVE CLARK, I WAS INTERVIEWING SOME ARRIVING CELEBRITIES ON THE AIR AND I SAW IT HAPPEN! WELL... SO FAR IT LOOKS AS IF PERCY'LL GET AWAY WITH IT! GUESS I'D BETTER TAKE OFF MY **MIDNIGHT MASK** AND GET OVER TO THE ANIMAL HUSBANDRY PAVILION FOR THE BROADCAST!



THE JUDGES ARE LOOKING HER OVER CAREFULLY! SHE'S A FINE LOOKING SPECIMEN!

SHE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST SOAMES' ANGELA! THERE'S A WINNER FOR YOU!

AND NOW THE JUDGES ARE WAITING TO SEE THE COW ABOUT WHOM EVERYBODY AT THE FAIR HAS BEEN TALKING... ANGELA, ENTERED BY LES SOAMES!

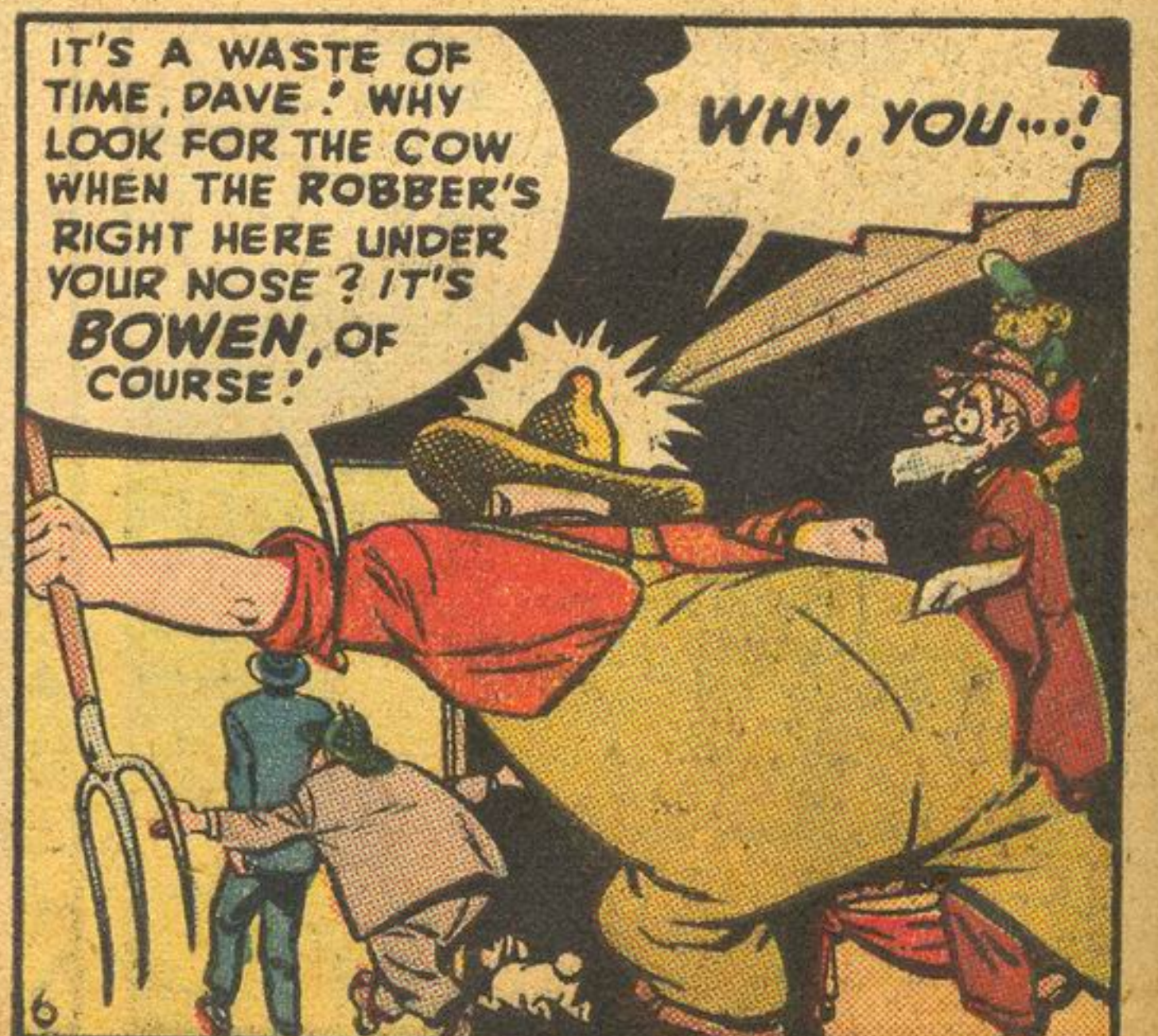
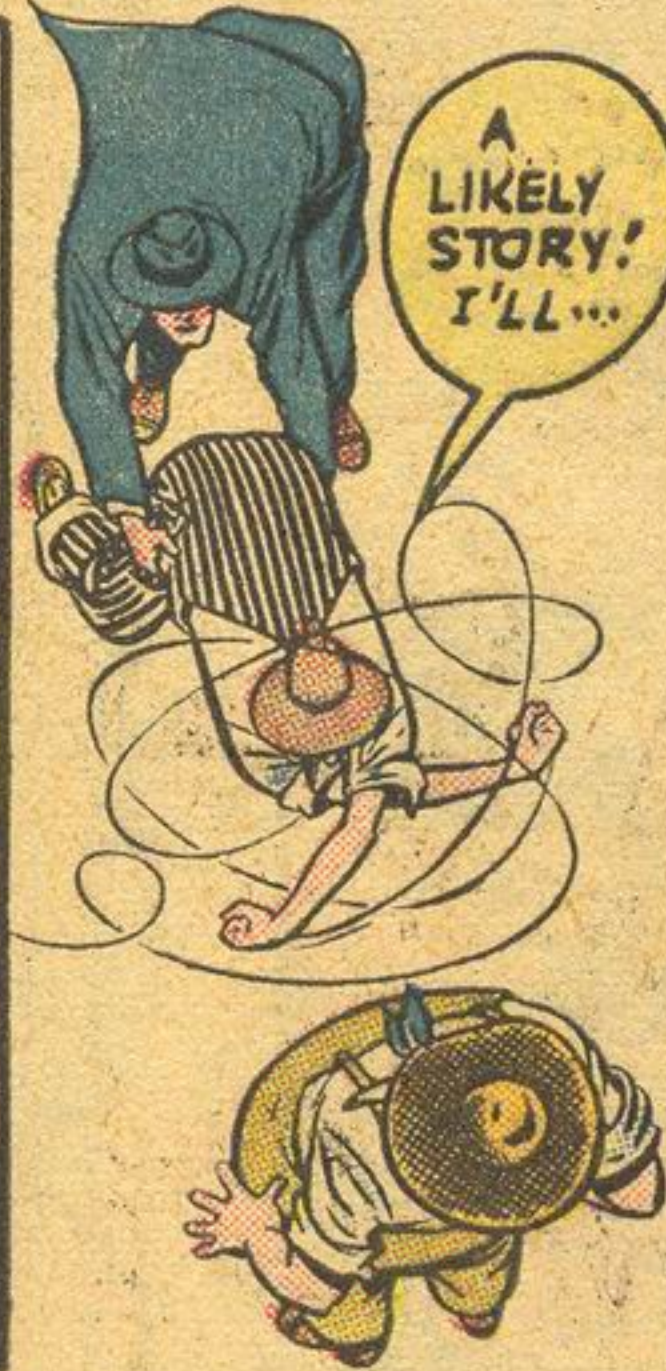
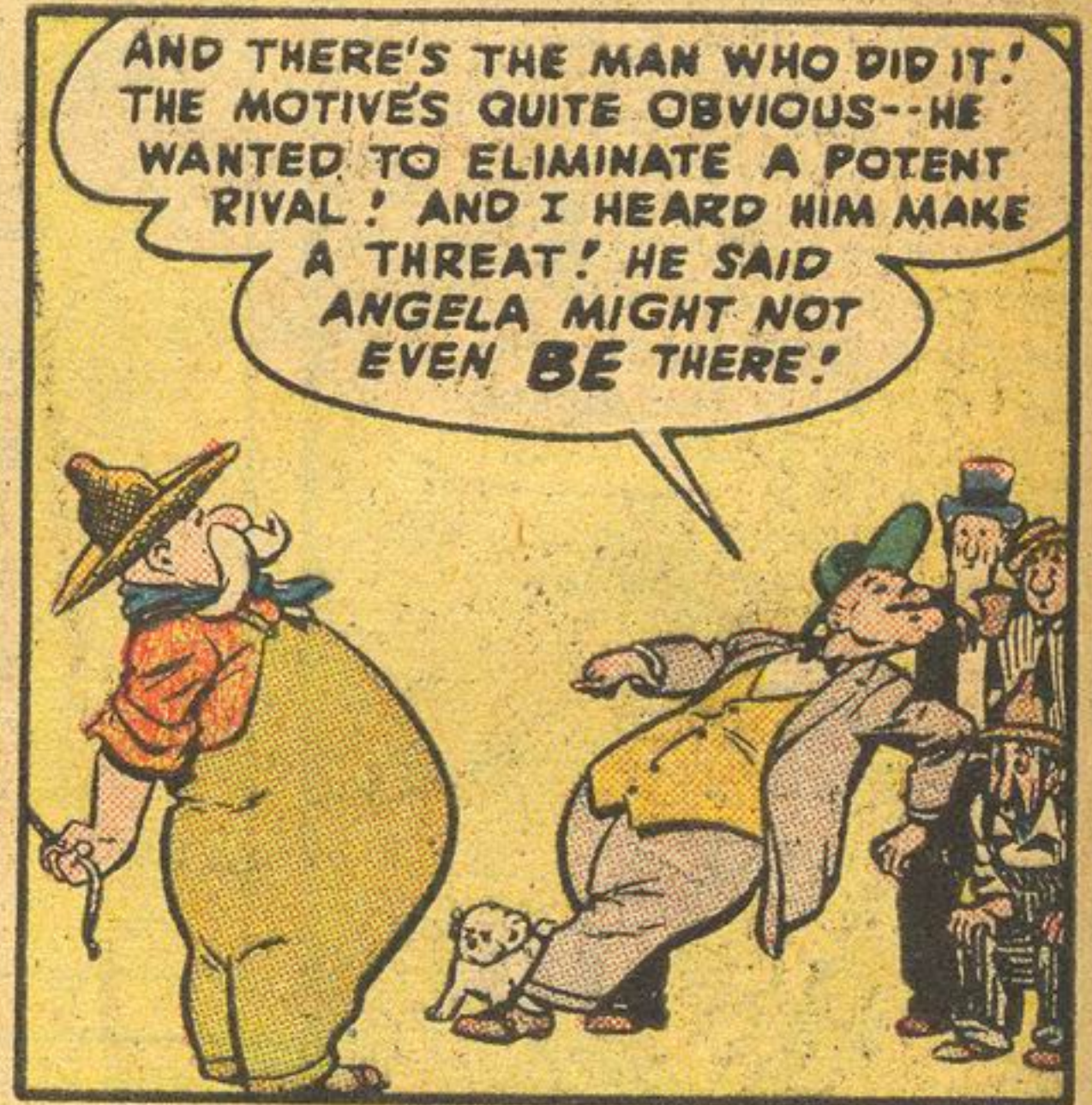
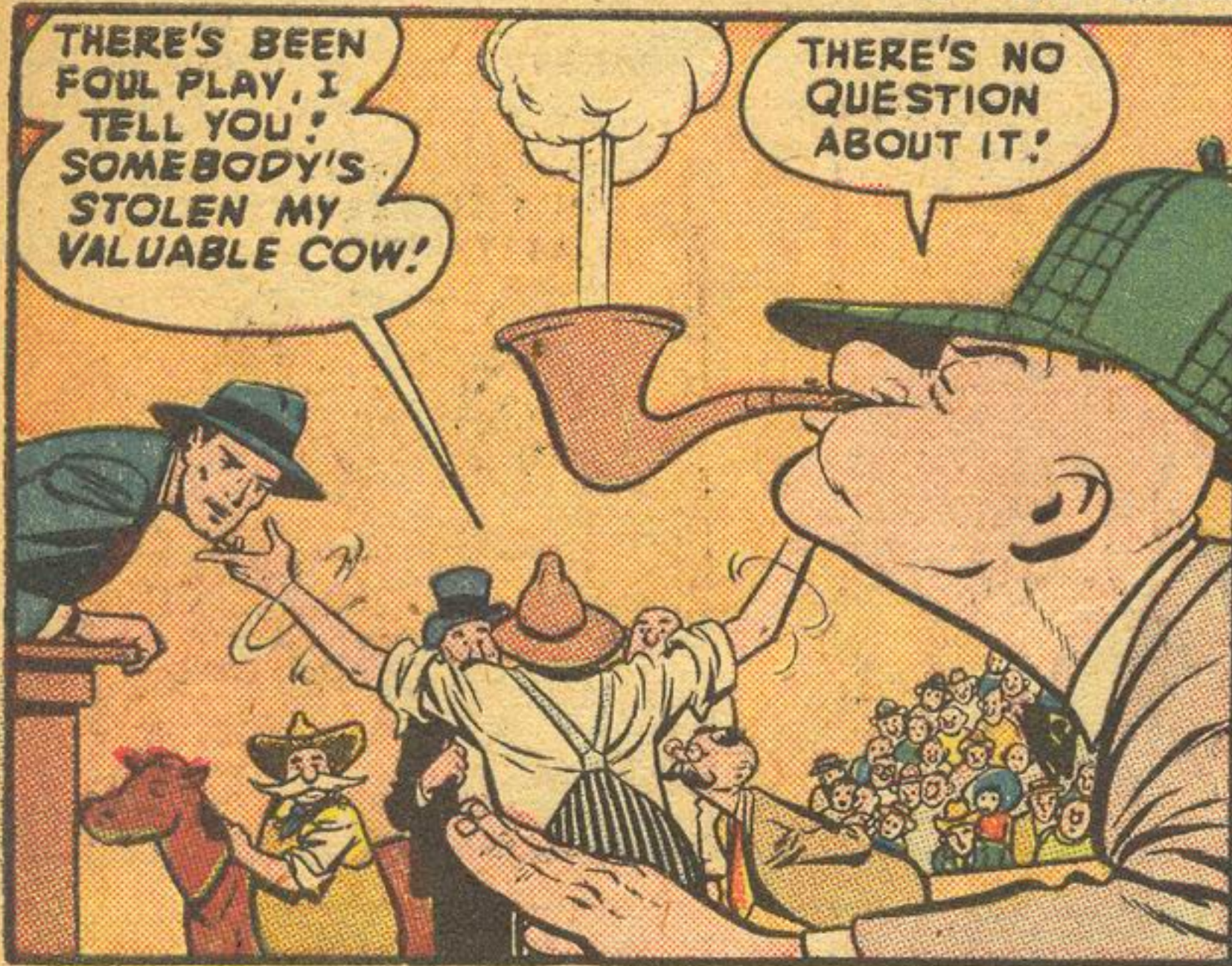


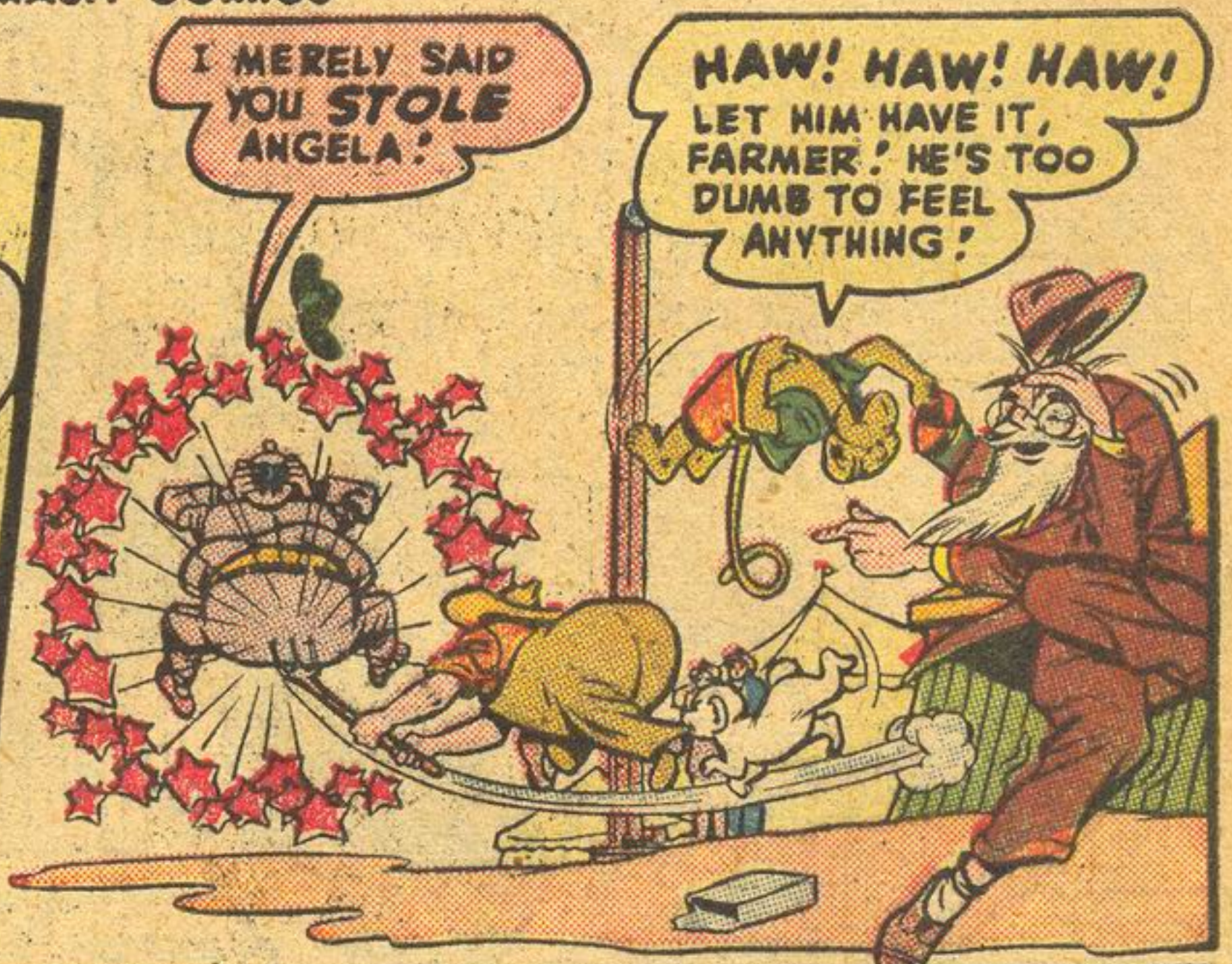
SHE'S GONE!
ANGELA'S GONE!

WELL, WHERE IS SHE? WHERE'S SOAMES?

THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME DELAY...

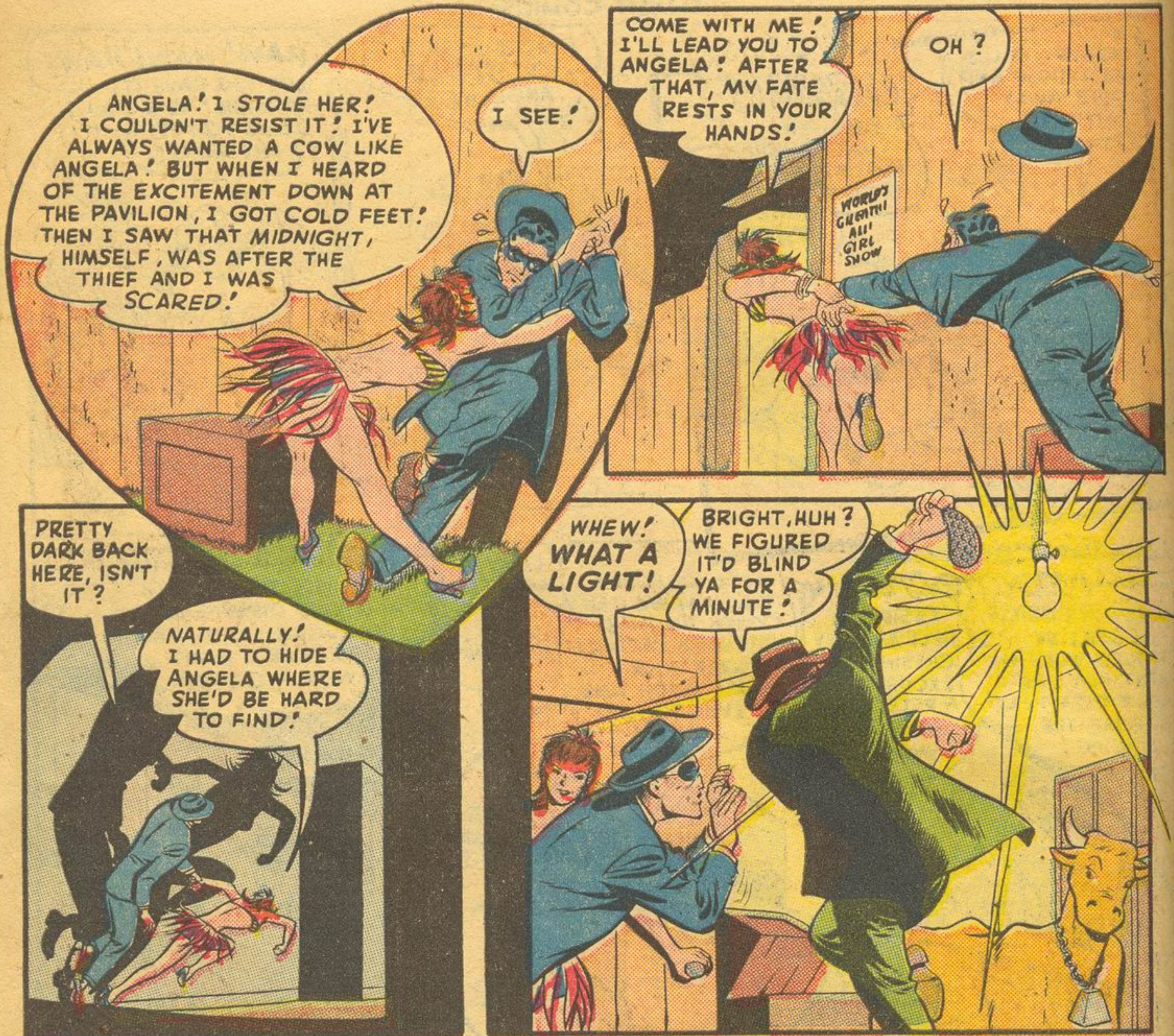






Again Dave Clark becomes **MIDNIGHT**





LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO SAP YA, MIDNIGHT!

TSK! TSK! SUCH A SWELL LOOKING GUY, TOO!

DON'T WORRY, BABY! YOU'VE STILL GOT YOUR PERCY!

NO SMOKING!

ASSORTED G-STRINGS

I KNOW... BUT WHY DID YOU WANT HIM HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE? HE WASN'T HEP TO THIS HIDEOUT!

IT'S THE ARTIST IN ME, I GUESS! I COULDN'T SEE A GUY LIKE MIDNIGHT PASSING WITHOUT TAKING THE OPPORTUNITY TO TAP HIM OUT! Y'SEE, MIDNIGHT ANNOYS ME QUITE A LOT! Y'MIGHT EVEN SAY HE HAMPER'S MY ACTIVITIES!

SO WHEN I SAW HIM COMIN' DOWN THE MIDWAY THROUGH THIS PEEPHOLE I JUST COULDN'T RESIST IT! NOW LET'S SEE IF ANYONE ELSE IS AROUND!

YOU'D BETTER GET THAT COW OUT OF HERE BEFORE SOMEBODY WALKS IN!

I'VE GOT TO GO OUT FOR THE SHOW NOW!

NOBODY'S OUT THERE, BUT I'VE STILL GOT THE PROBLEM OF TRANSPORTING THIS ANIMAL! WHAT A LOT OF BOTHER I LET MYSELF IN FOR!

Outside...

COME ON, DOC! WE GOTTA FIND A COW. REMEMBER?

SURE! SURE! I JUST WANT TO CATCH MY BREATH A MOMENT!

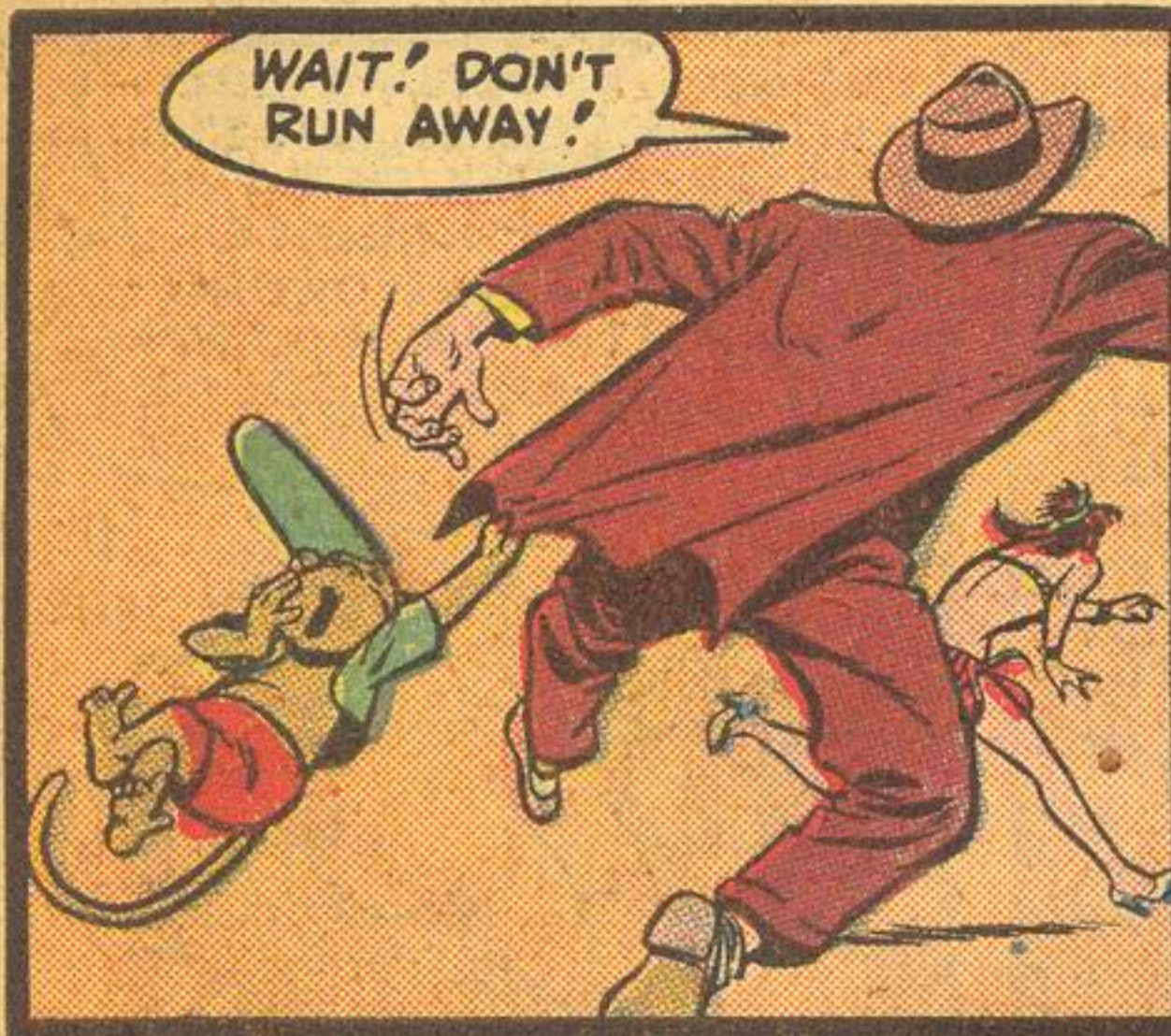
GOSH! SHE'S PRETTY! I WONDER WHAT SHE'S DOING IN A SHOW LIKE THAT!

UH-OH! DOC, WE'VE GOT TO GET GOING!

I'LL ONLY BE A MINUTE, GABBY! I JUST WANT TO FIND OUT WHY A SWEET GIRL LIKE THAT IS WORKING HERE! MAYBE SHE'LL LET ME TAKE HER OUT OF THIS SORT OF LIFE!

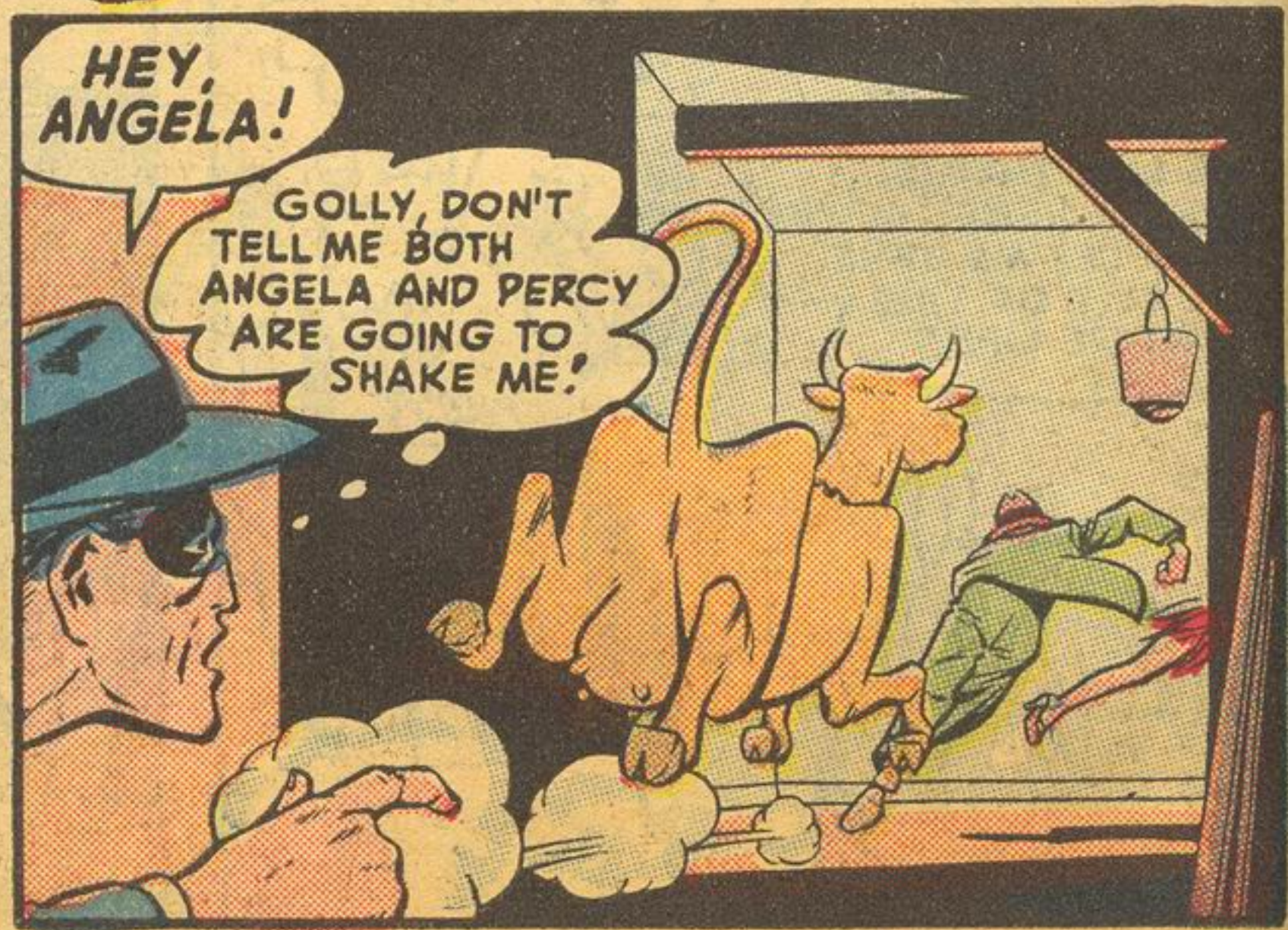
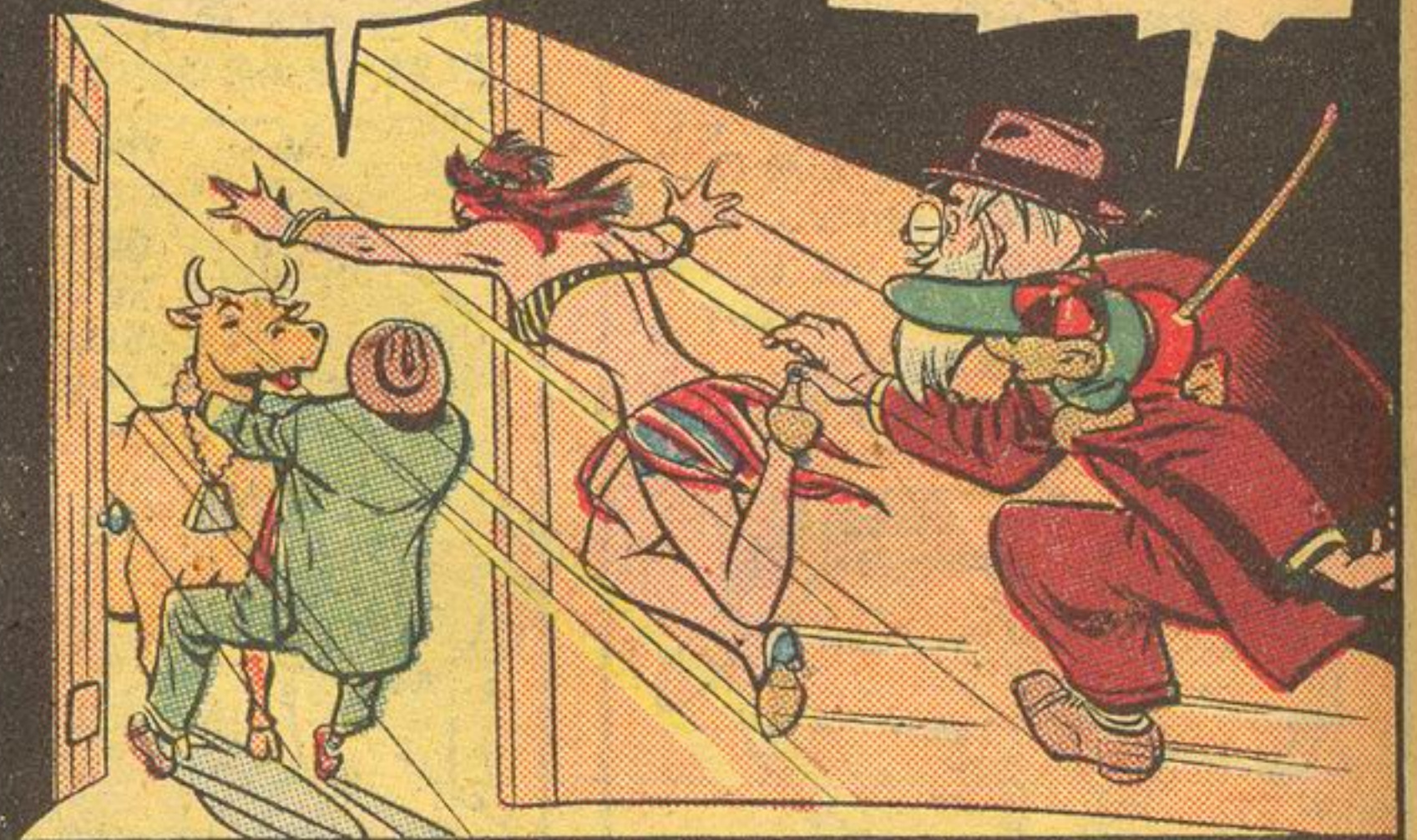
OWW! NOW I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING!

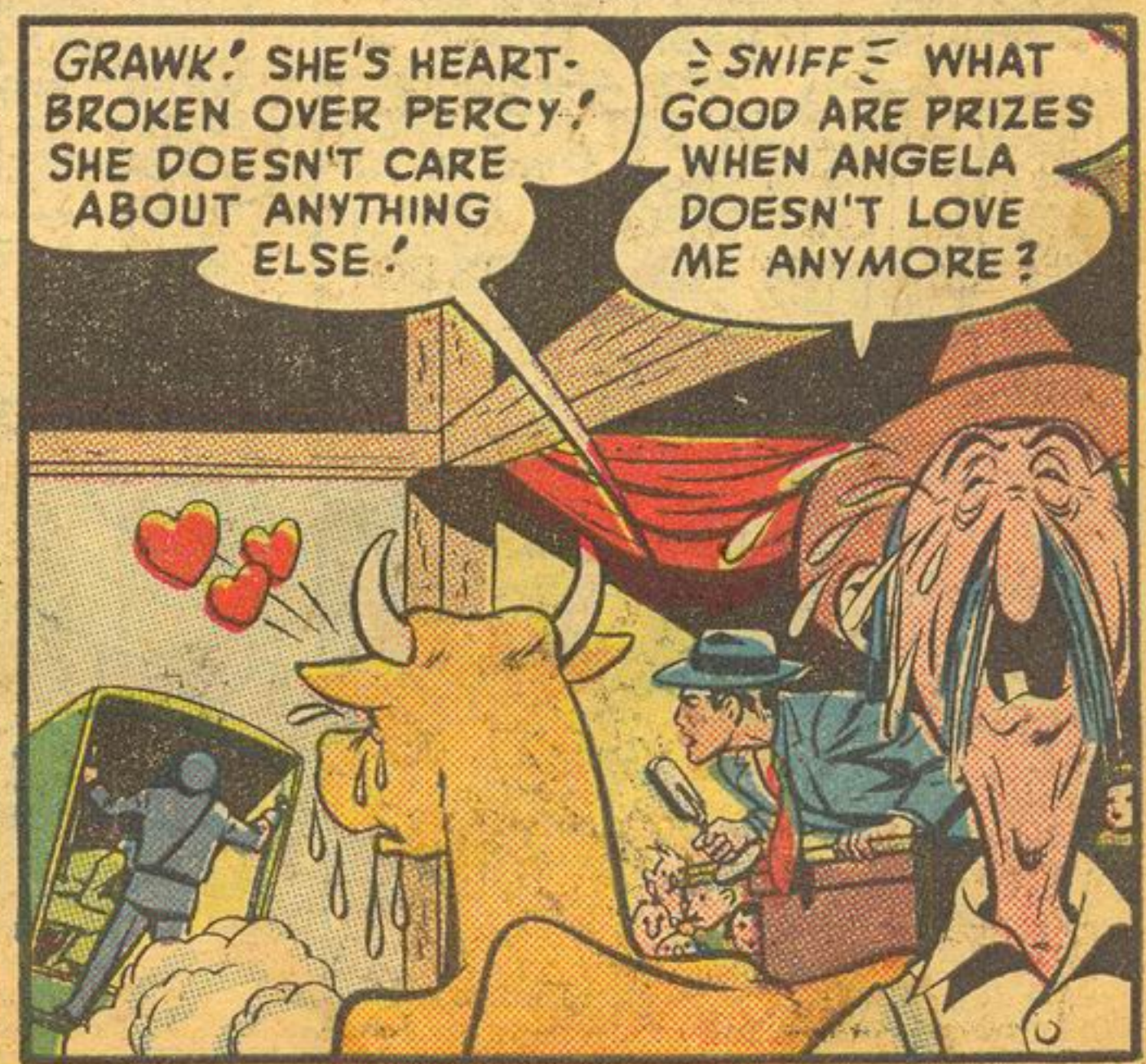
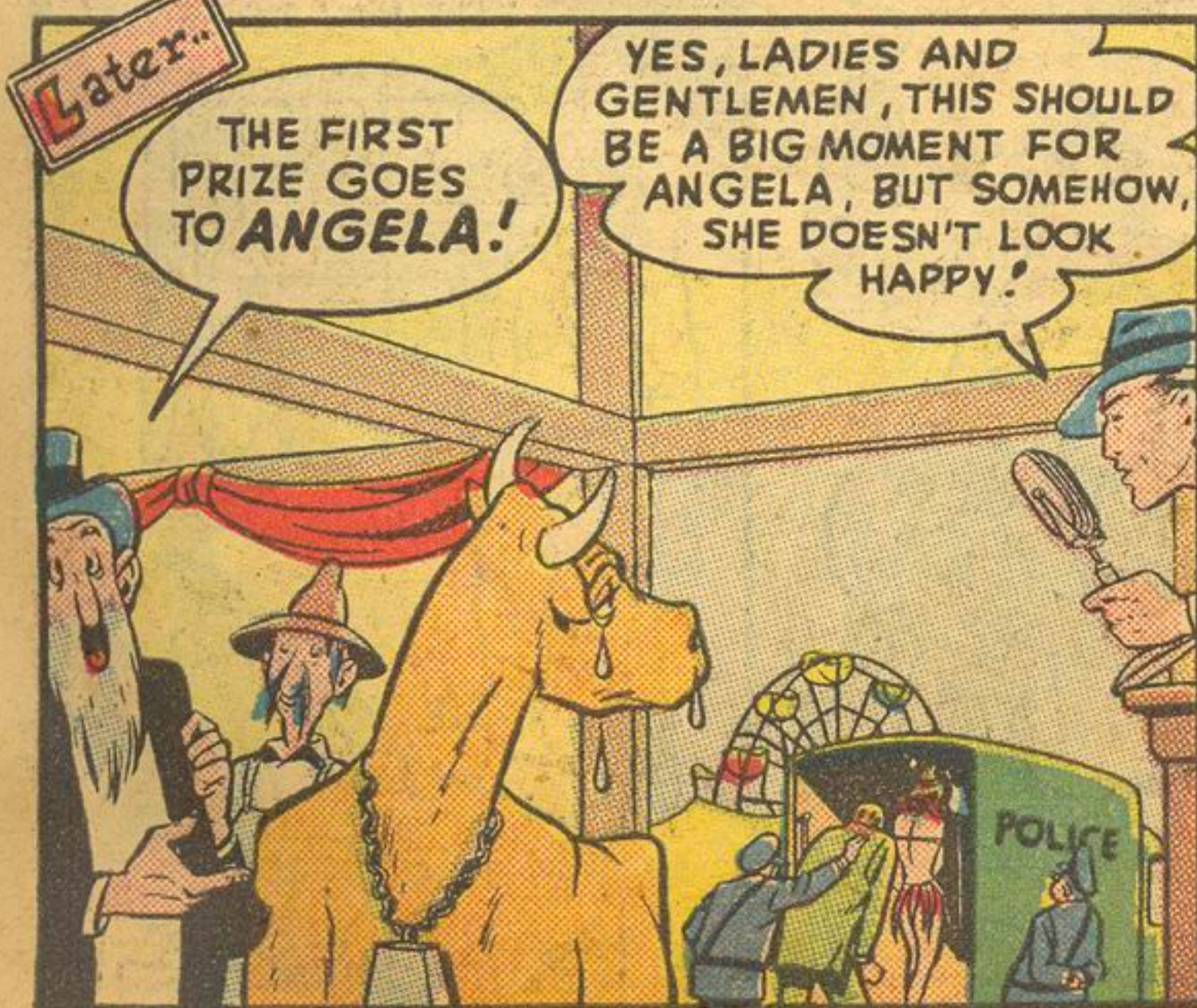
THAT GUY WITH THE WHISKERS IS FOLLOWING ME! PROBABLY A DICK IN DISGUISE! I'D BETTER WARN PERCY!



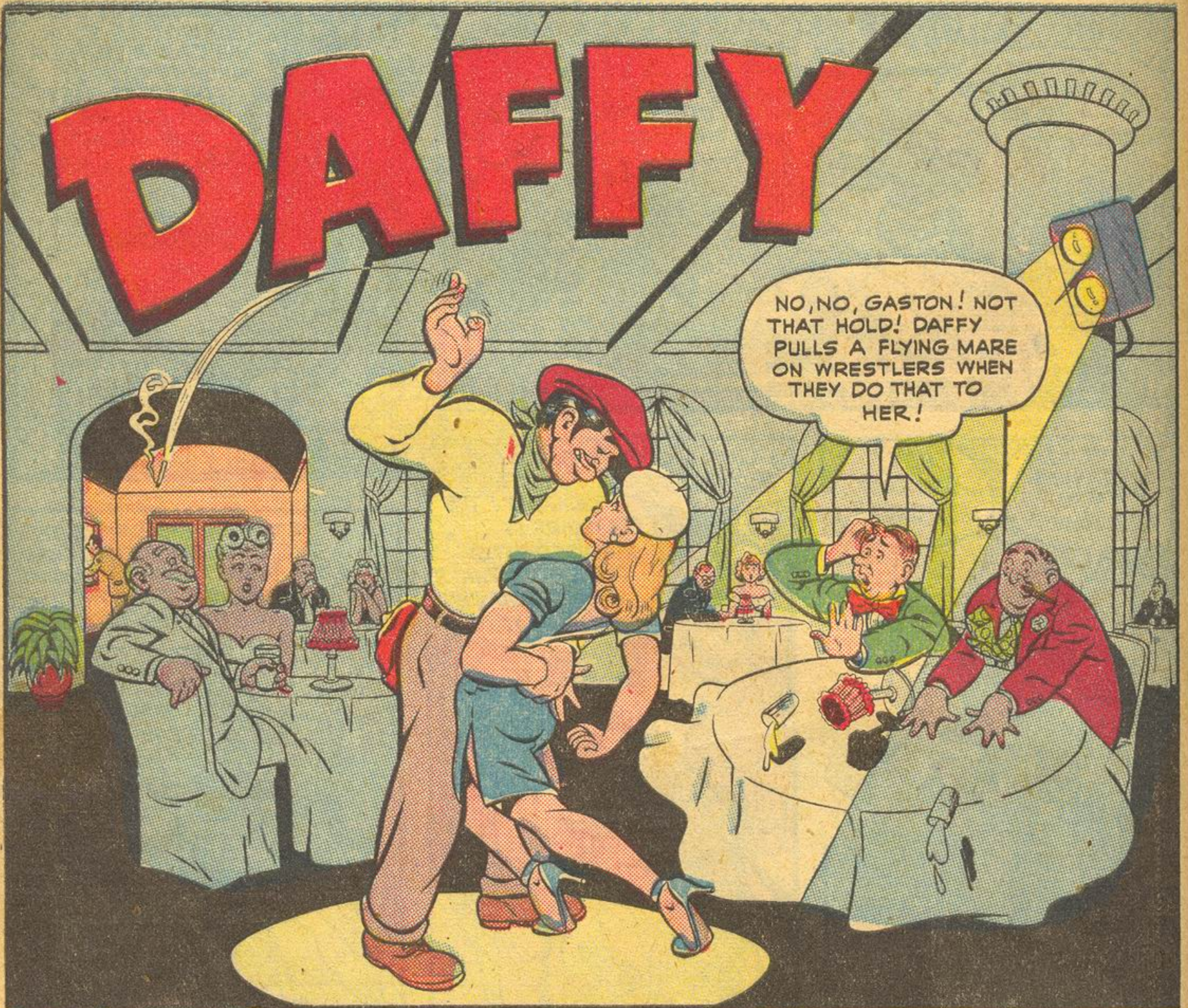
COME ON, ANGELA! BE A GOOD GIRL NOW, BABY!

DOC! IT'S THE STOLEN COW!





DAFFY



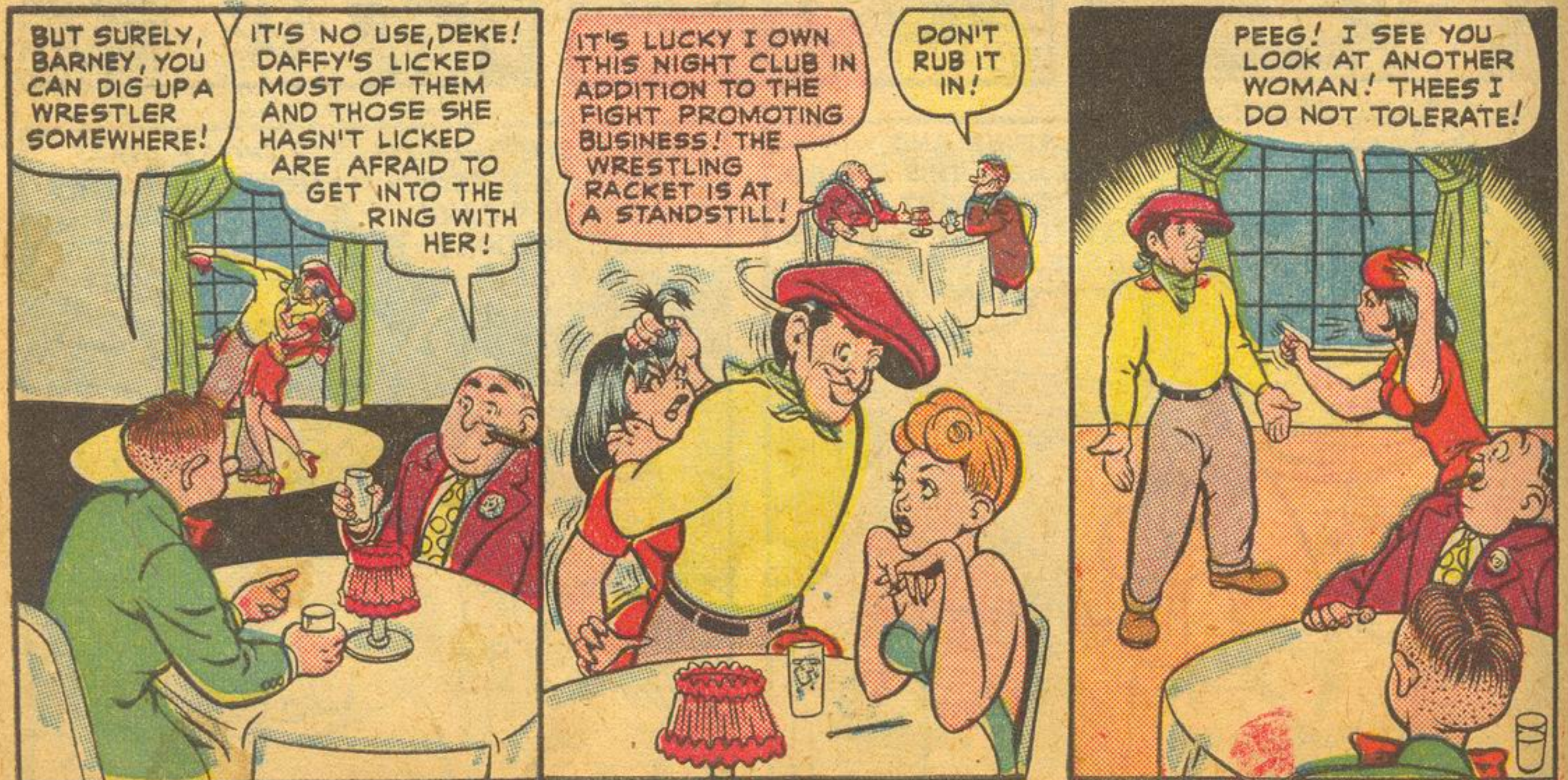
BUT SURELY, BARNEY, YOU CAN DIG UP A WRESTLER SOMEWHERE!

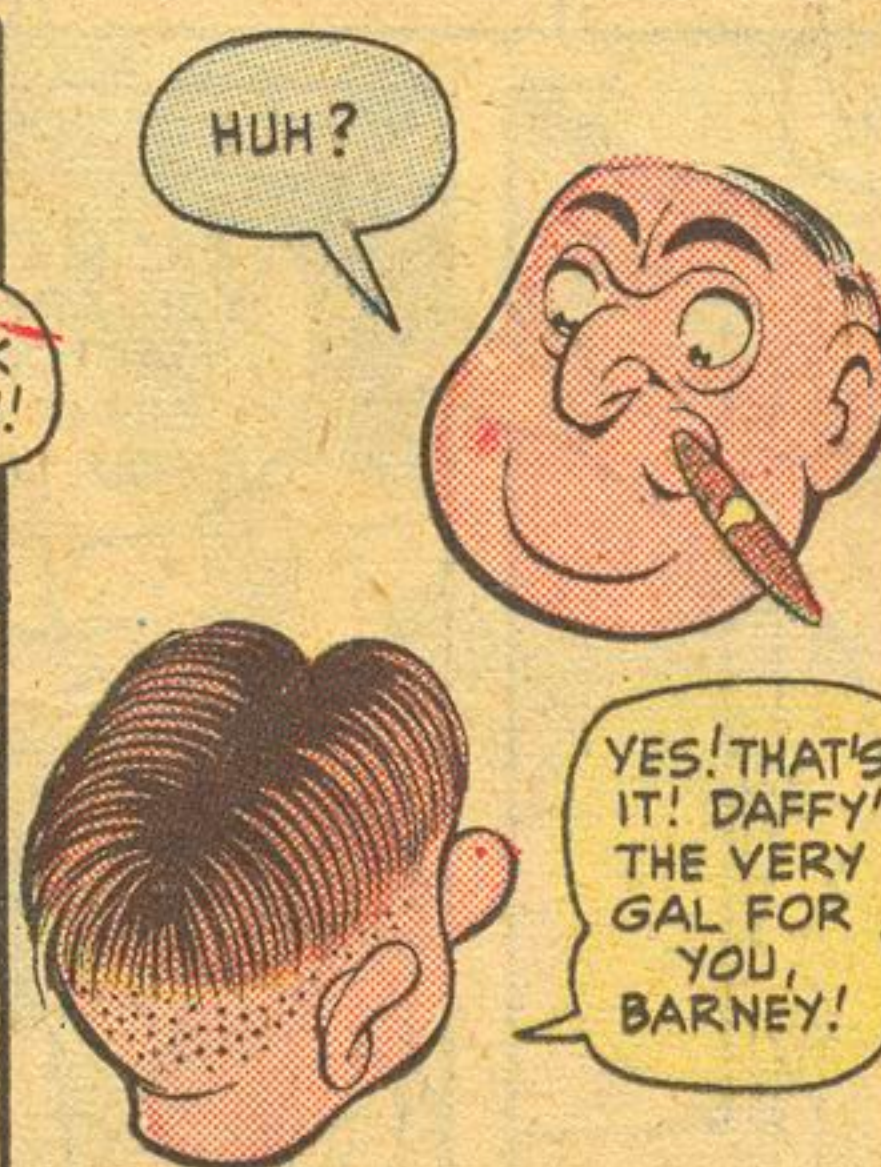
IT'S NO USE, DEKE! DAFFY'S LICKED MOST OF THEM AND THOSE SHE HASN'T LICKED ARE AFRAID TO GET INTO THE RING WITH HER!

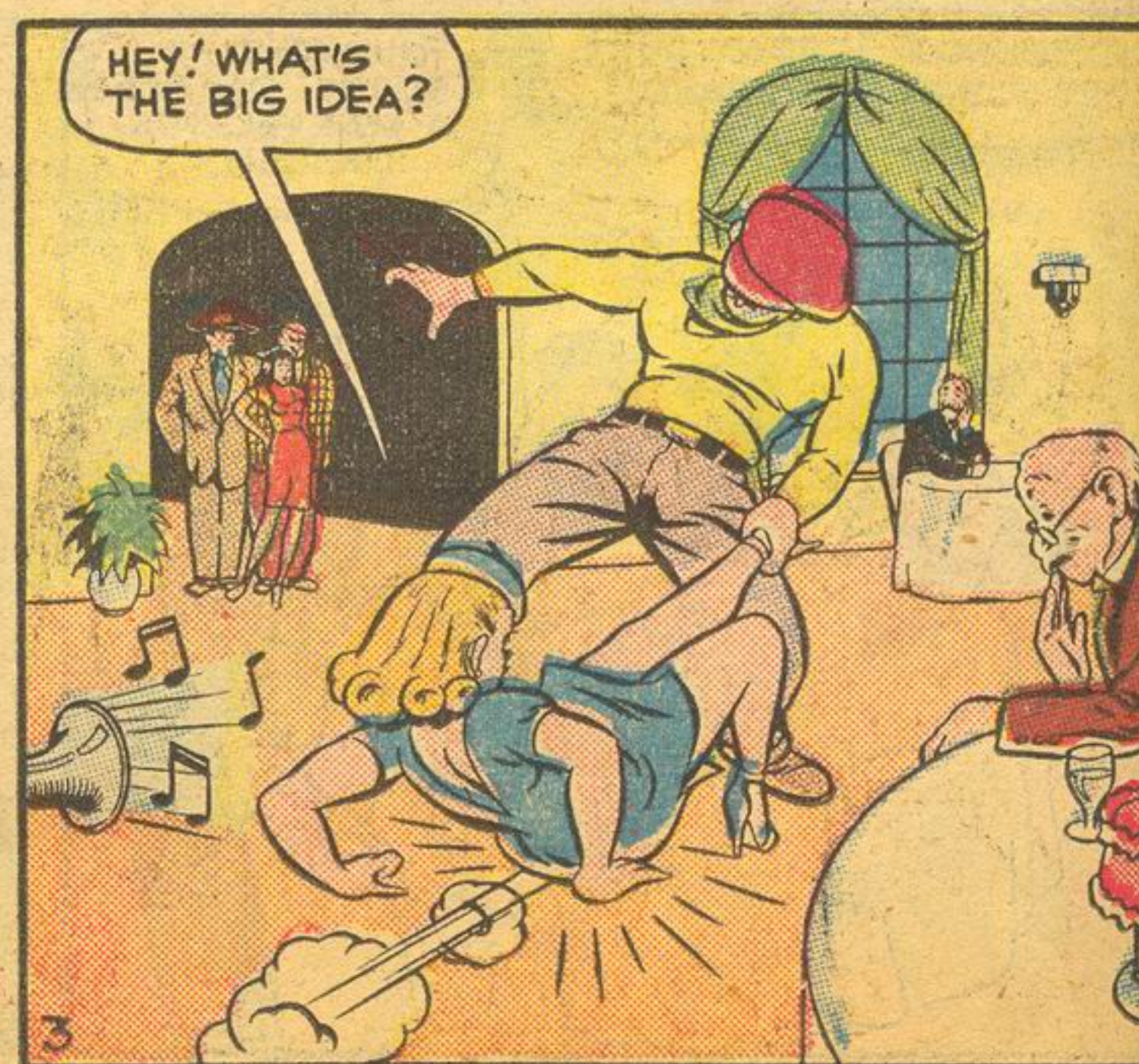
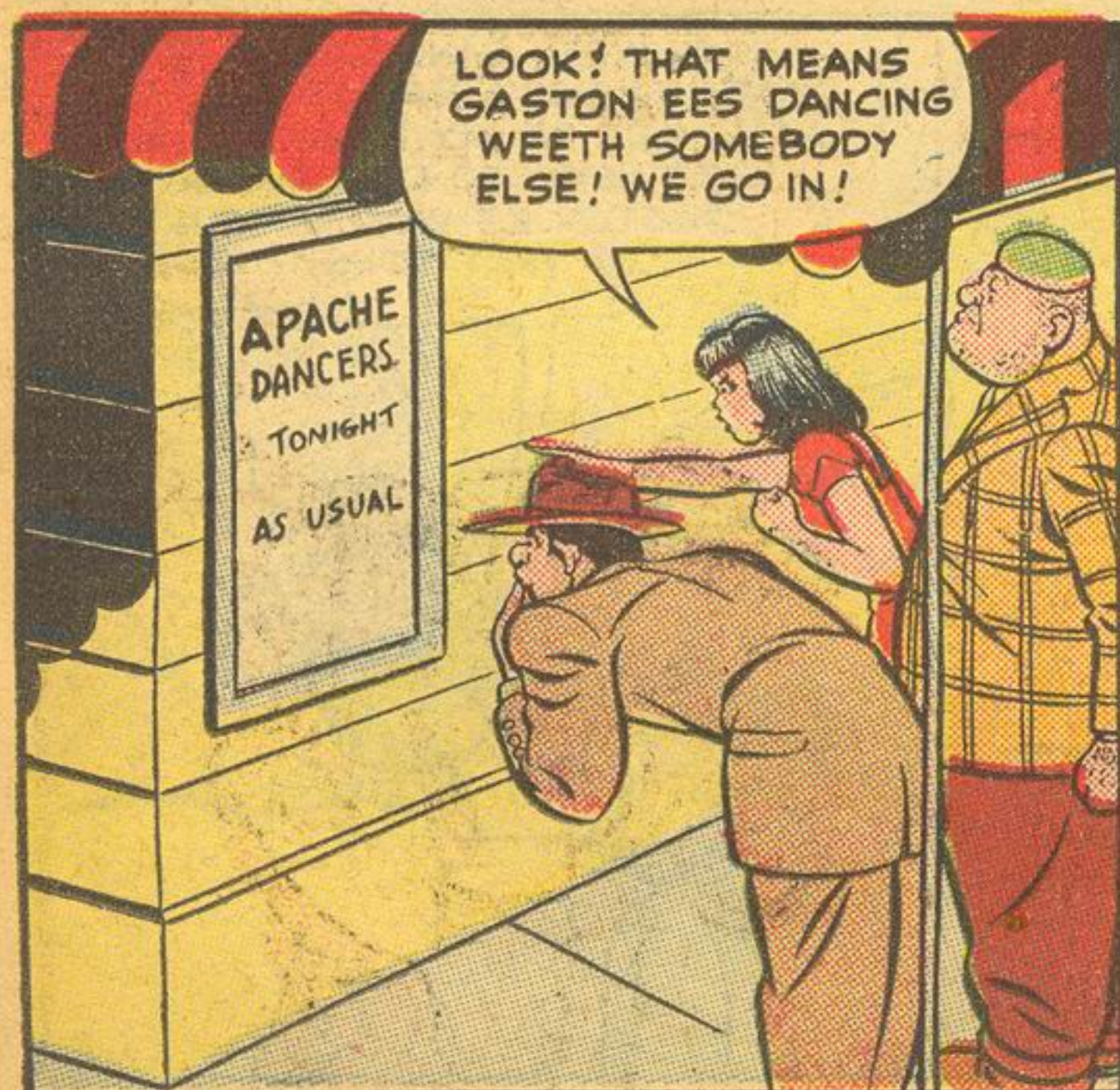
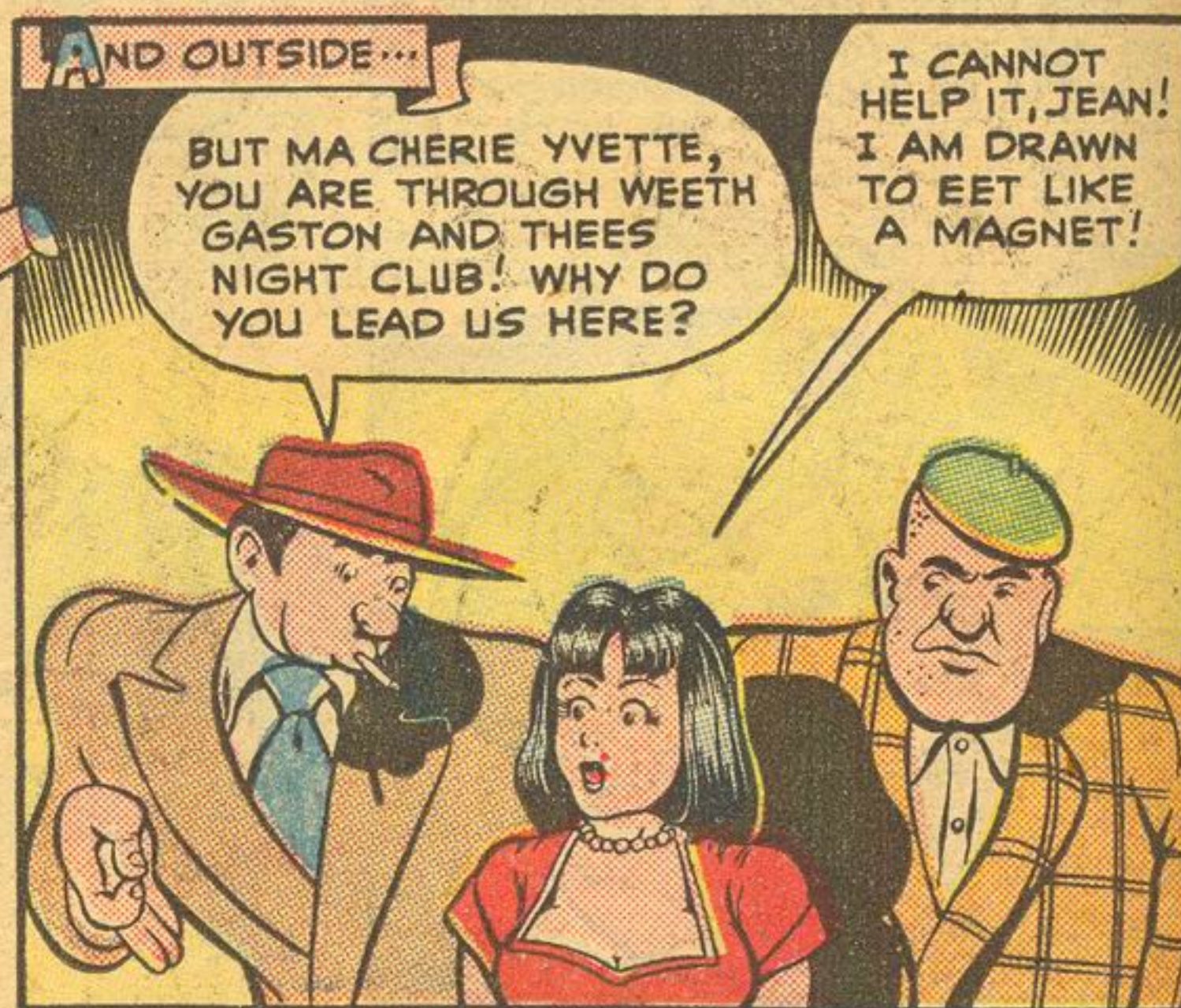
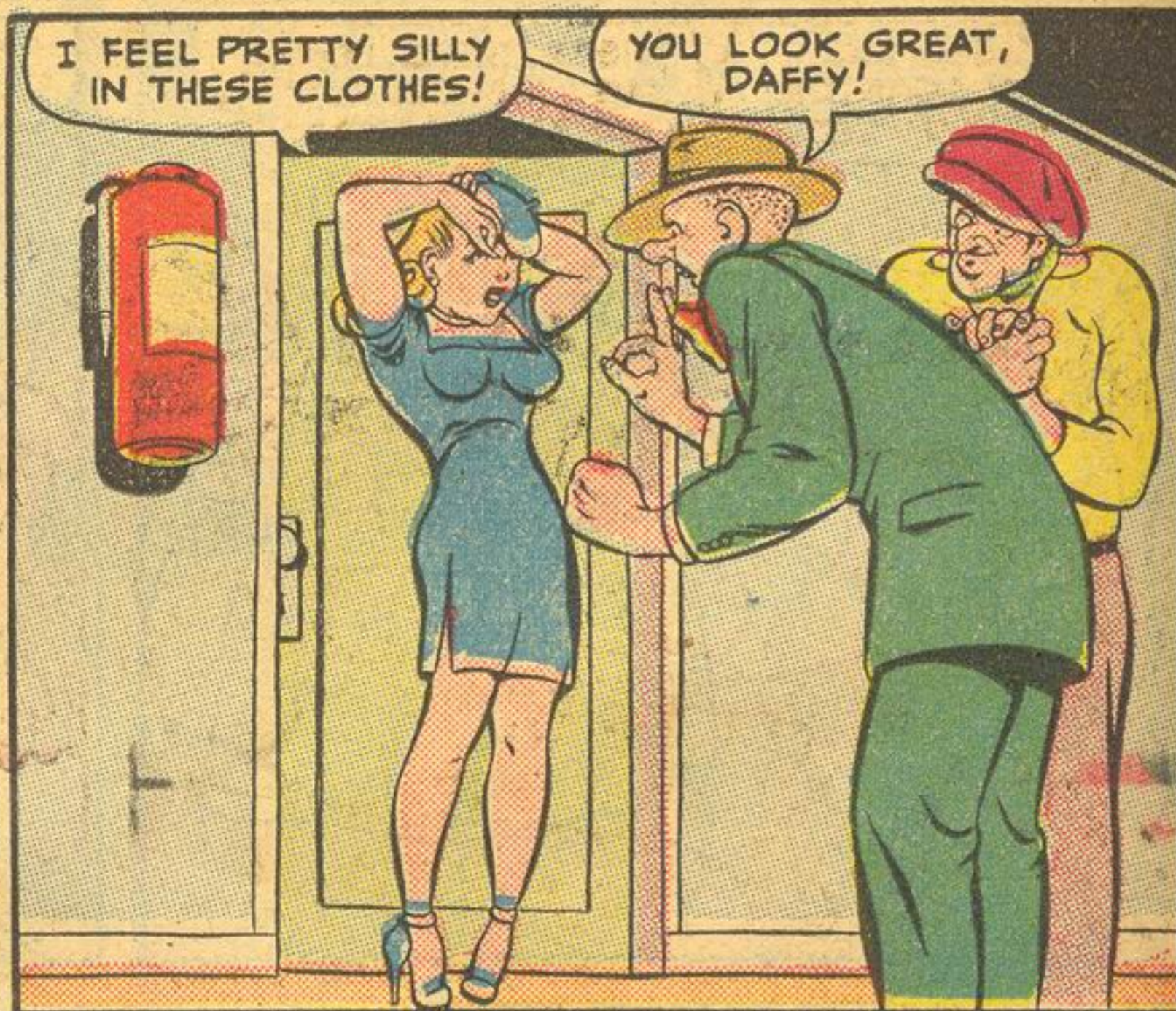
IT'S LUCKY I OWN THIS NIGHT CLUB IN ADDITION TO THE FIGHT PROMOTING BUSINESS! THE WRESTLING RACKET IS AT A STANDSTILL!

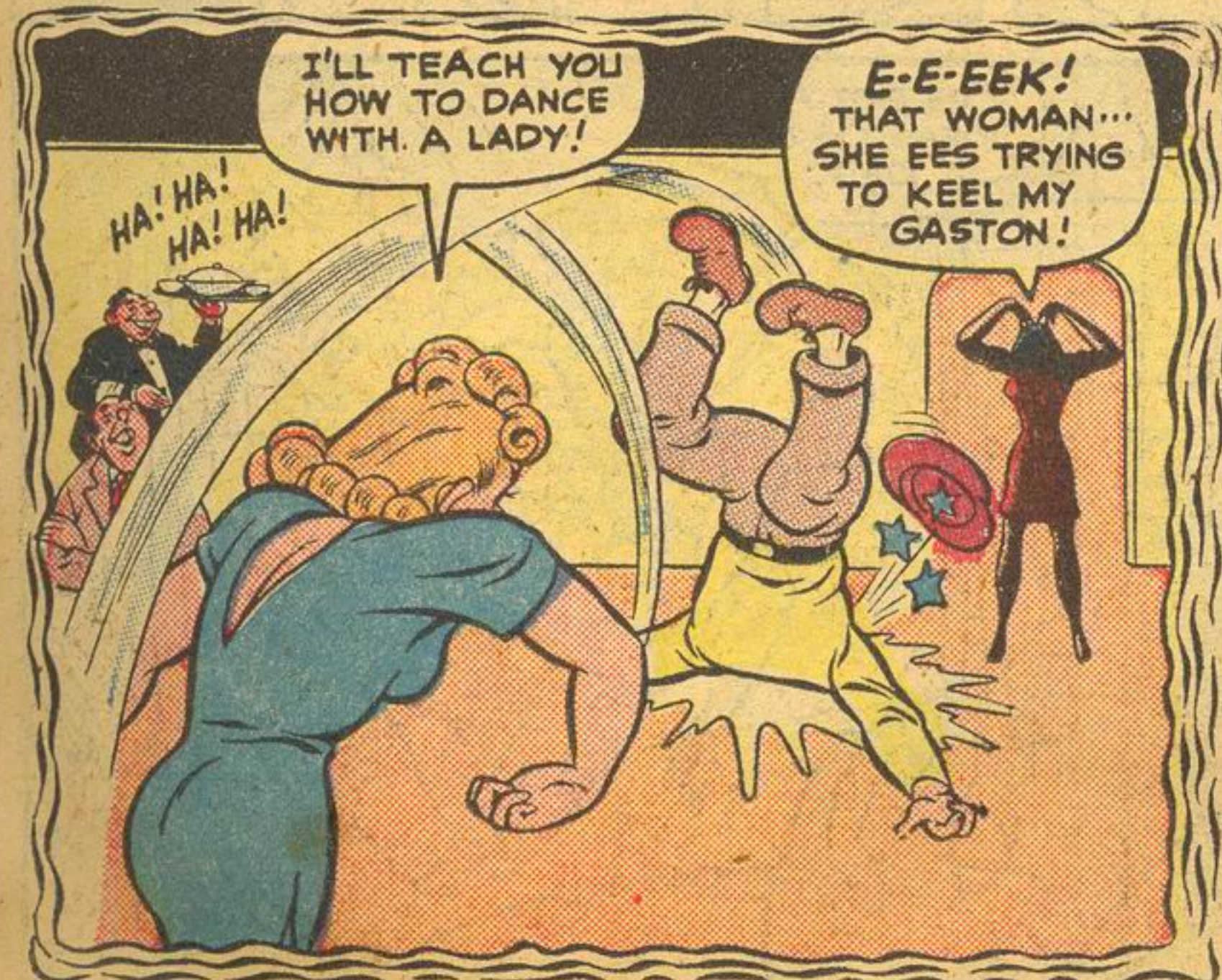
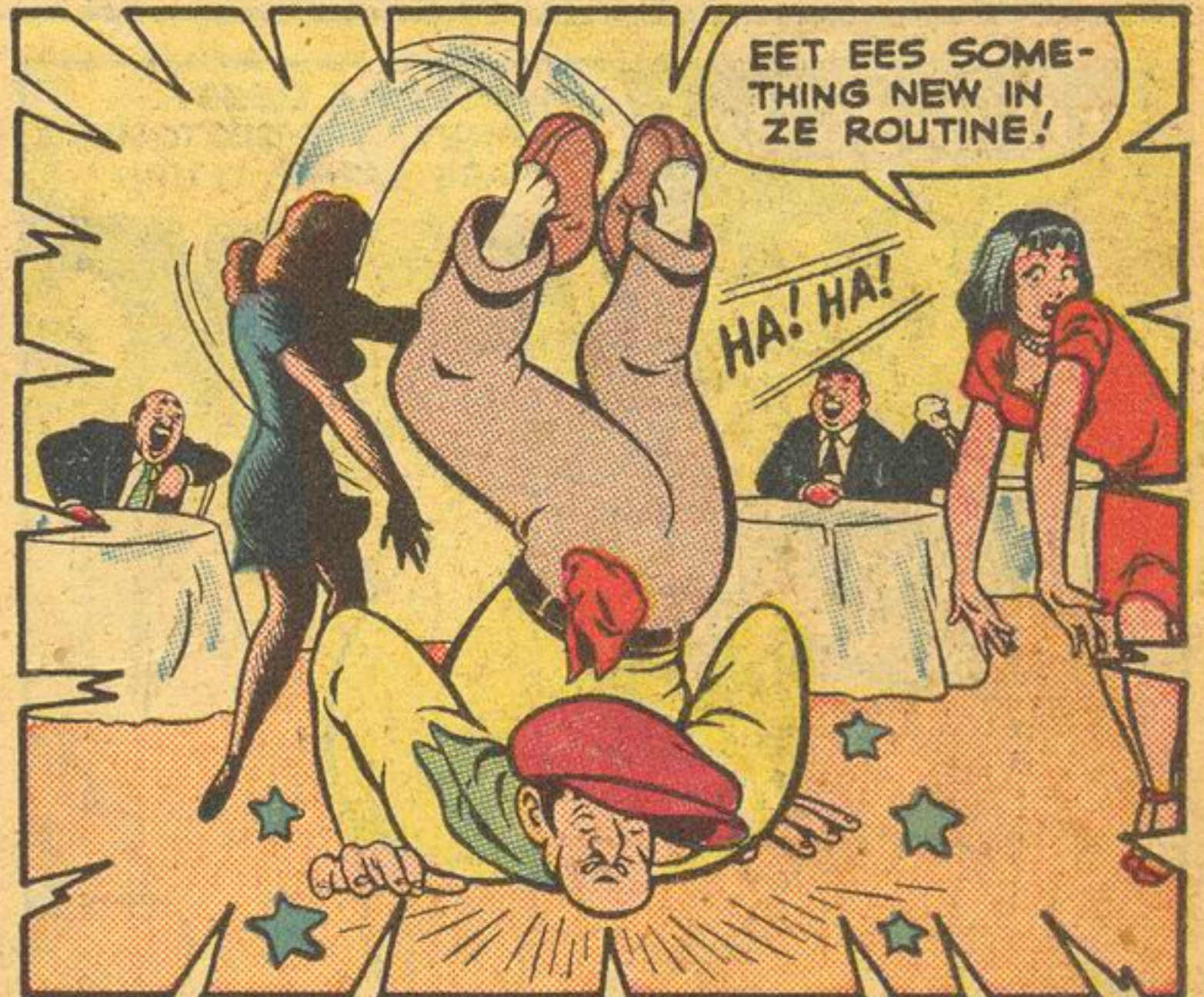
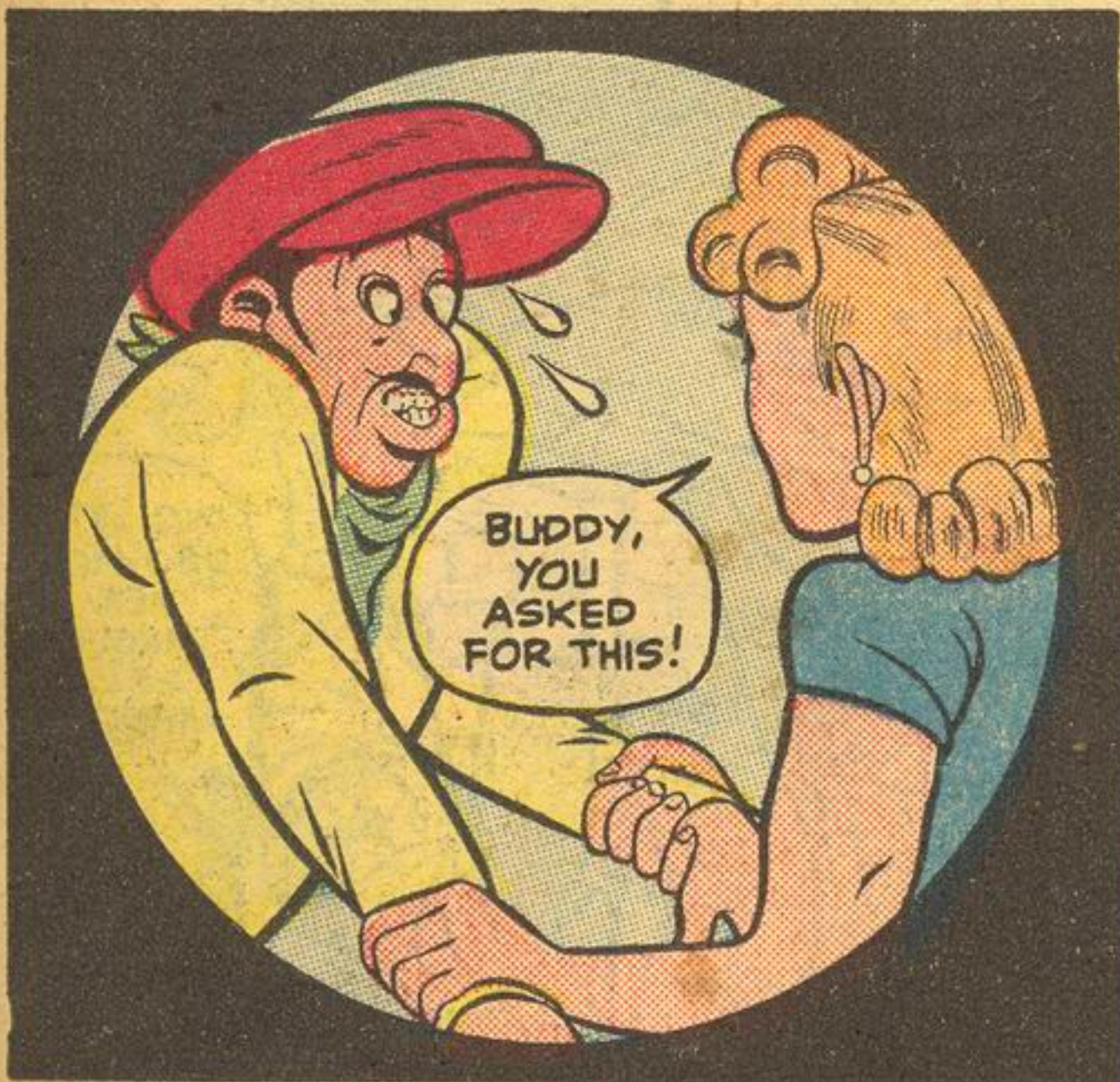
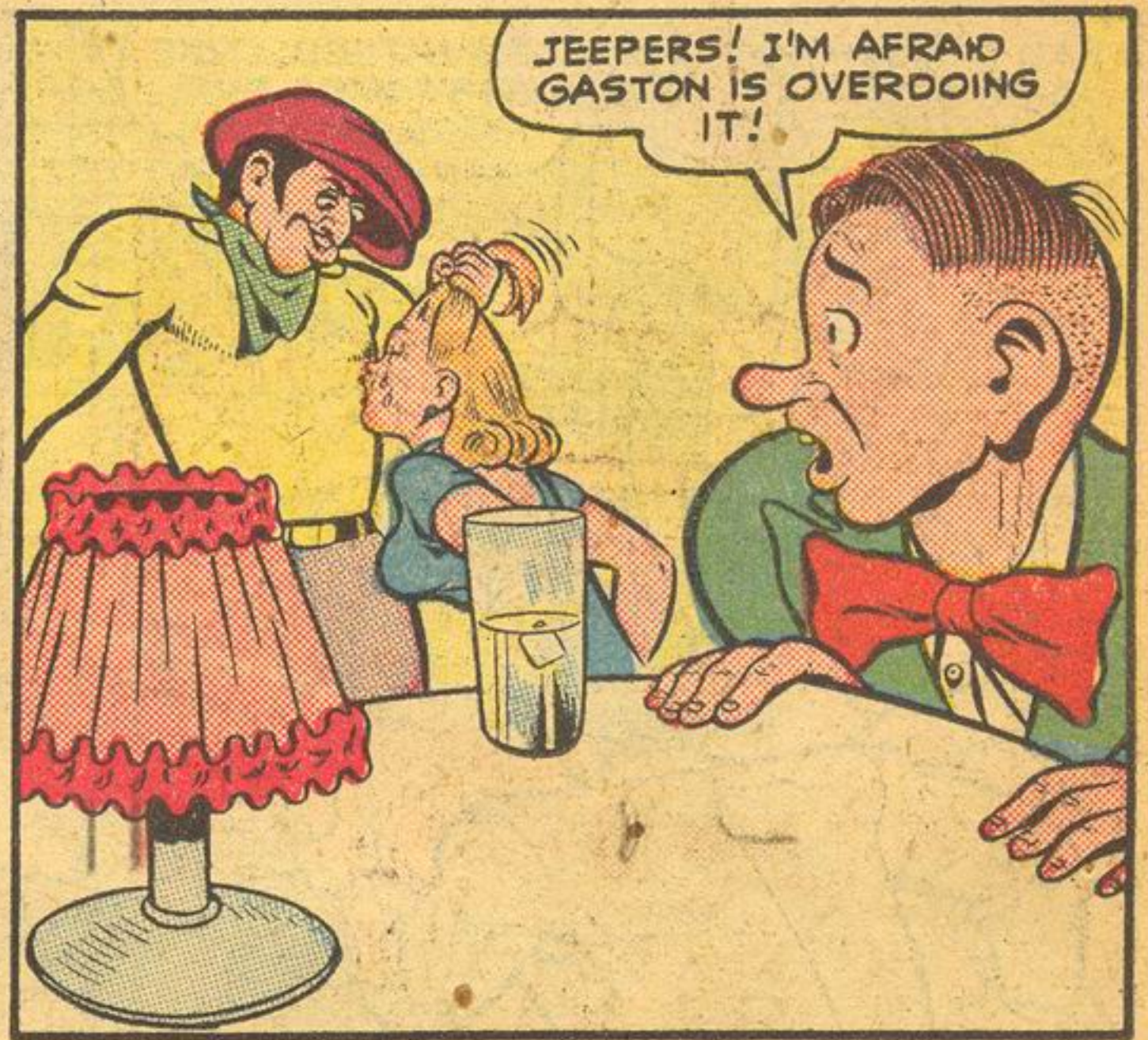
DON'T RUB IT IN!

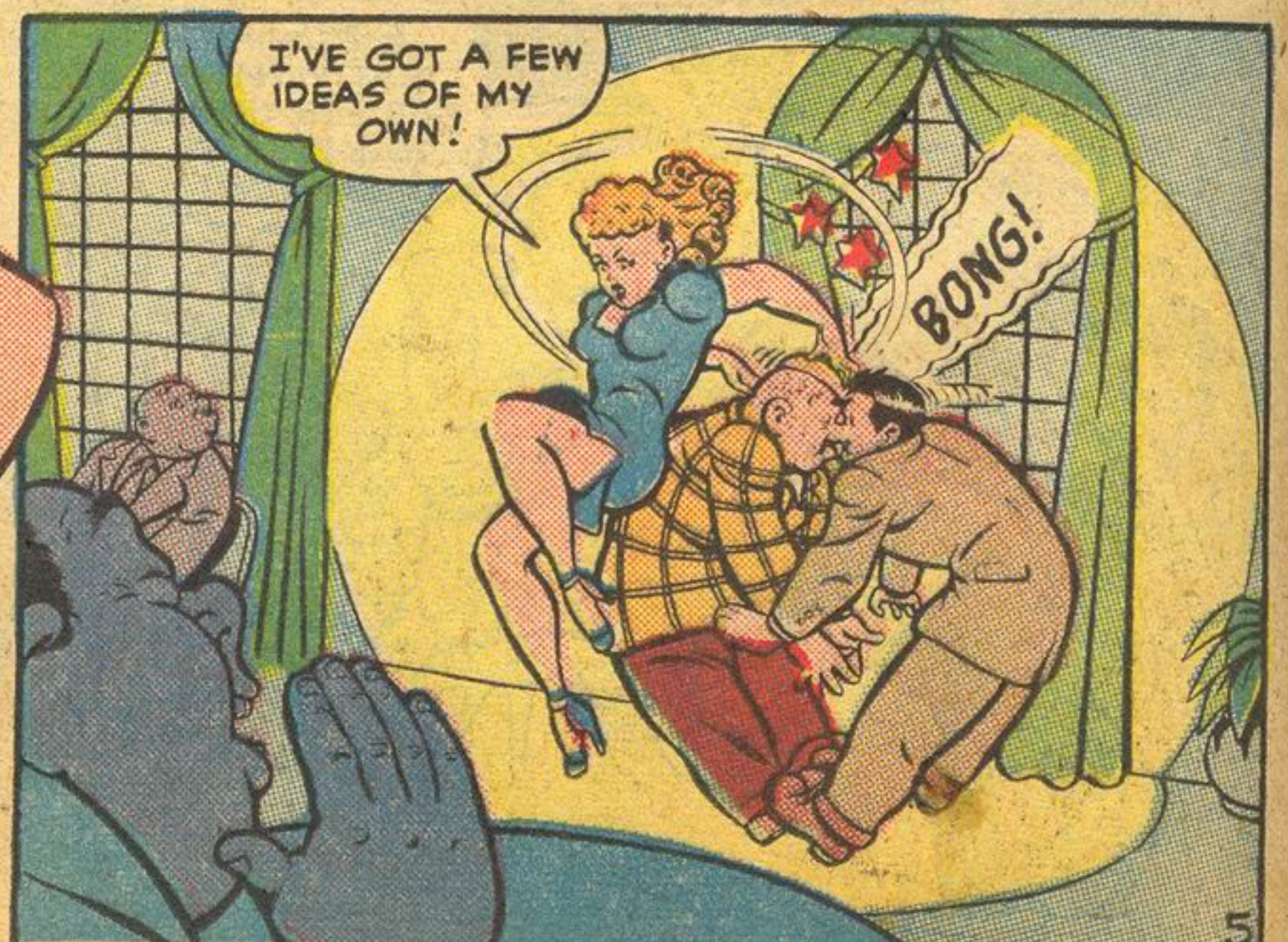
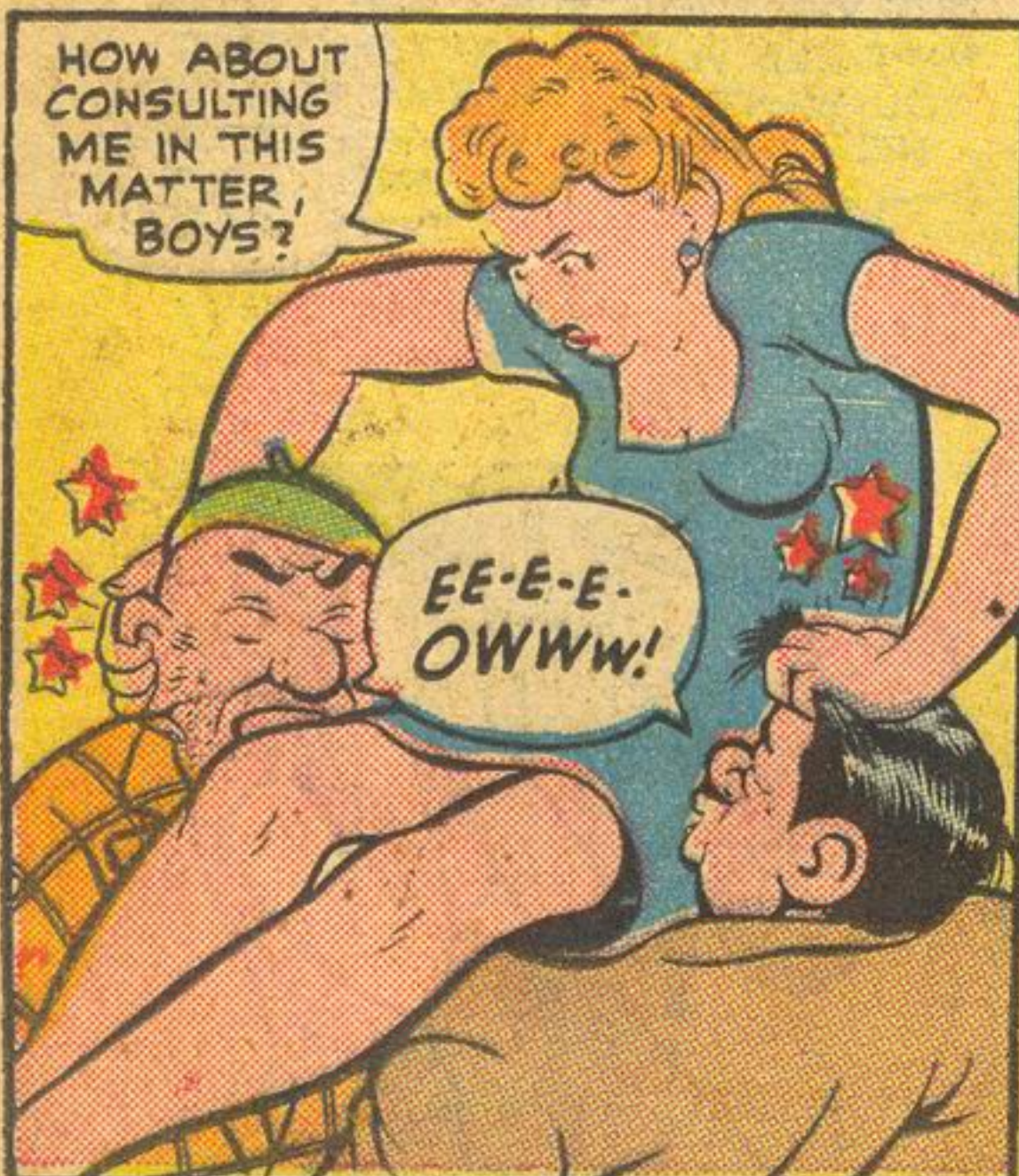
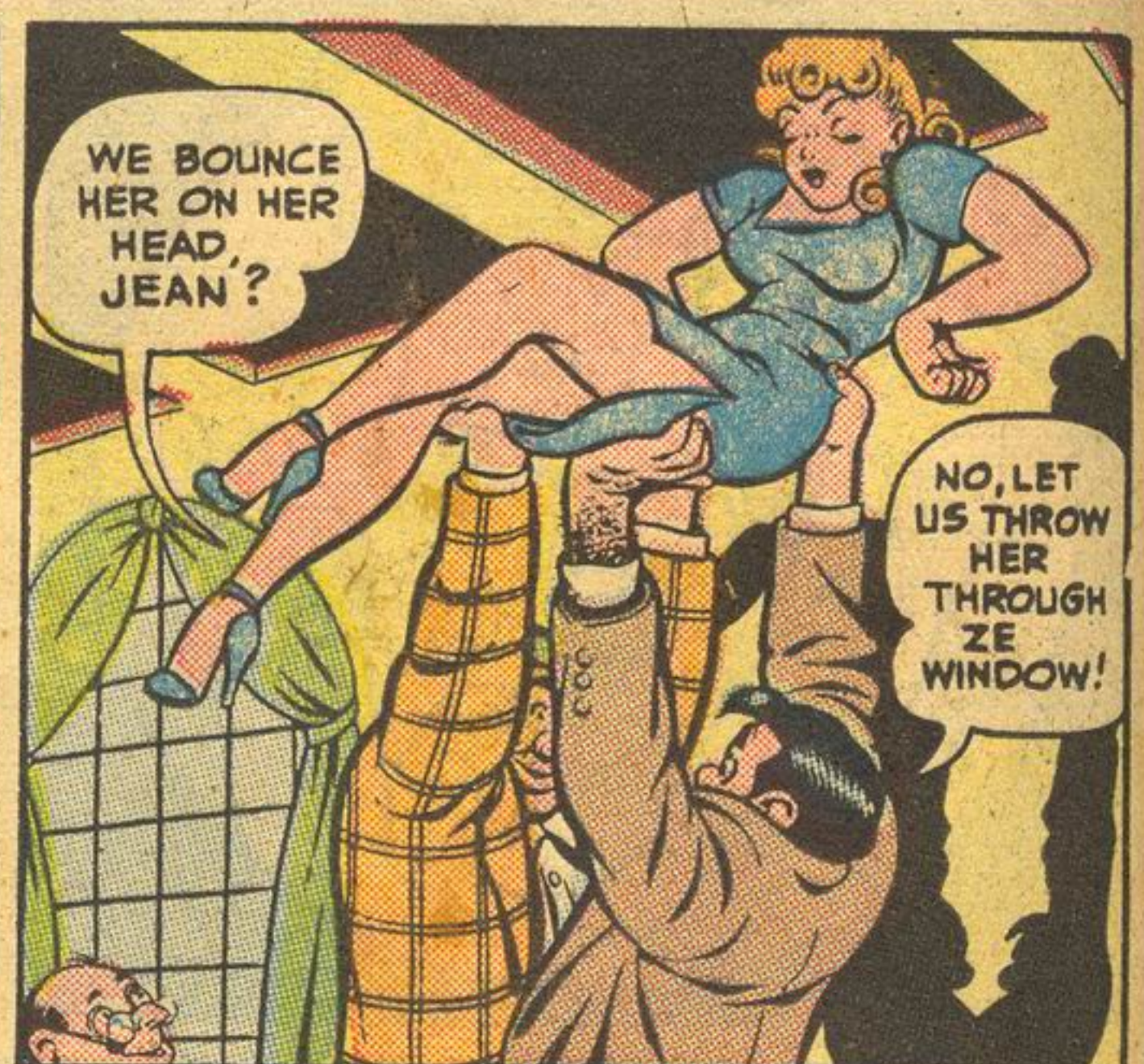
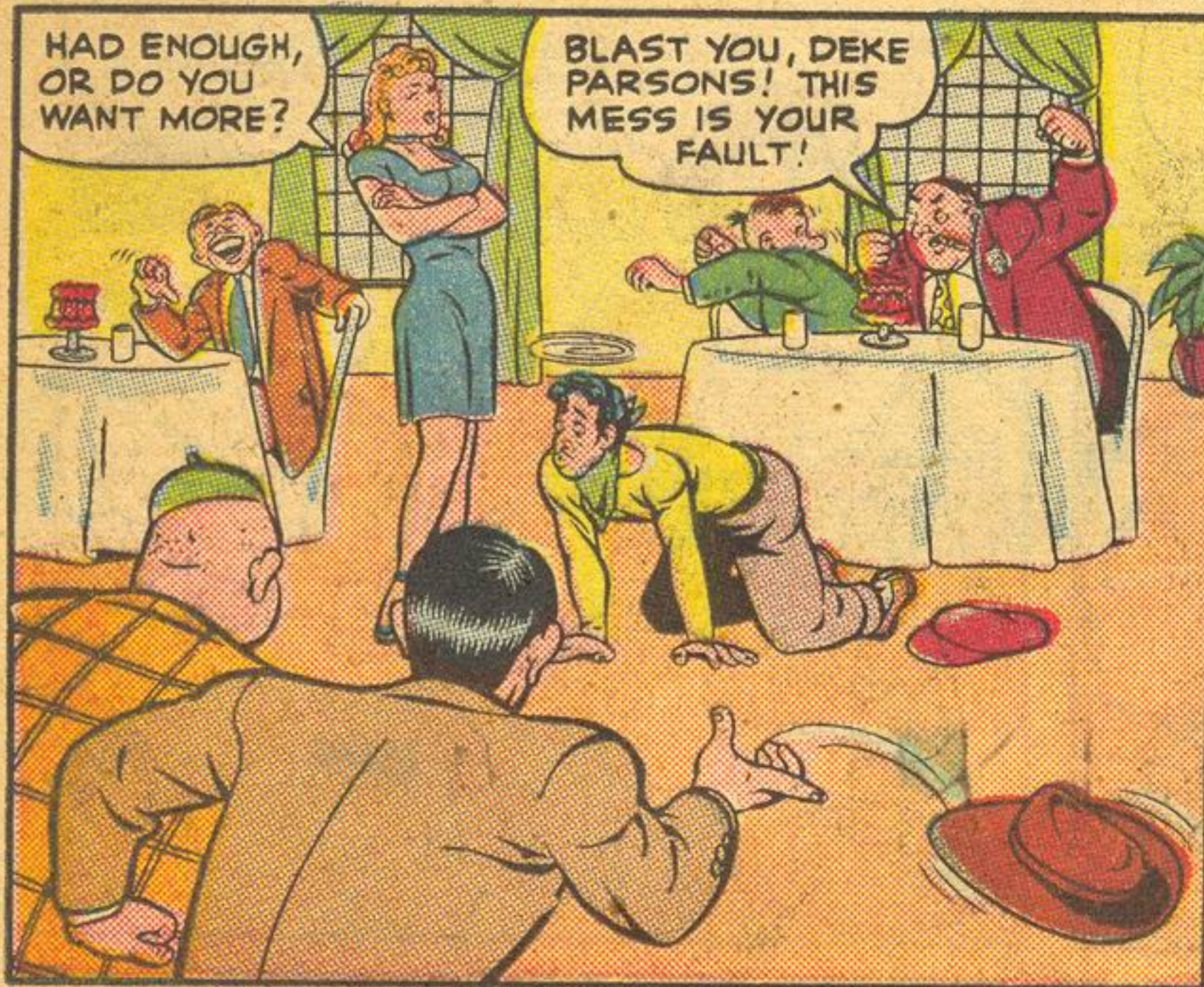
PEEG! I SEE YOU LOOK AT ANOTHER WOMAN! THEES I DO NOT TOLERATE!

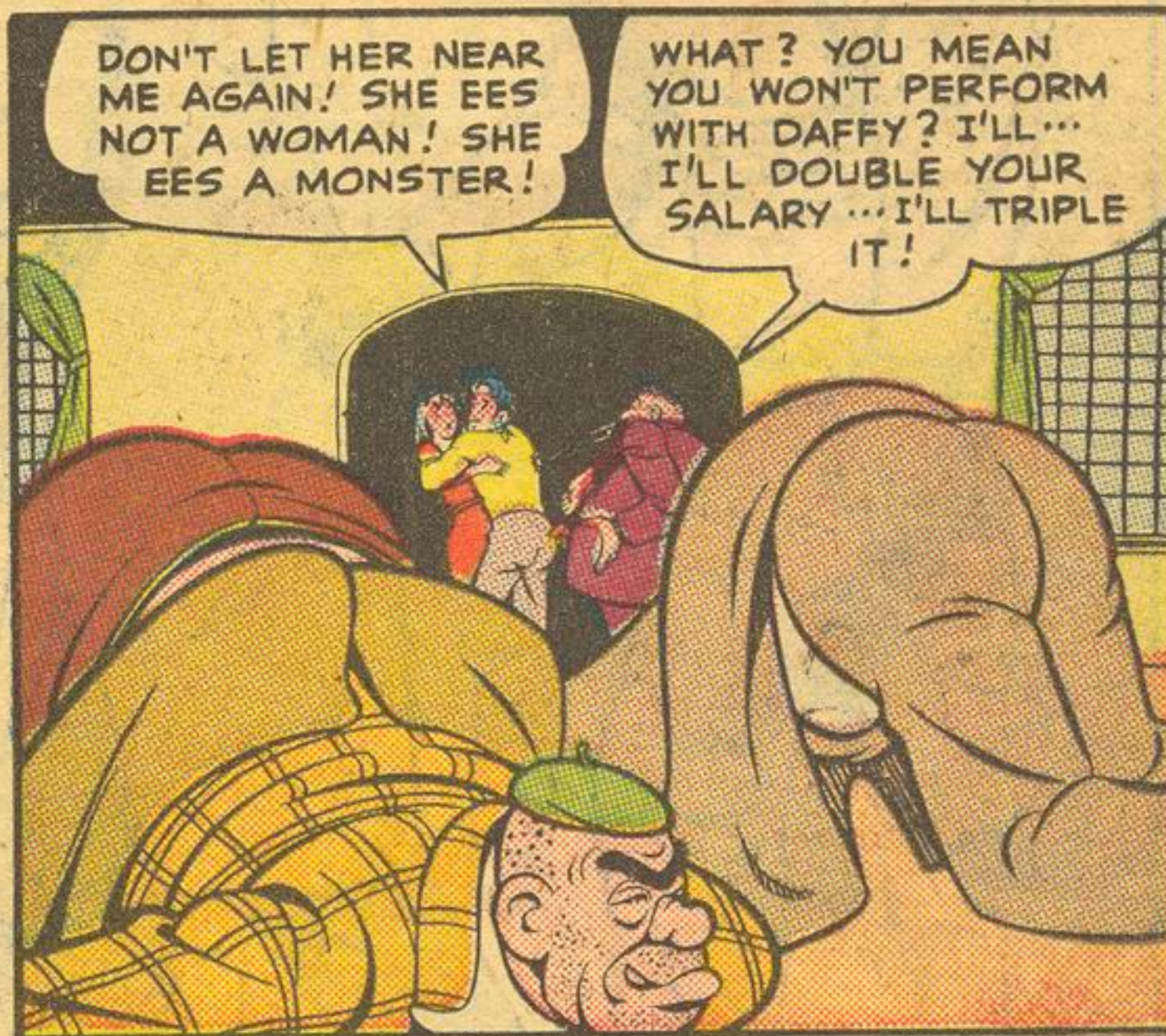
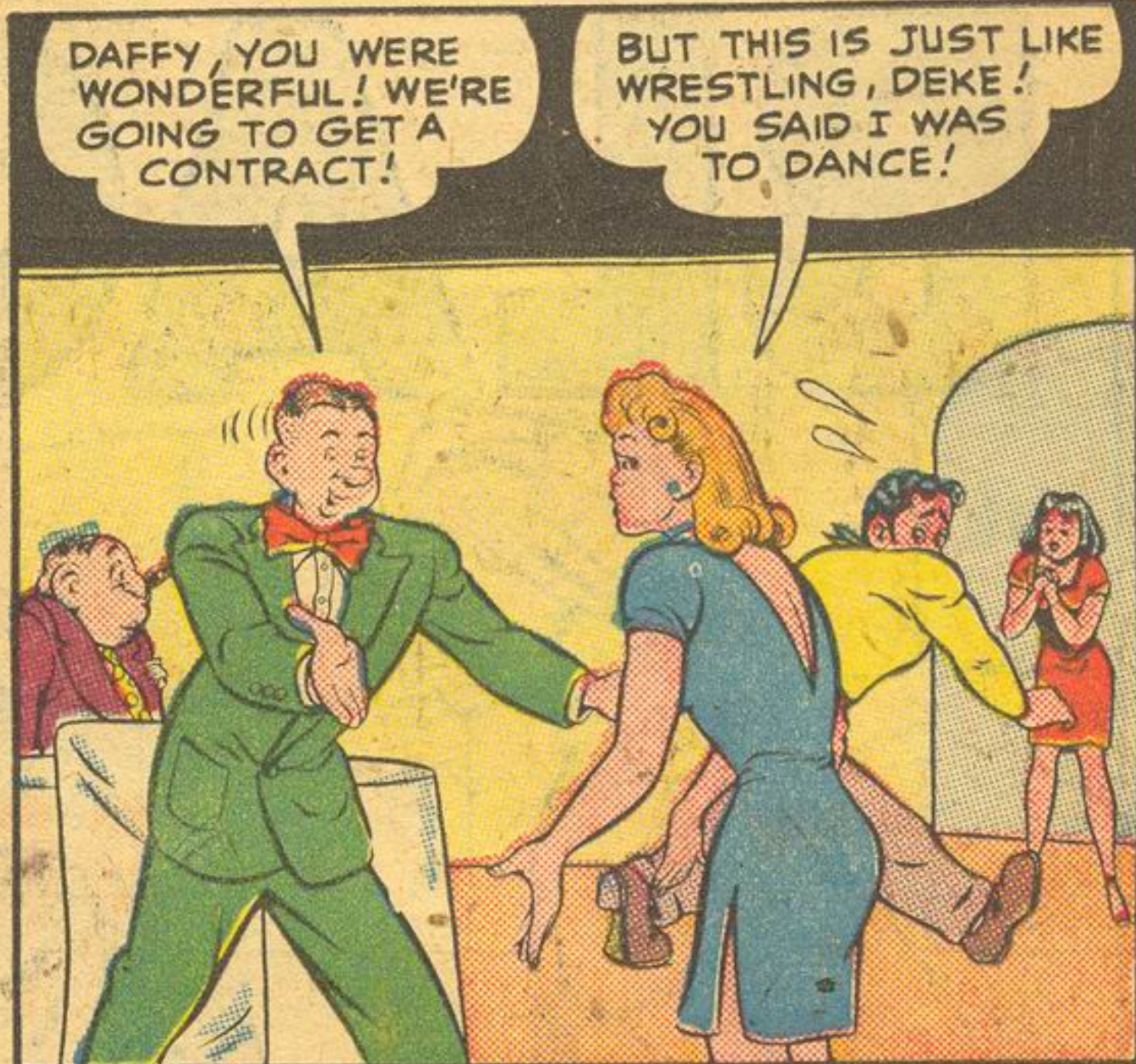






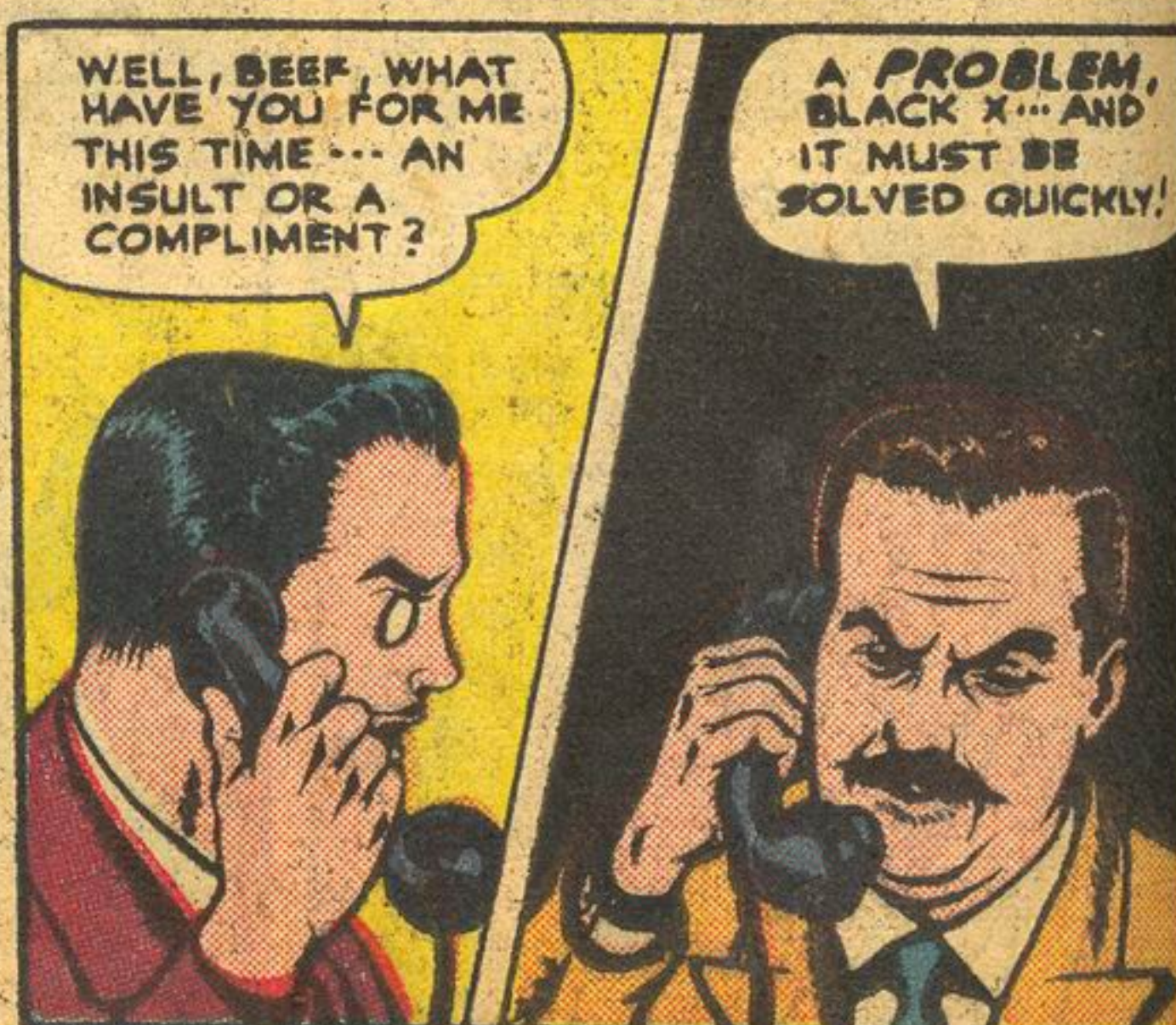




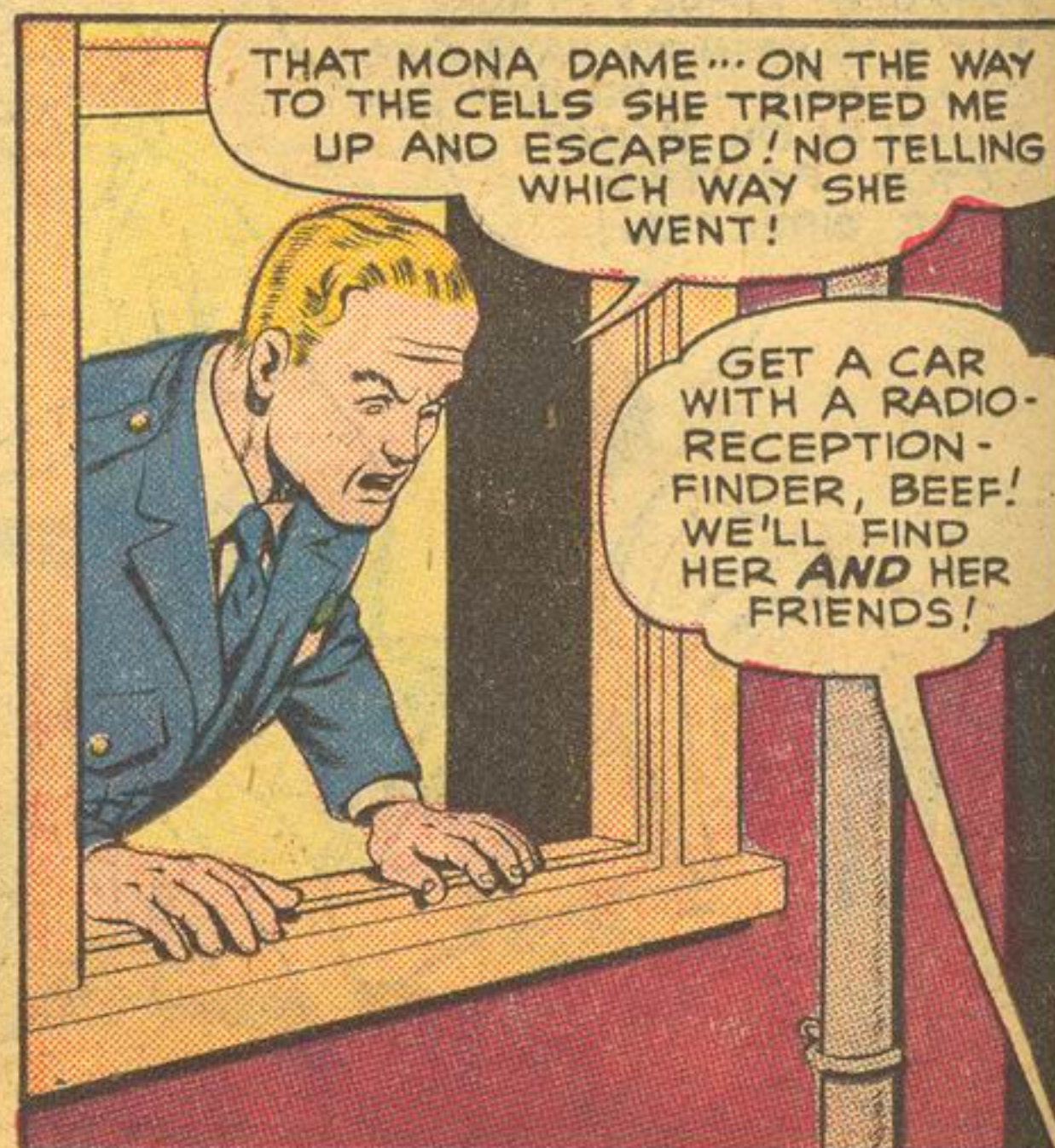


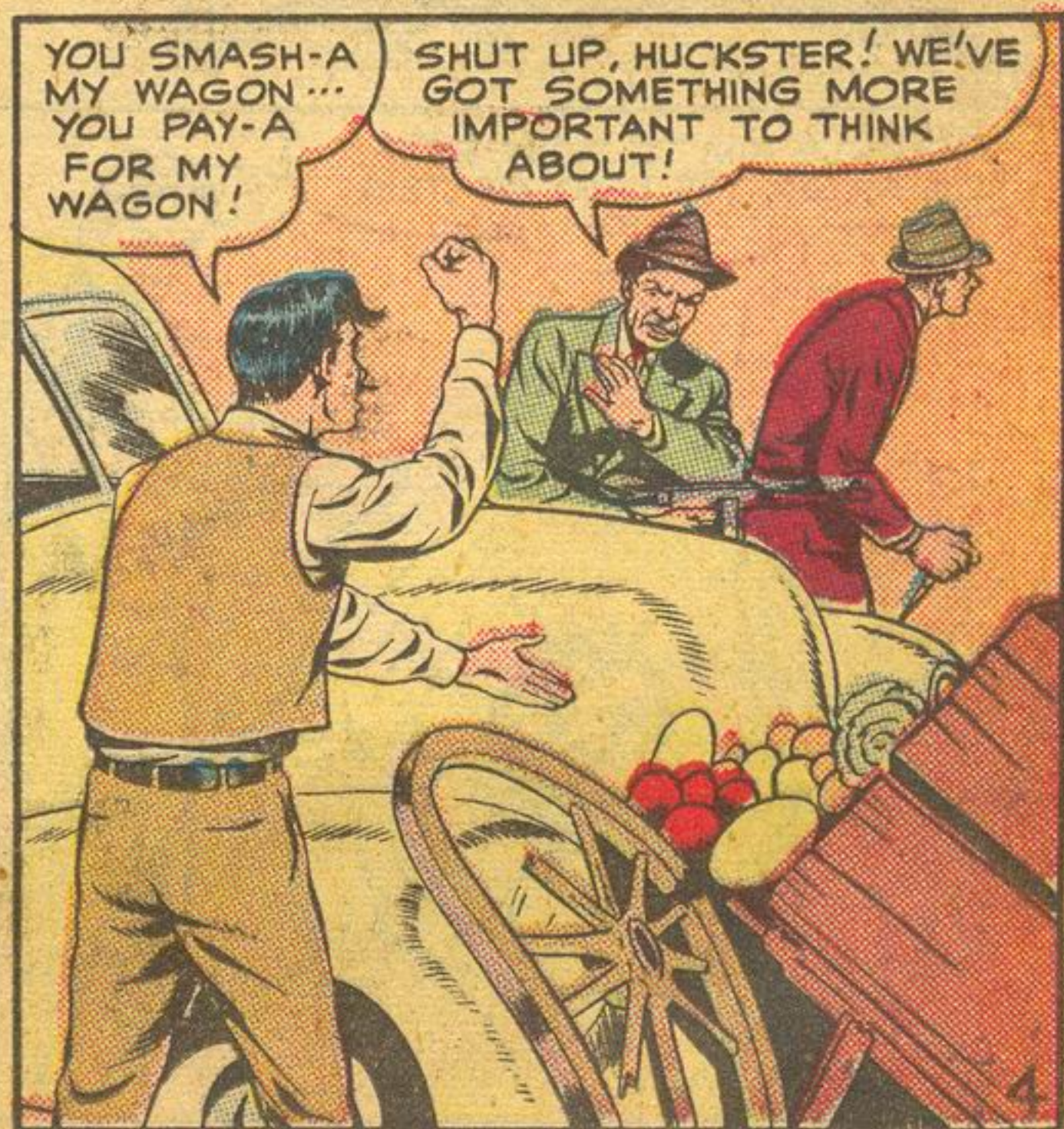
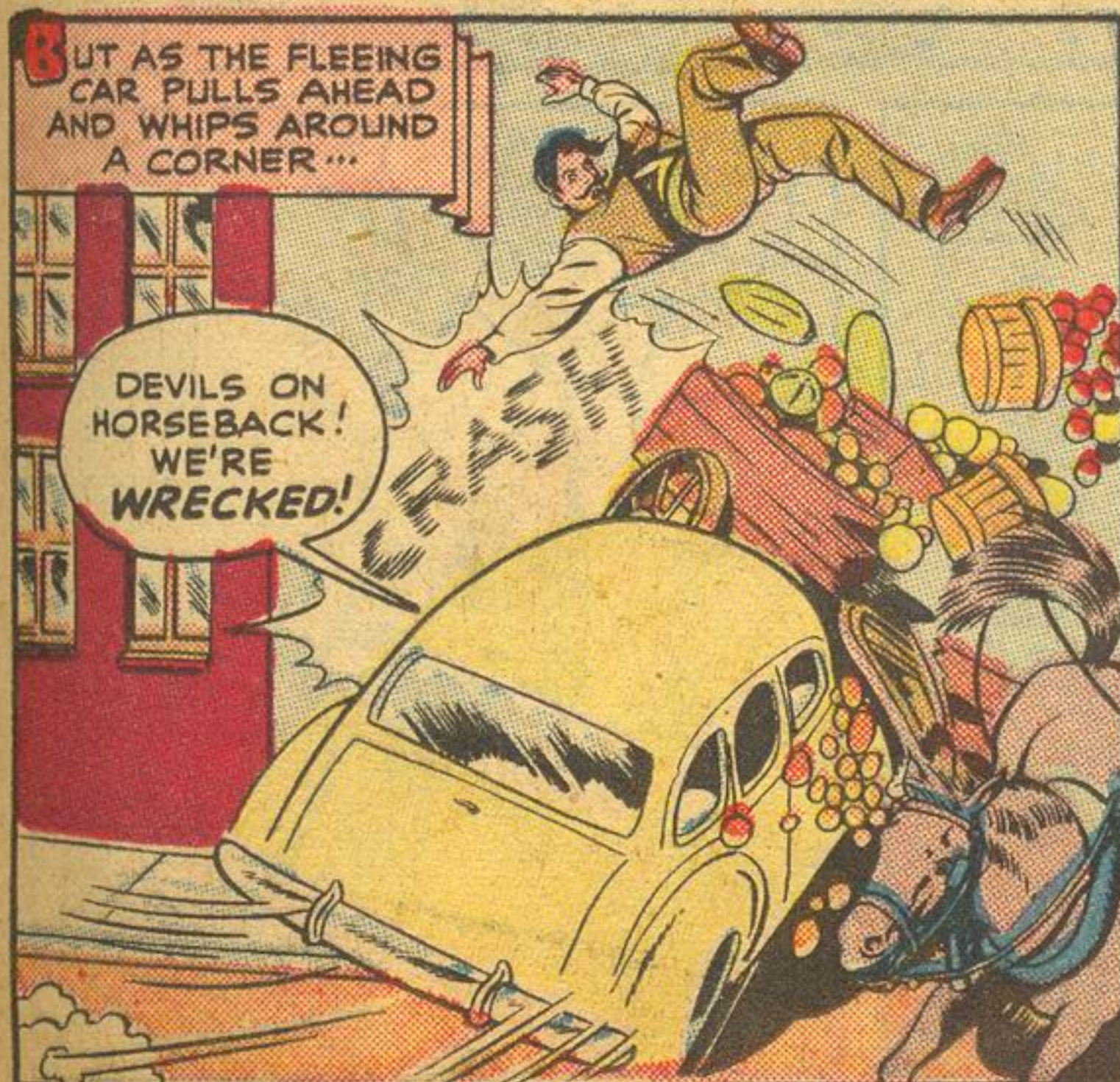
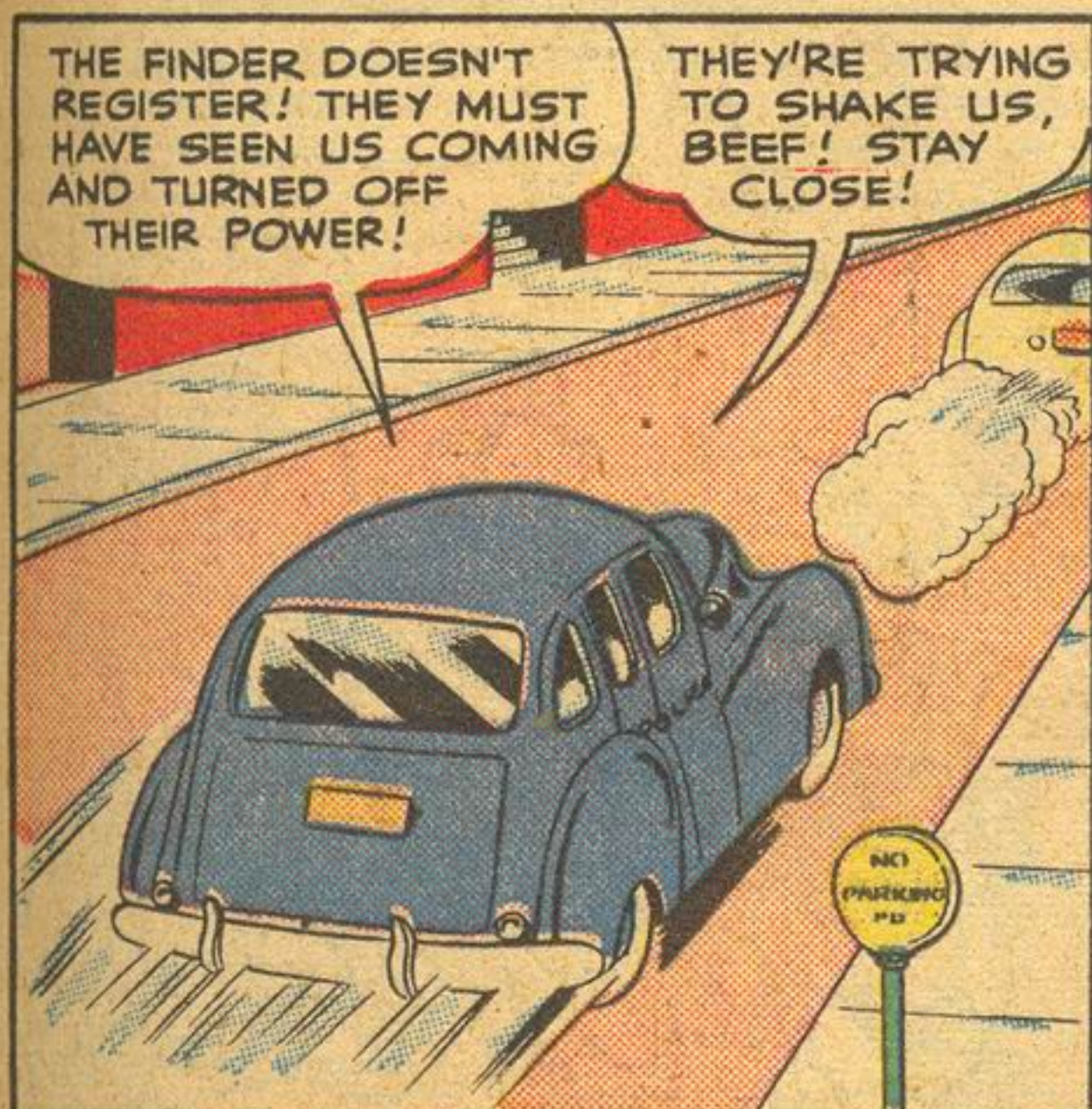
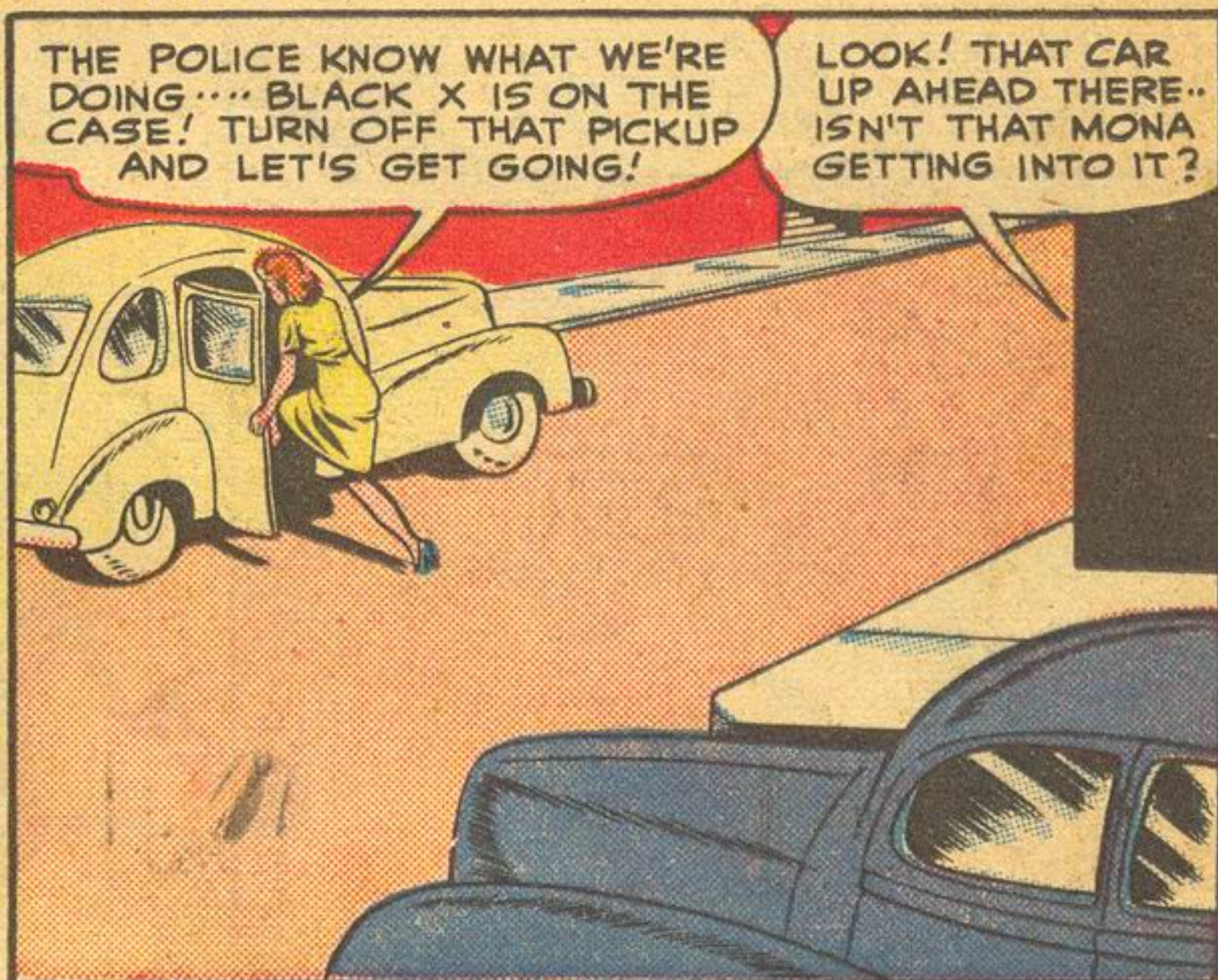
SMASH COMICS

BLACK X

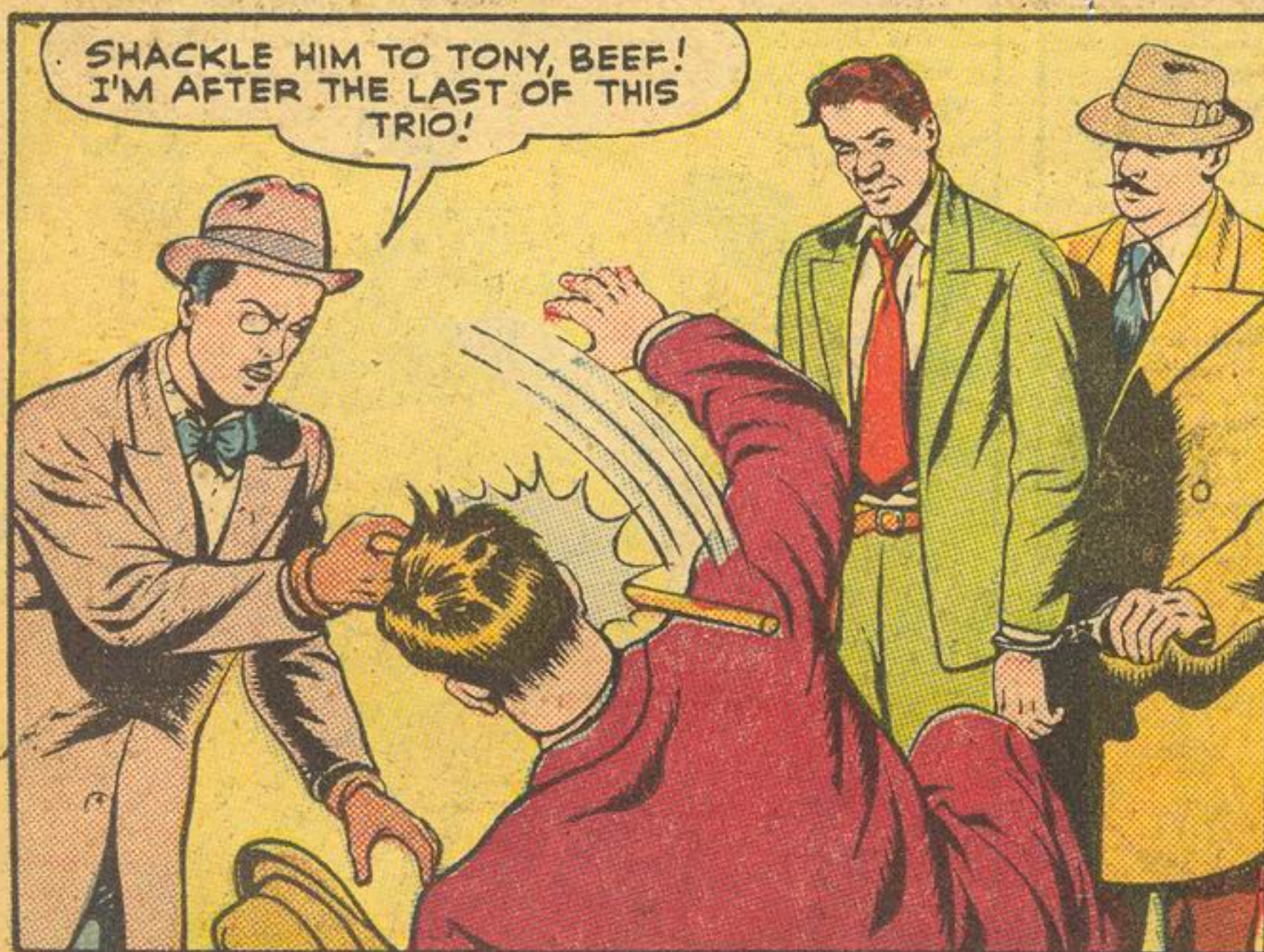
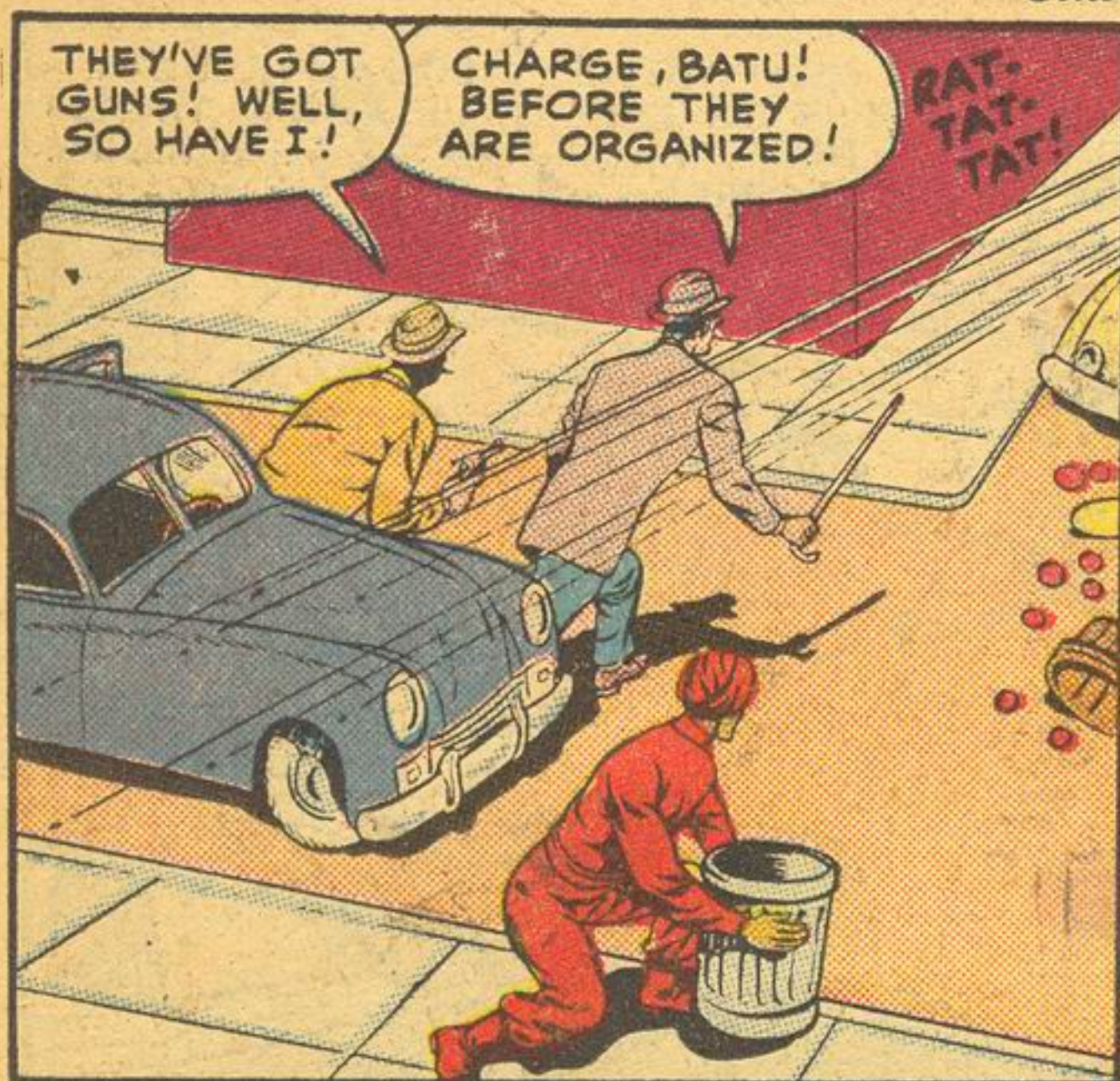


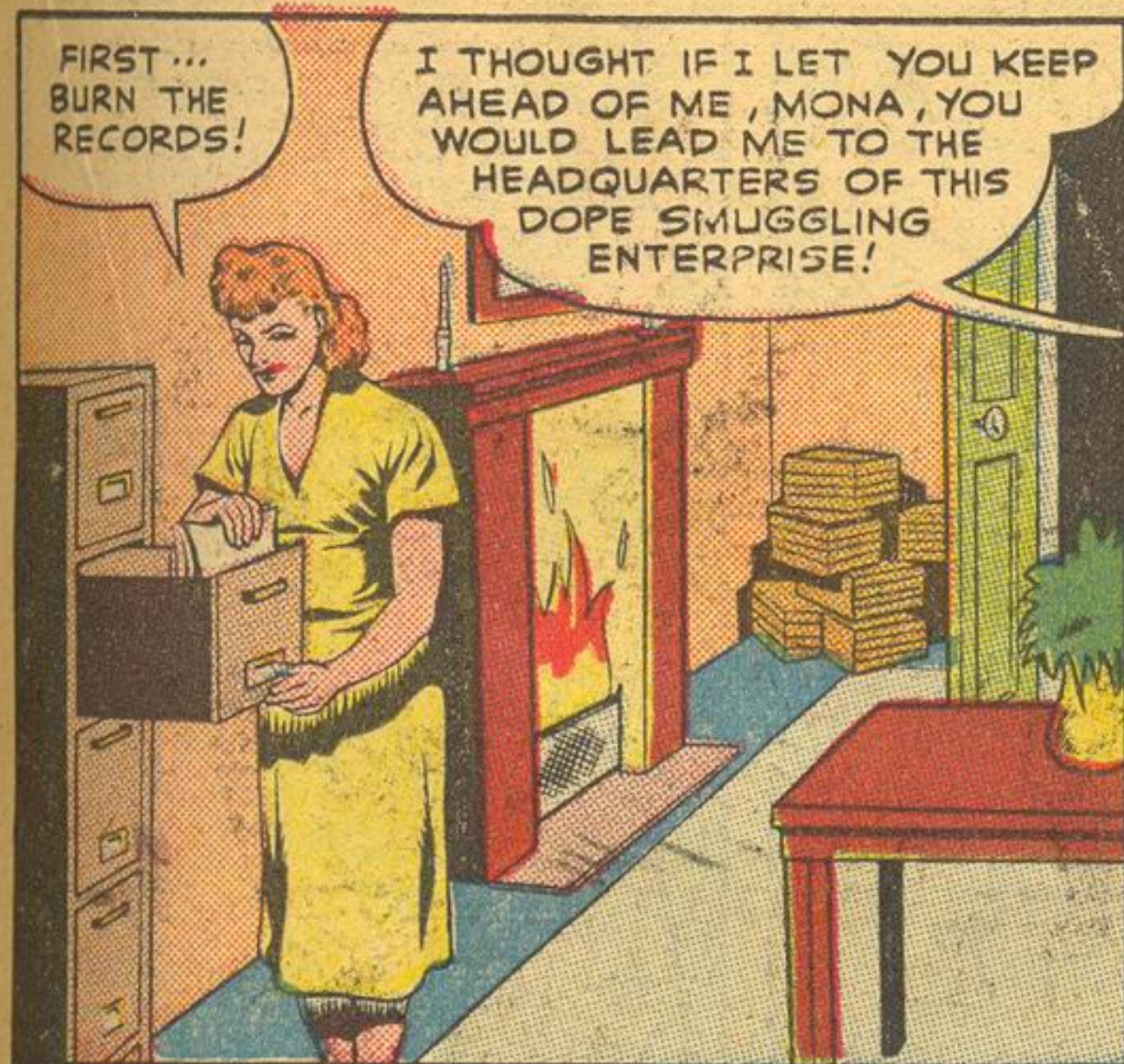




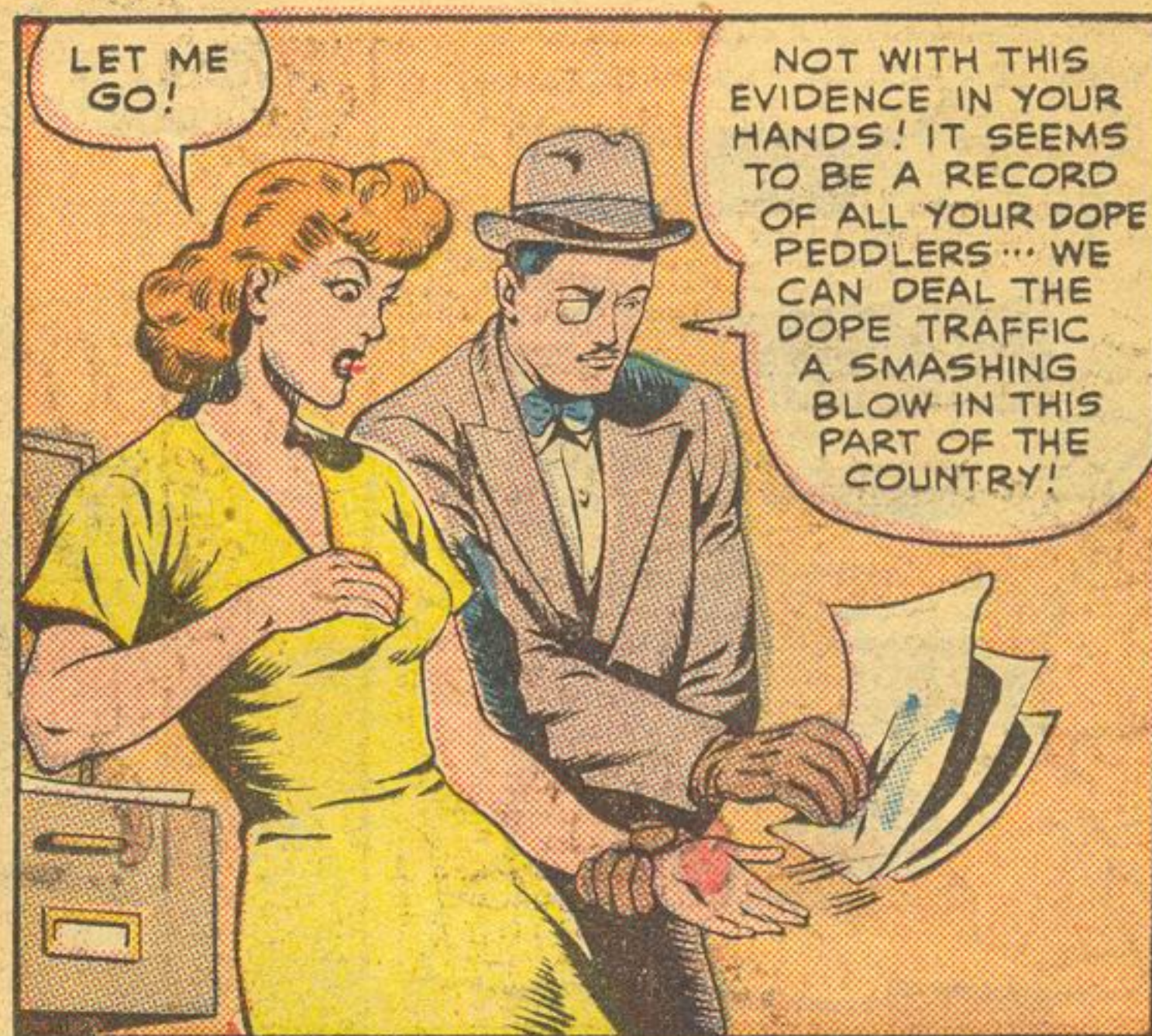


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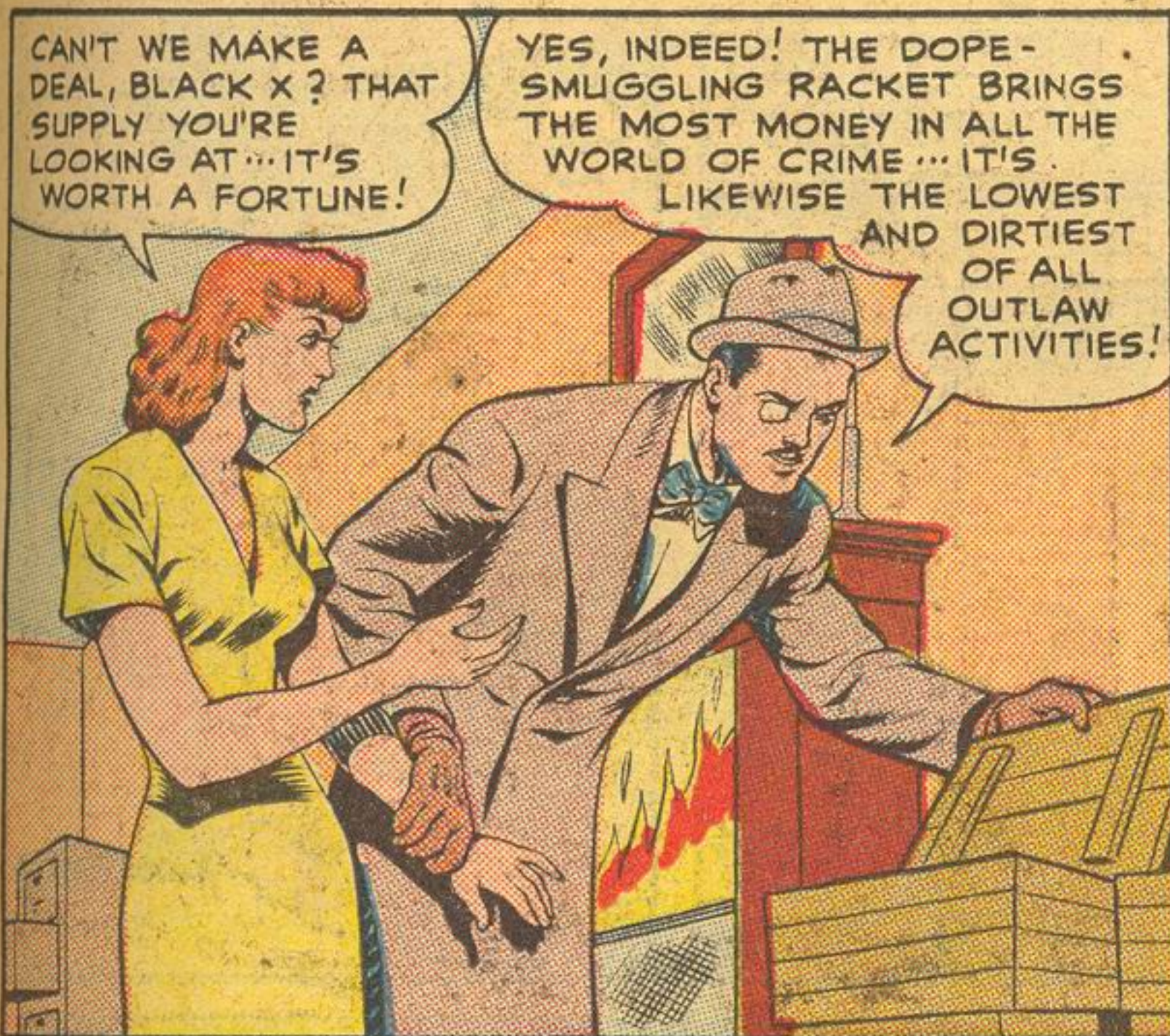




I THOUGHT IF I LET YOU KEEP AHEAD OF ME, MONA, YOU WOULD LEAD ME TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THIS DOPE SMUGGLING ENTERPRISE!



NOT WITH THIS EVIDENCE IN YOUR HANDS! IT SEEMS TO BE A RECORD OF ALL YOUR DOPE PEDDLERS... WE CAN DEAL THE DOPE TRAFFIC A SMASHING BLOW IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY!



YES, INDEED! THE DOPE-SMUGGLING RACKET BRINGS THE MOST MONEY IN ALL THE WORLD OF CRIME... IT'S LIKEWISE THE LOWEST AND DIRTIEST OF ALL OUTLAW ACTIVITIES!

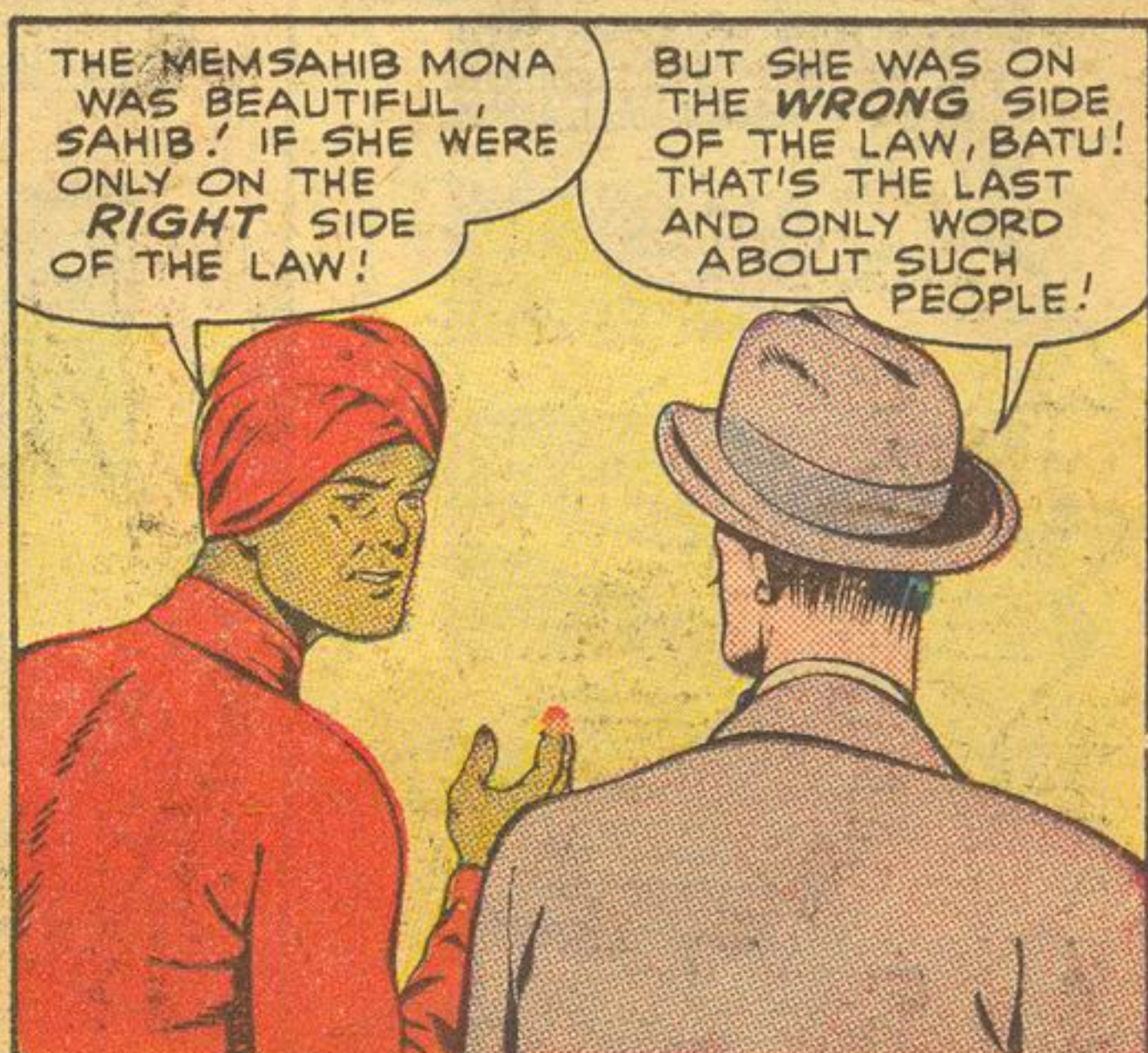


BUT YOU'LL BE UP AGAINST HONEST JUDGES AND JURIES! YOUR FIGHT WILL GET YOU NOWHERE!



WHAT CAN I SAY BESIDES THANKS... TEN MILLION TIMES?

THAT'S PLENTY, BEEF! CALL ON ME WHENEVER YOU NEED ME!



THE MEMSAHIB MONA WAS BEAUTIFUL, SAHIB! IF SHE WERE ONLY ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE LAW!

BUT SHE WAS ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LAW, BATU! THAT'S THE LAST AND ONLY WORD ABOUT SUCH PEOPLE!

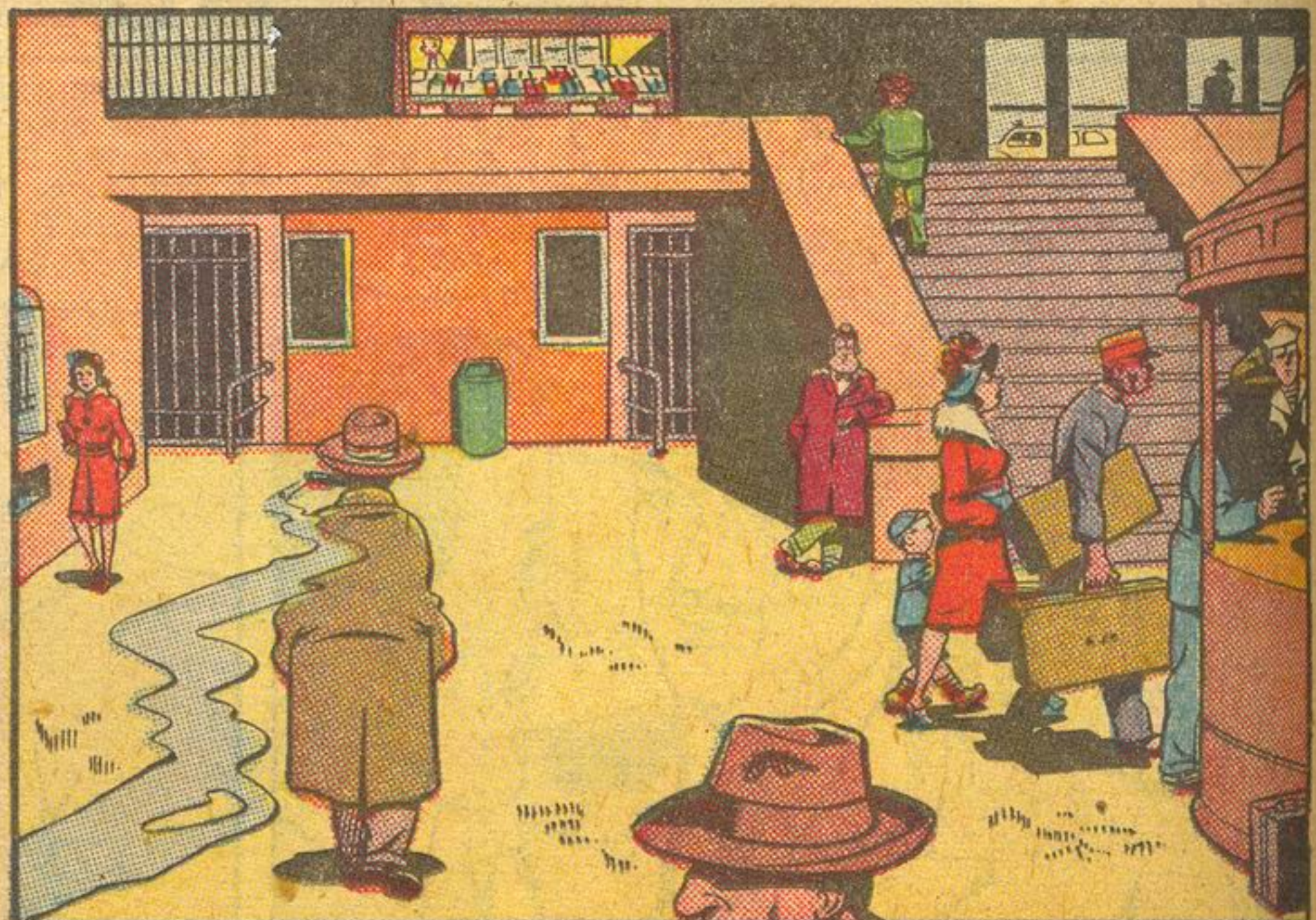
THE LIFE OF A CIGAR IS BRIEF AND UN-IMPORTANT...

A black and white illustration showing a hand holding a cigar, with another hand lighting it. A box of cigars is visible in the background. The text "THE LIFE OF A CIGAR IS BRIEF AND UN-IMPORTANT..." is written in a bold, sans-serif font at the top.

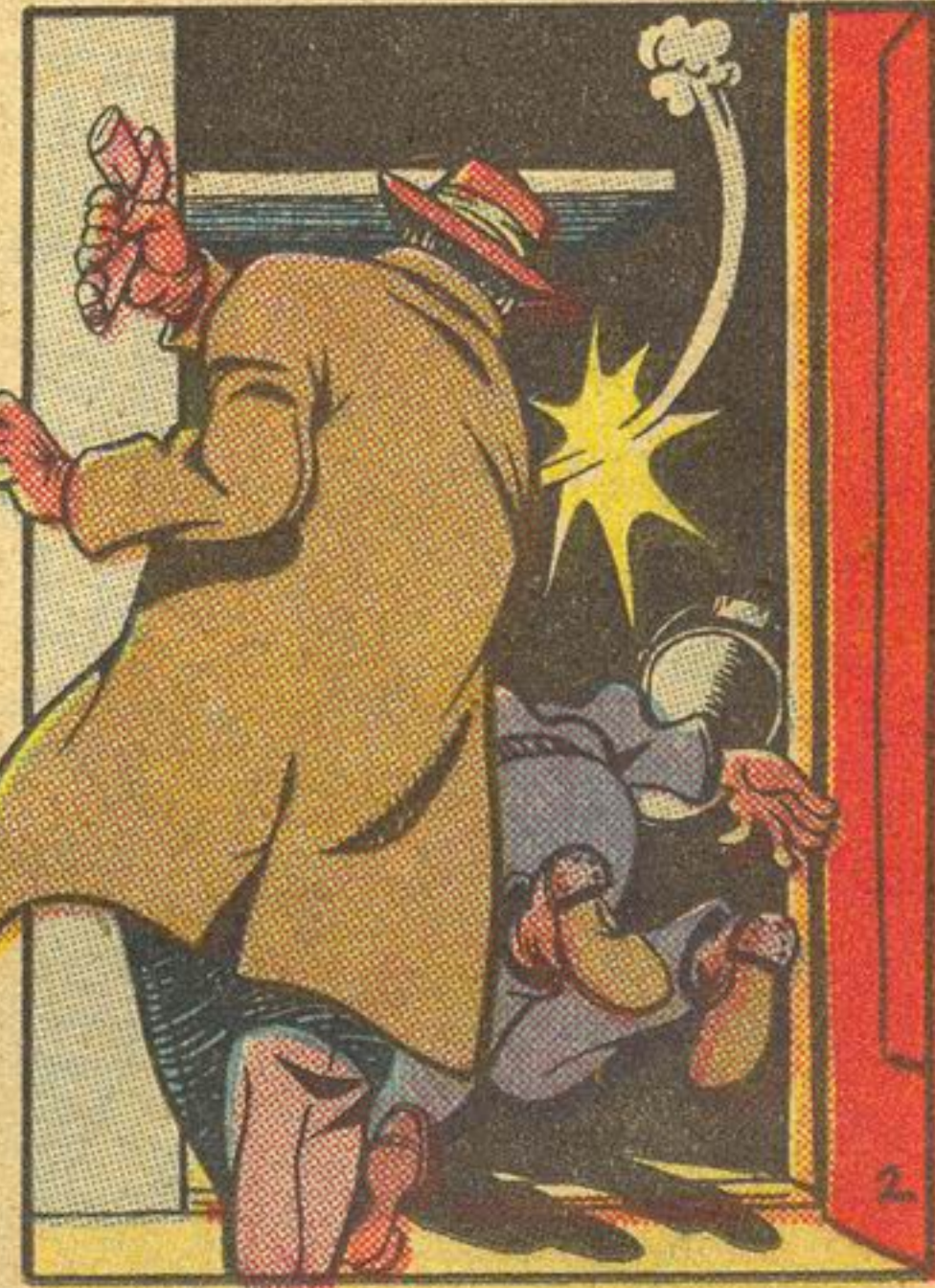
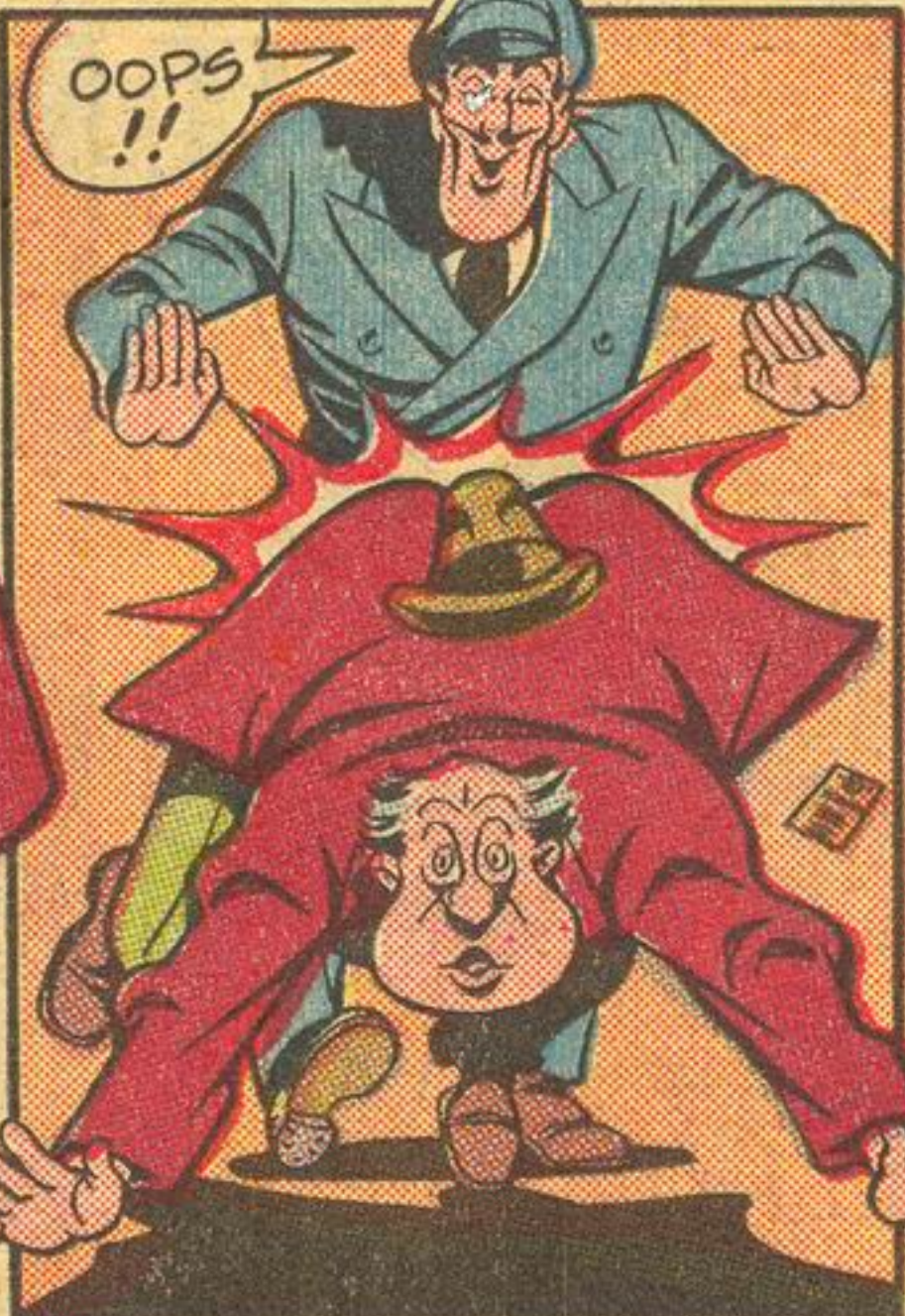
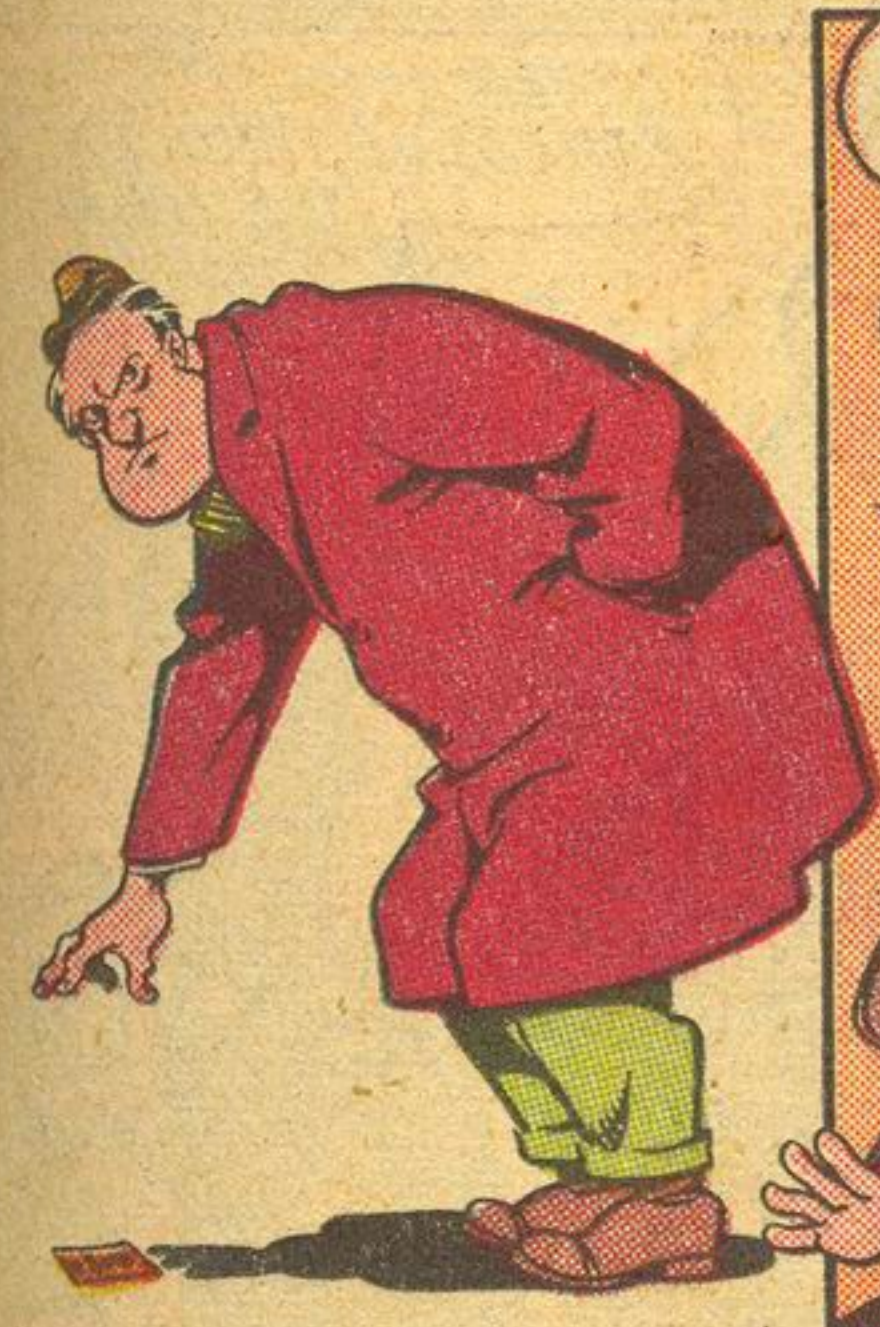
BUT IN THE INTERVAL BETWEEN THE FIRST PUFF AND THE FINAL DAMP STUMP, A MAN'S CAREER CAN TAKE A STARTLING TURN...

A cartoon illustration of a man in a brown suit and red hat, smoking a cigar and holding a large gift box. The man has a large nose and is looking slightly to the left. The gift box is wrapped in orange paper with white stripes. The background is a solid blue color.

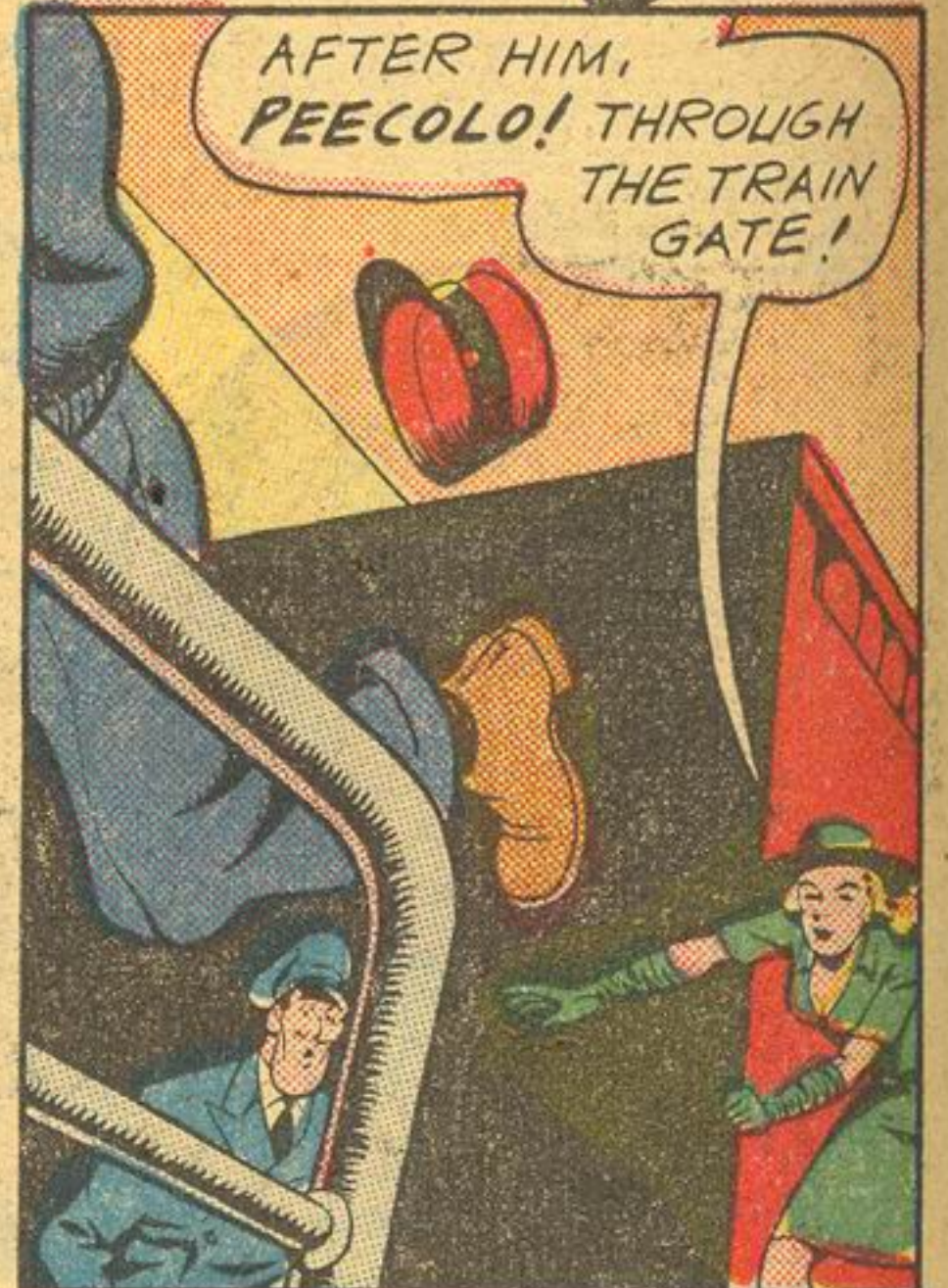
A man wearing a brown coat and a red hat with a yellow band is handing a brown cardboard parcel to a clerk. The clerk, a man with blonde hair wearing a light-colored button-down shirt, is standing behind a counter. Above the counter, a sign reads "PARCELS CHECKED" in large, bold, red letters. In the top left corner, a yellow sign displays "5¢". The background shows shelves with various items, including a small blue object on a shelf behind the clerk. The scene is set in a parcel-checking station, likely at a train or bus station.



By Klaus Jording

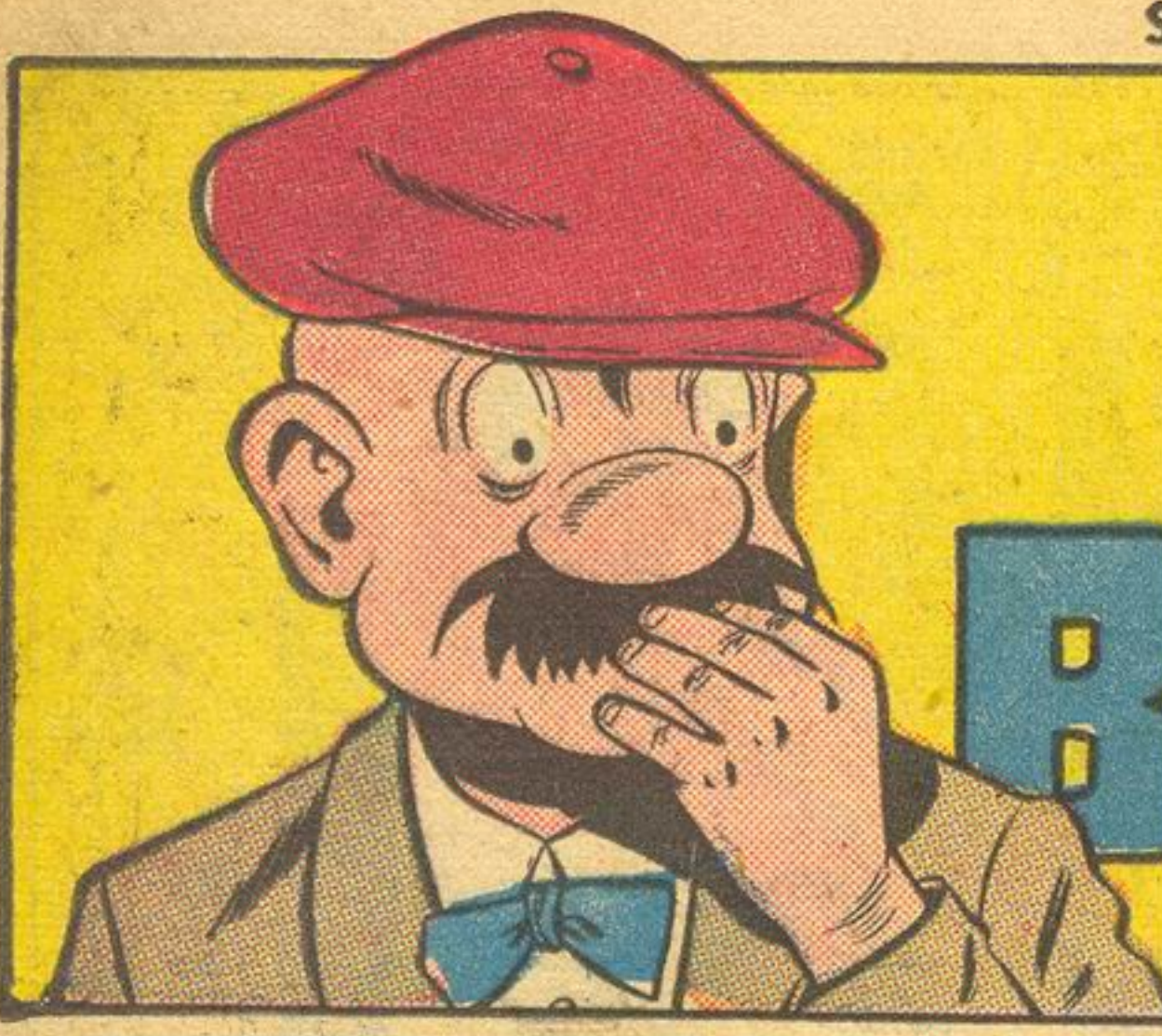


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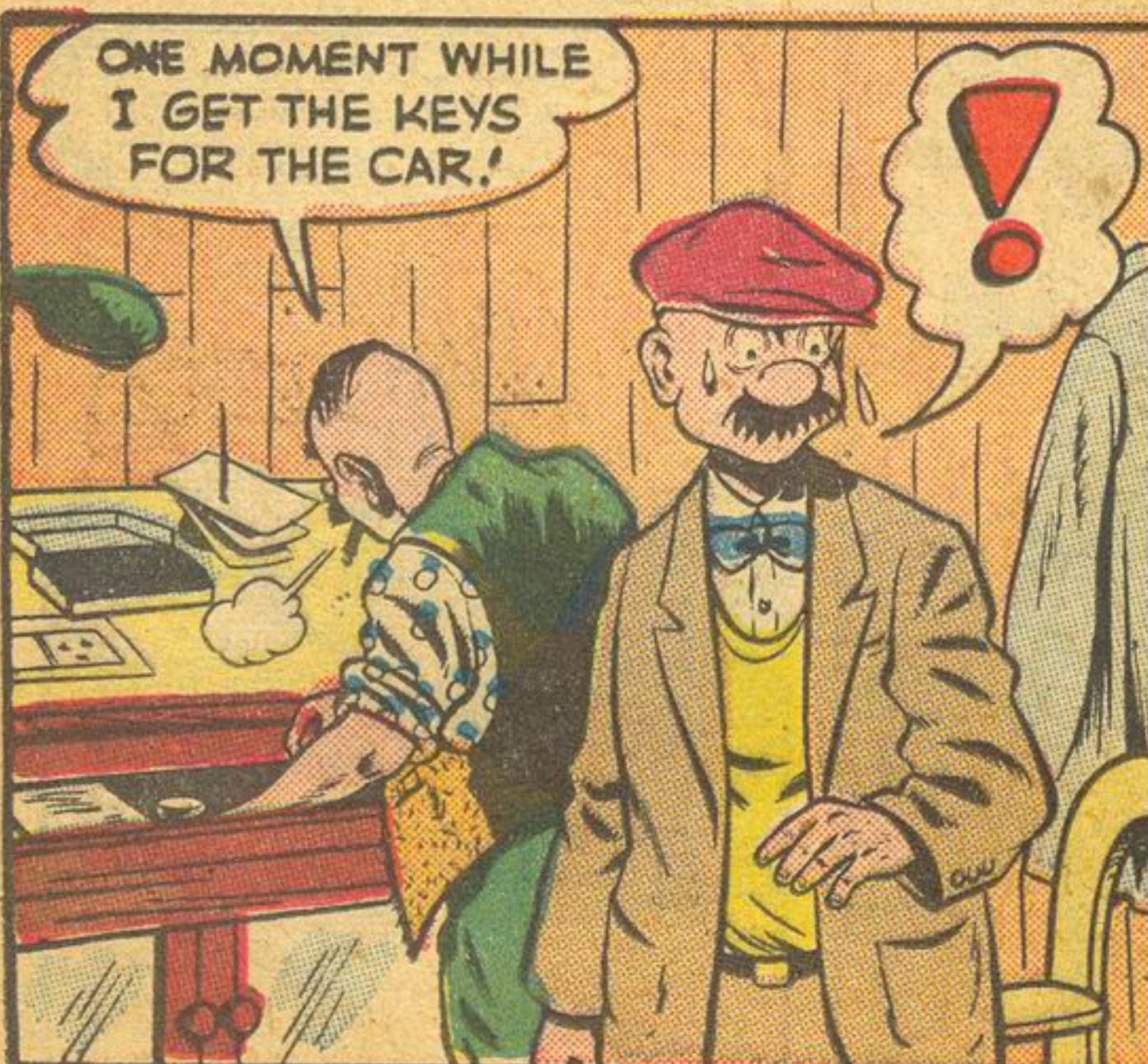


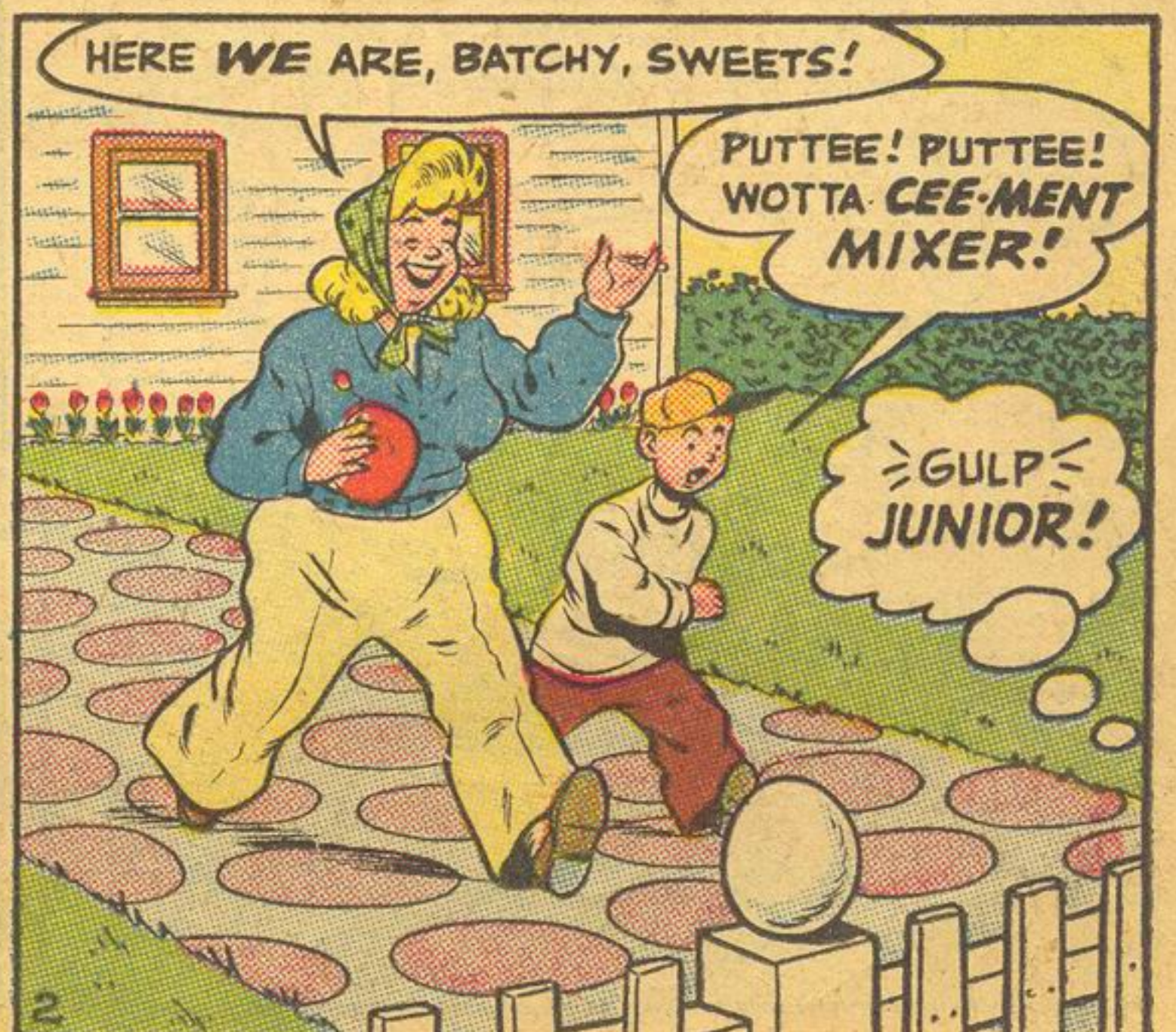
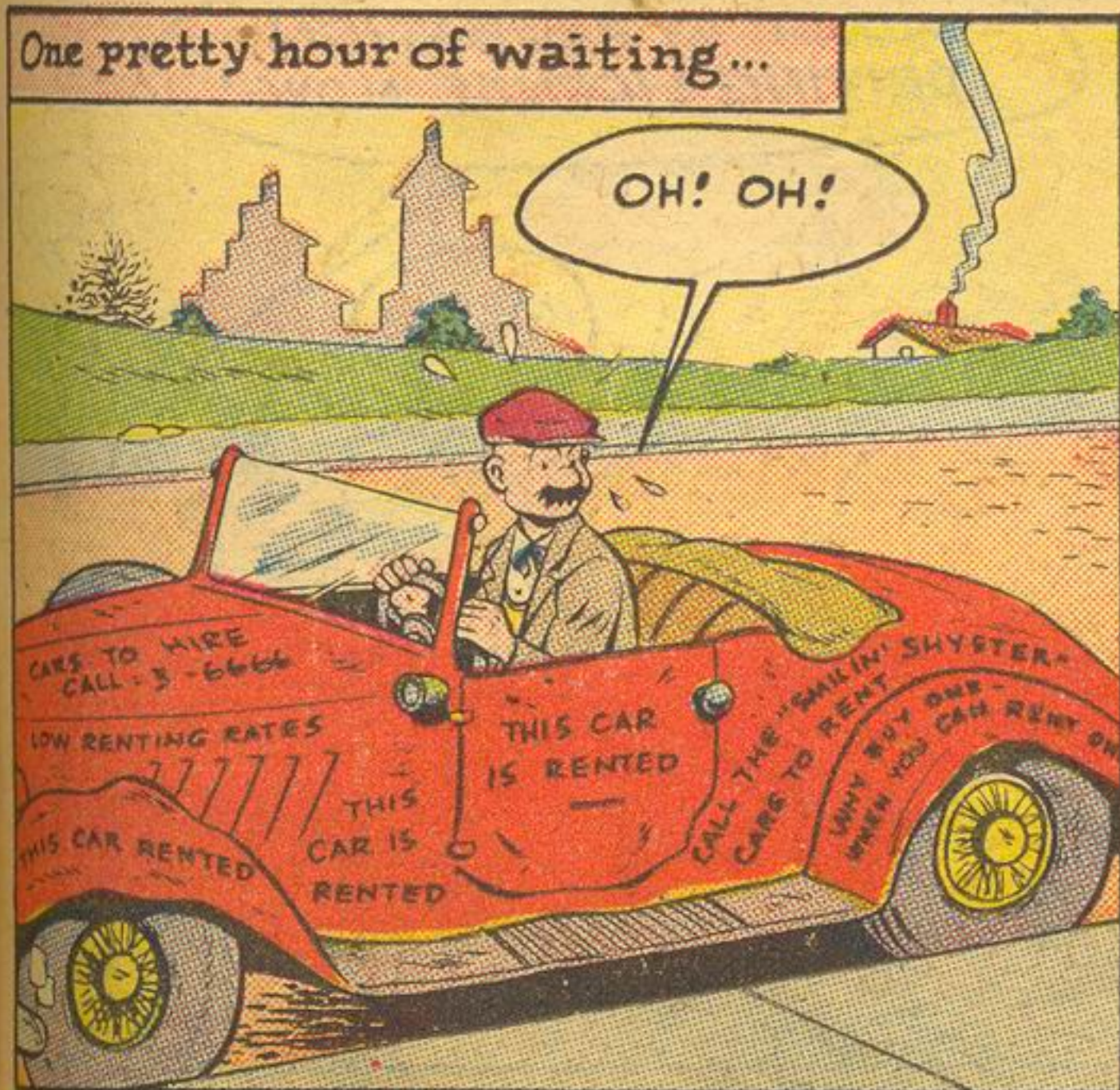
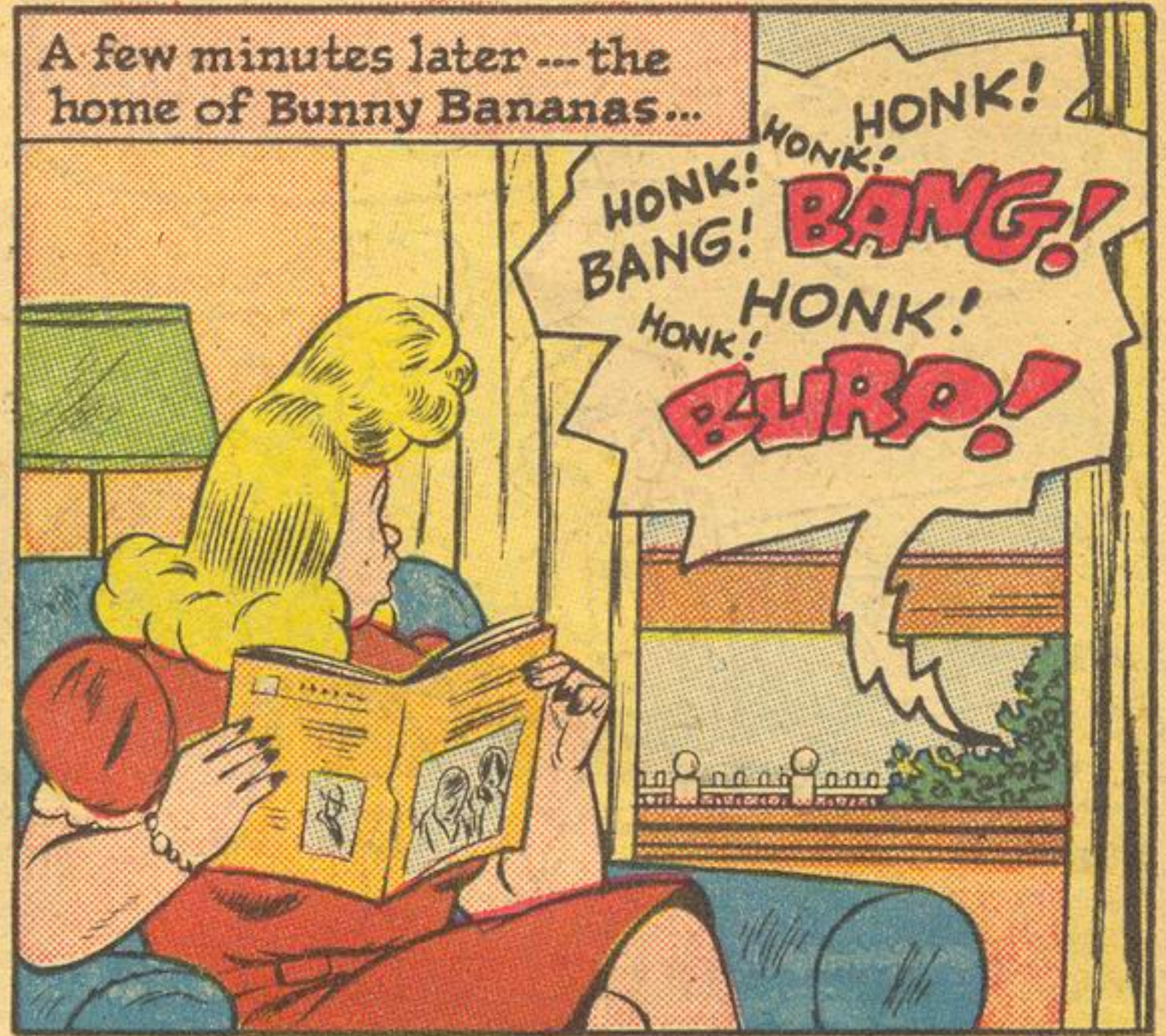
SMASH COMICS

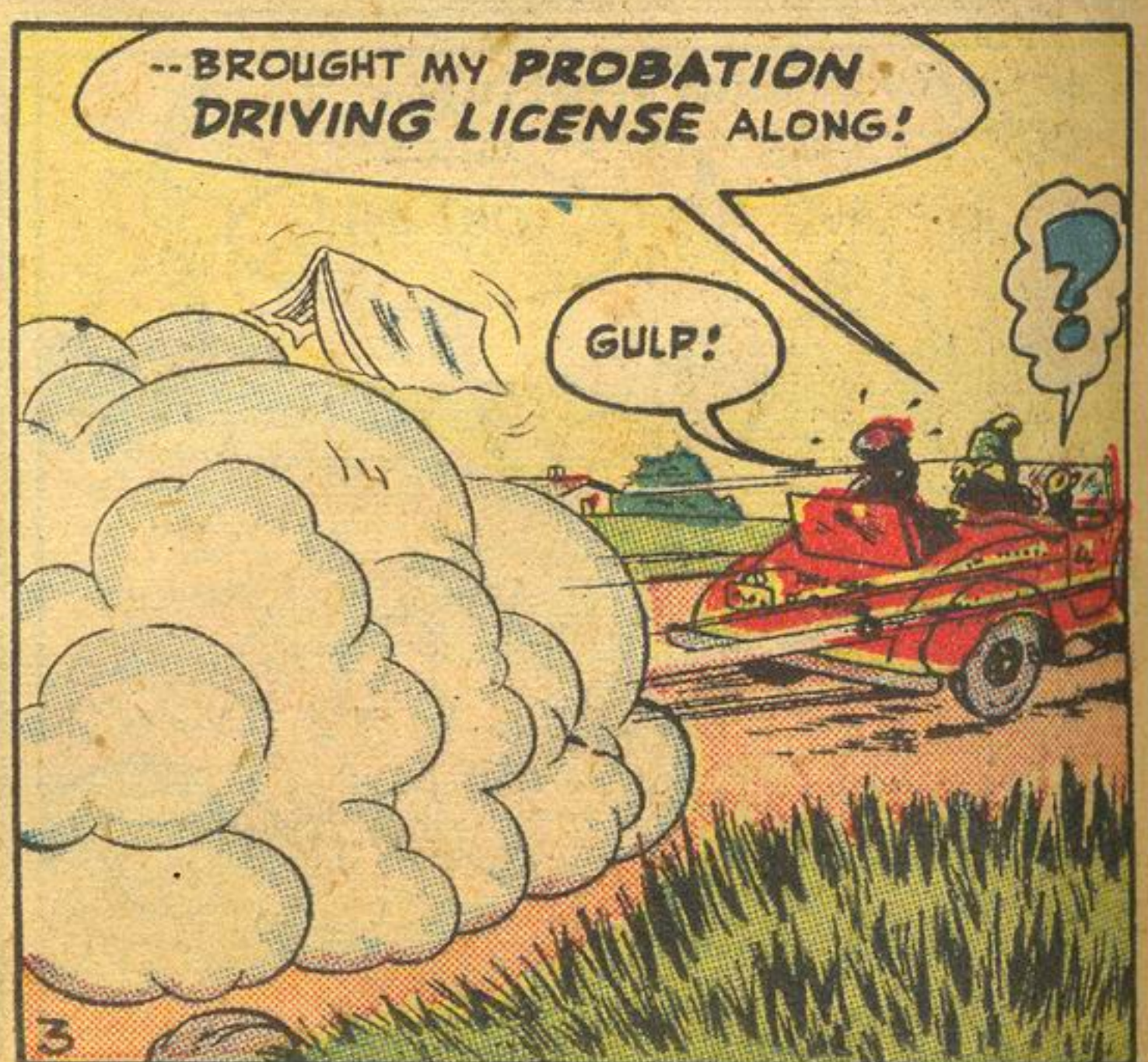
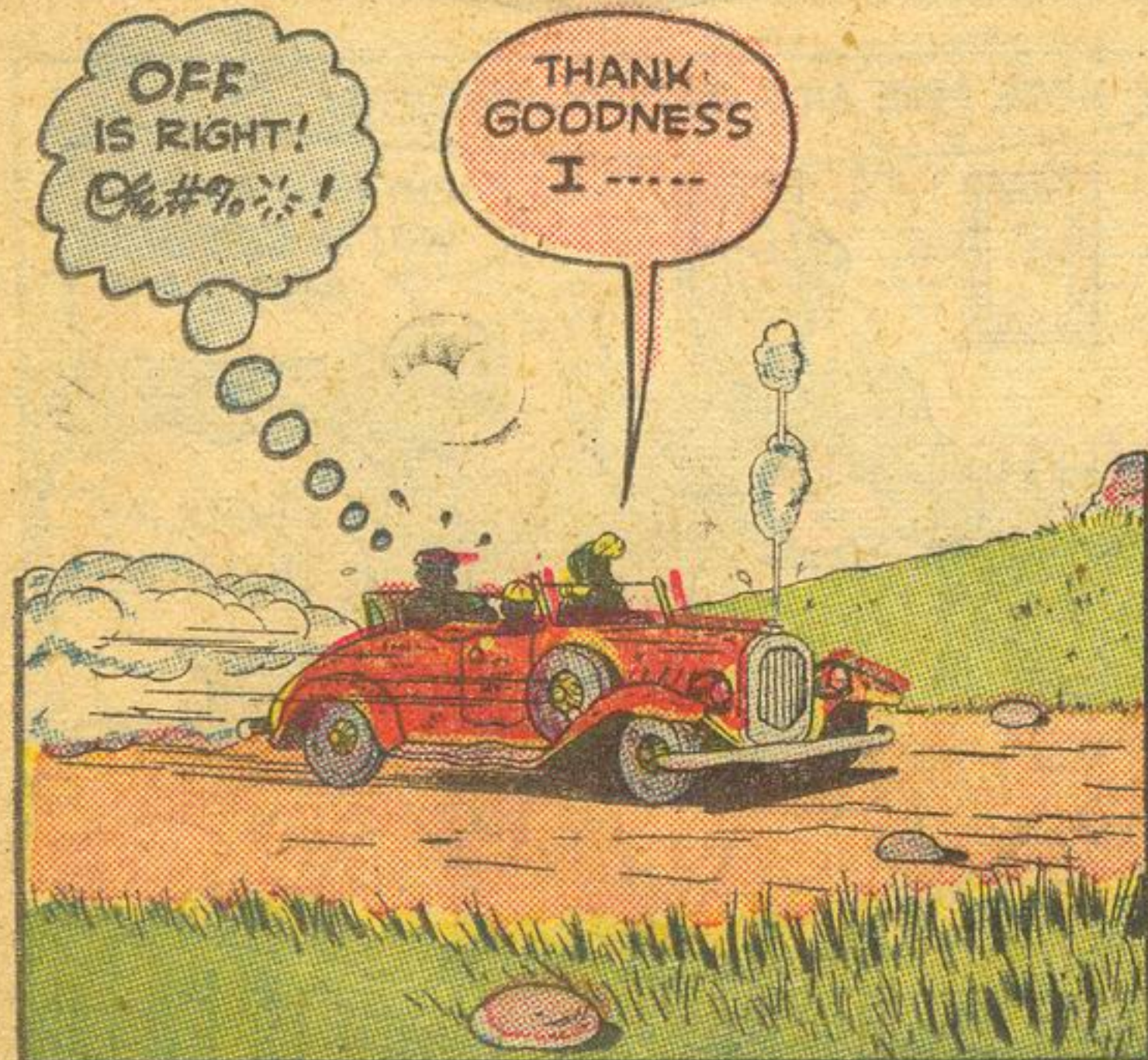
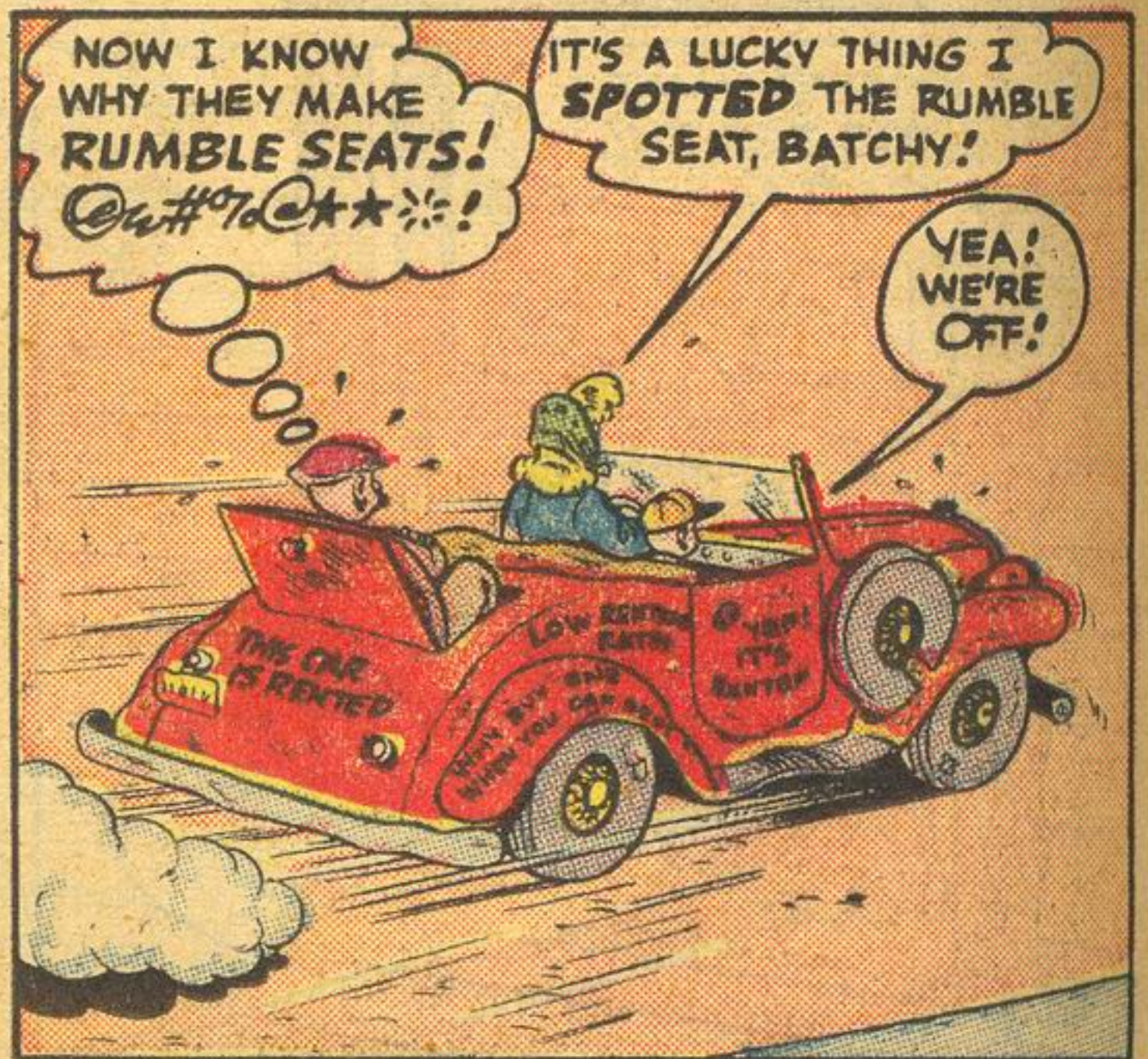
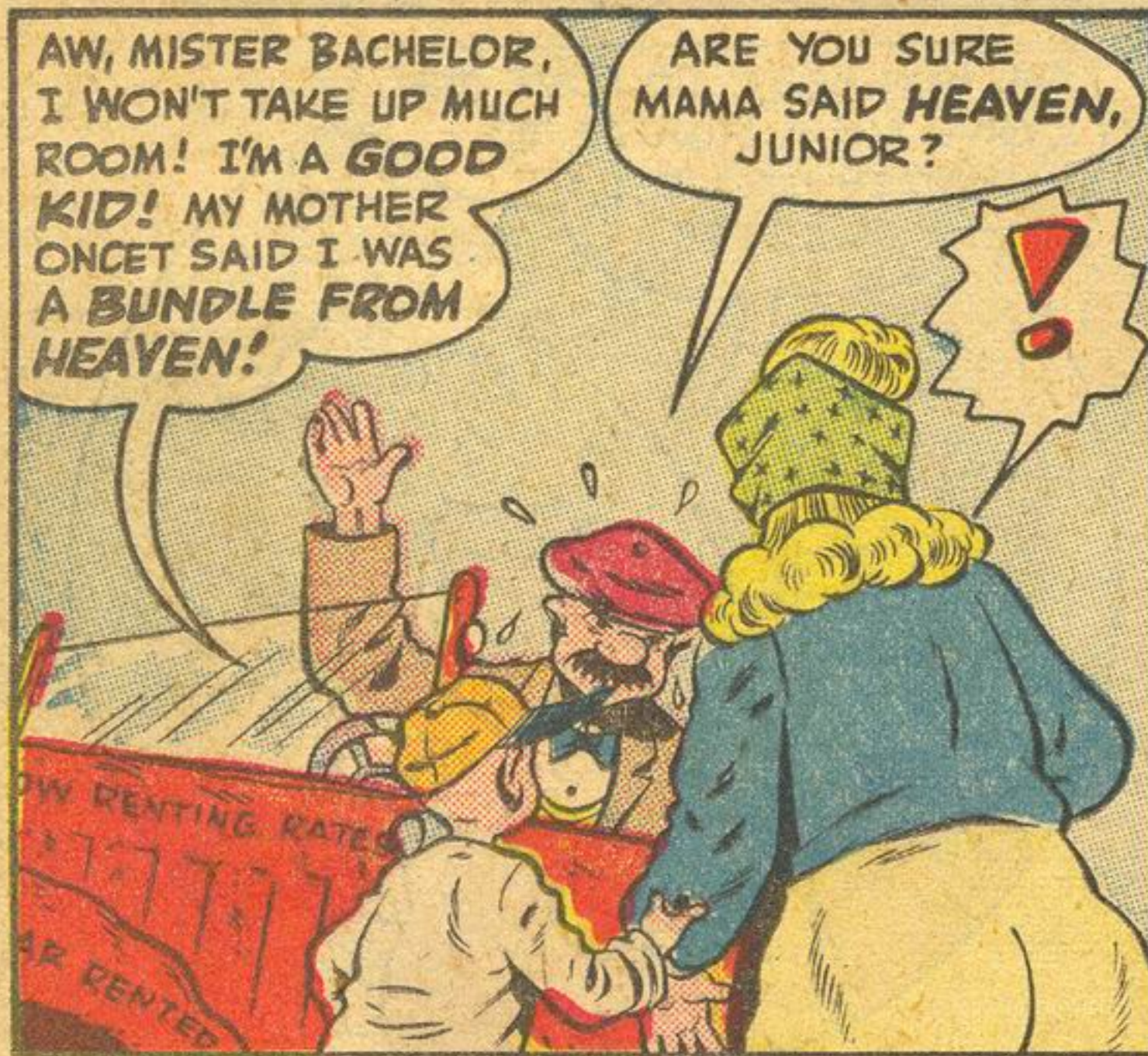
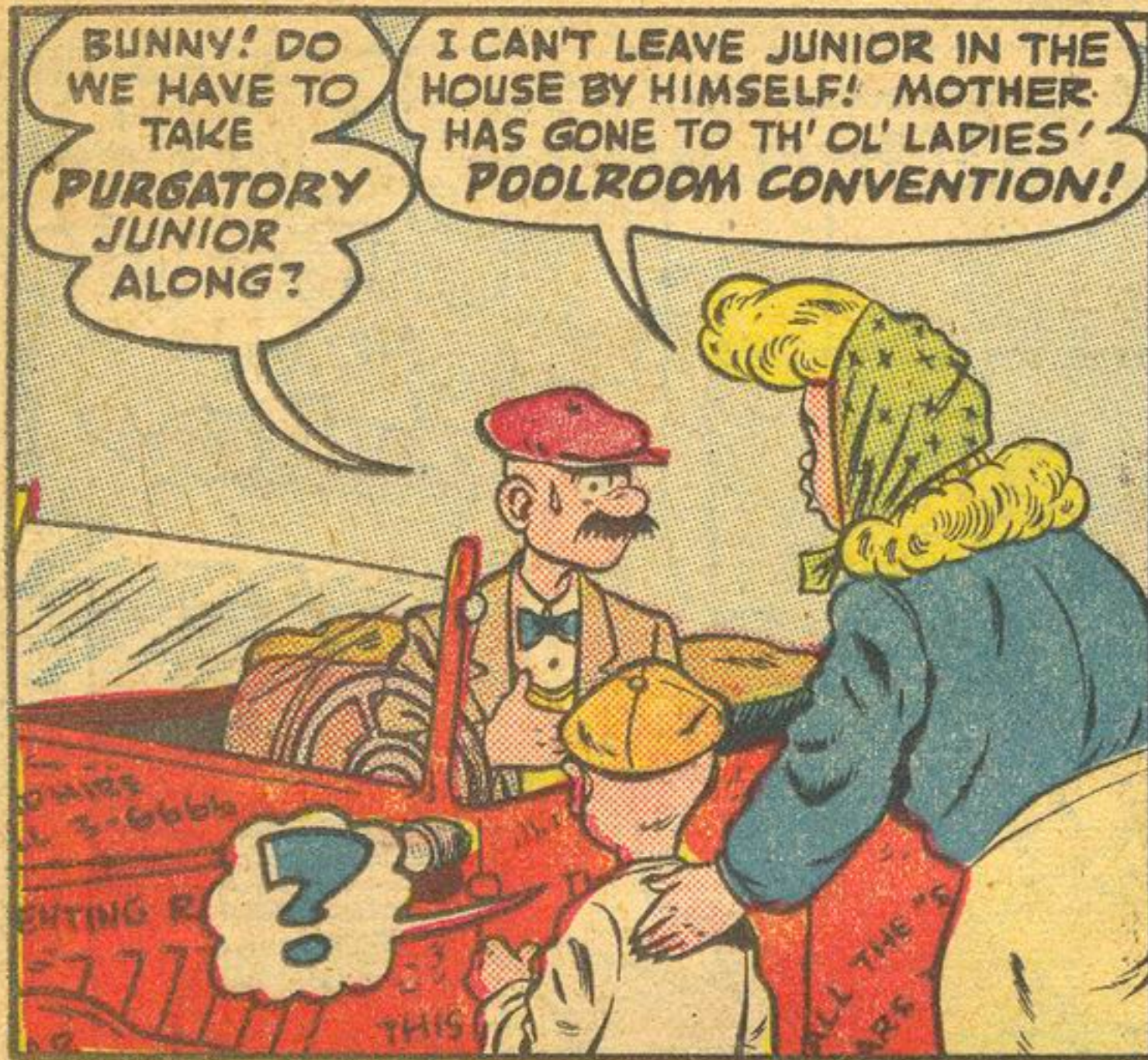


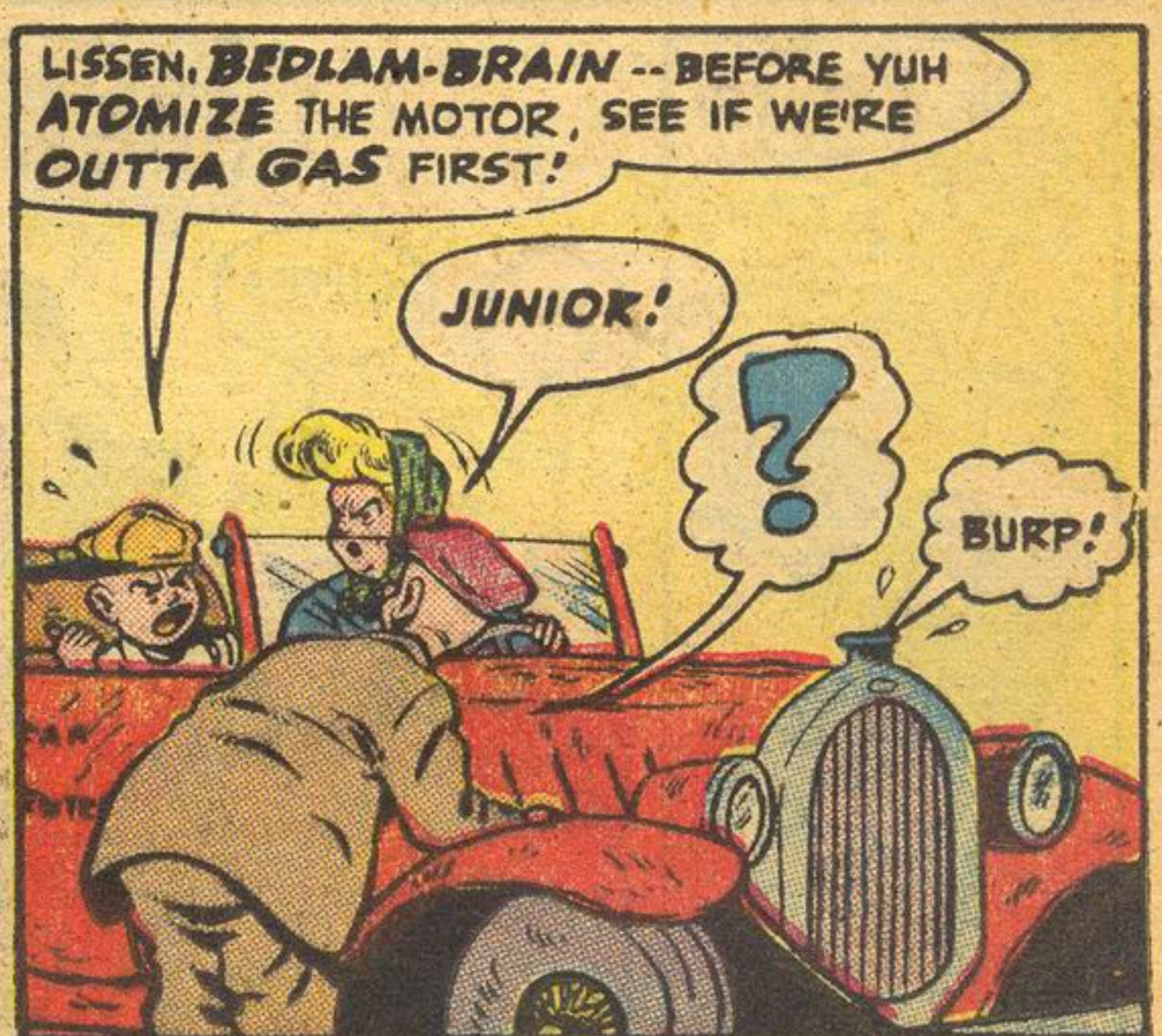
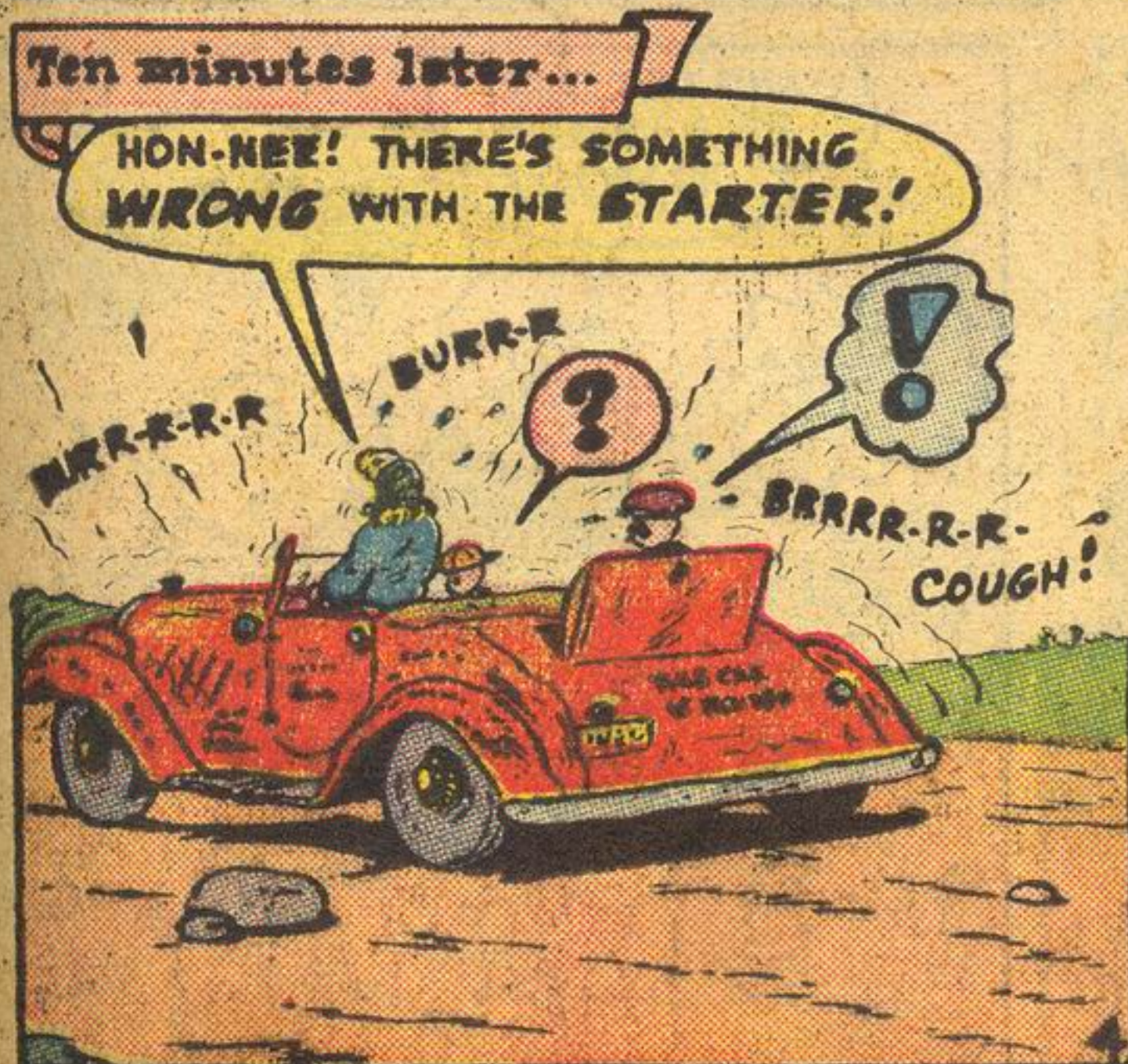
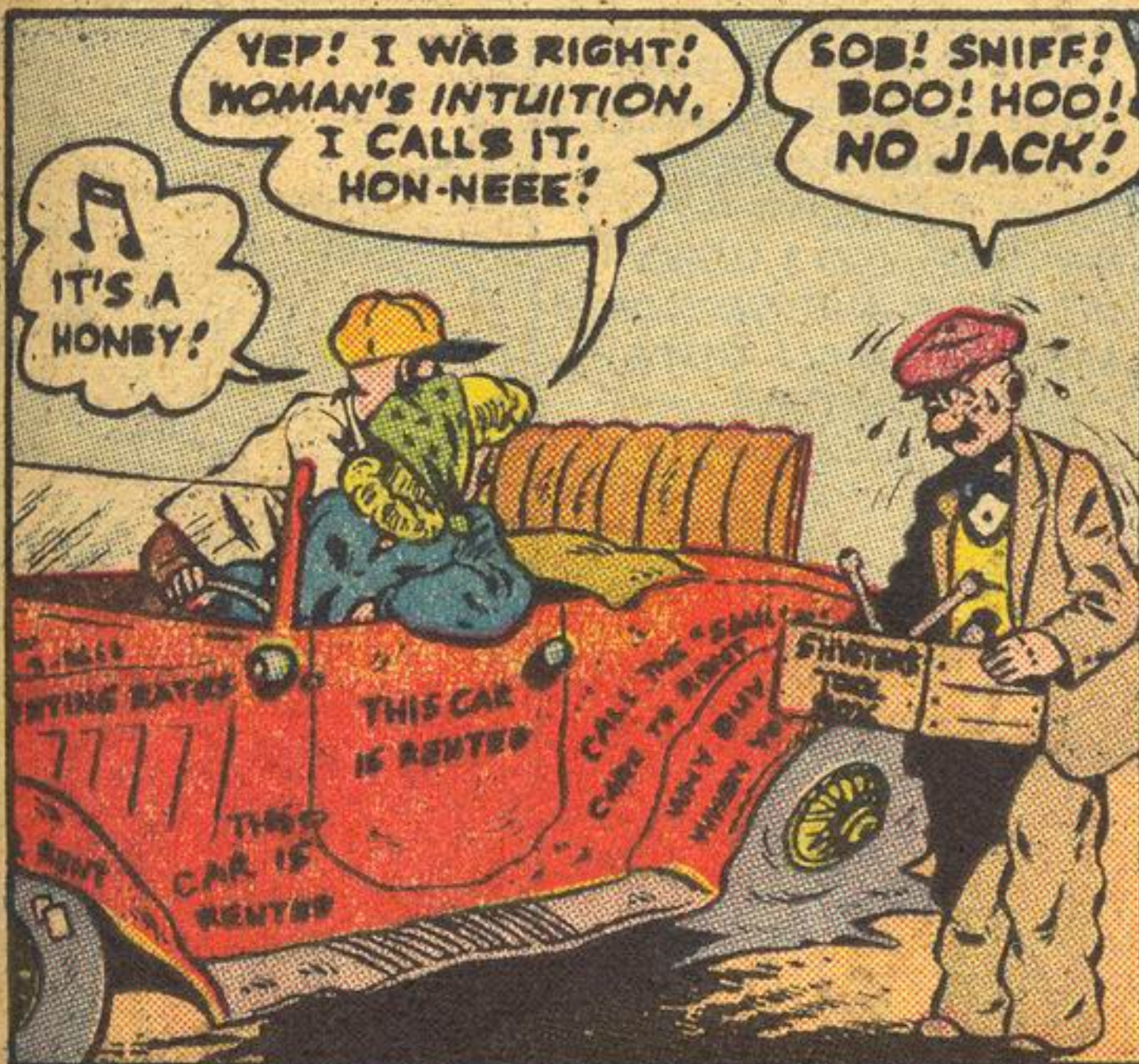
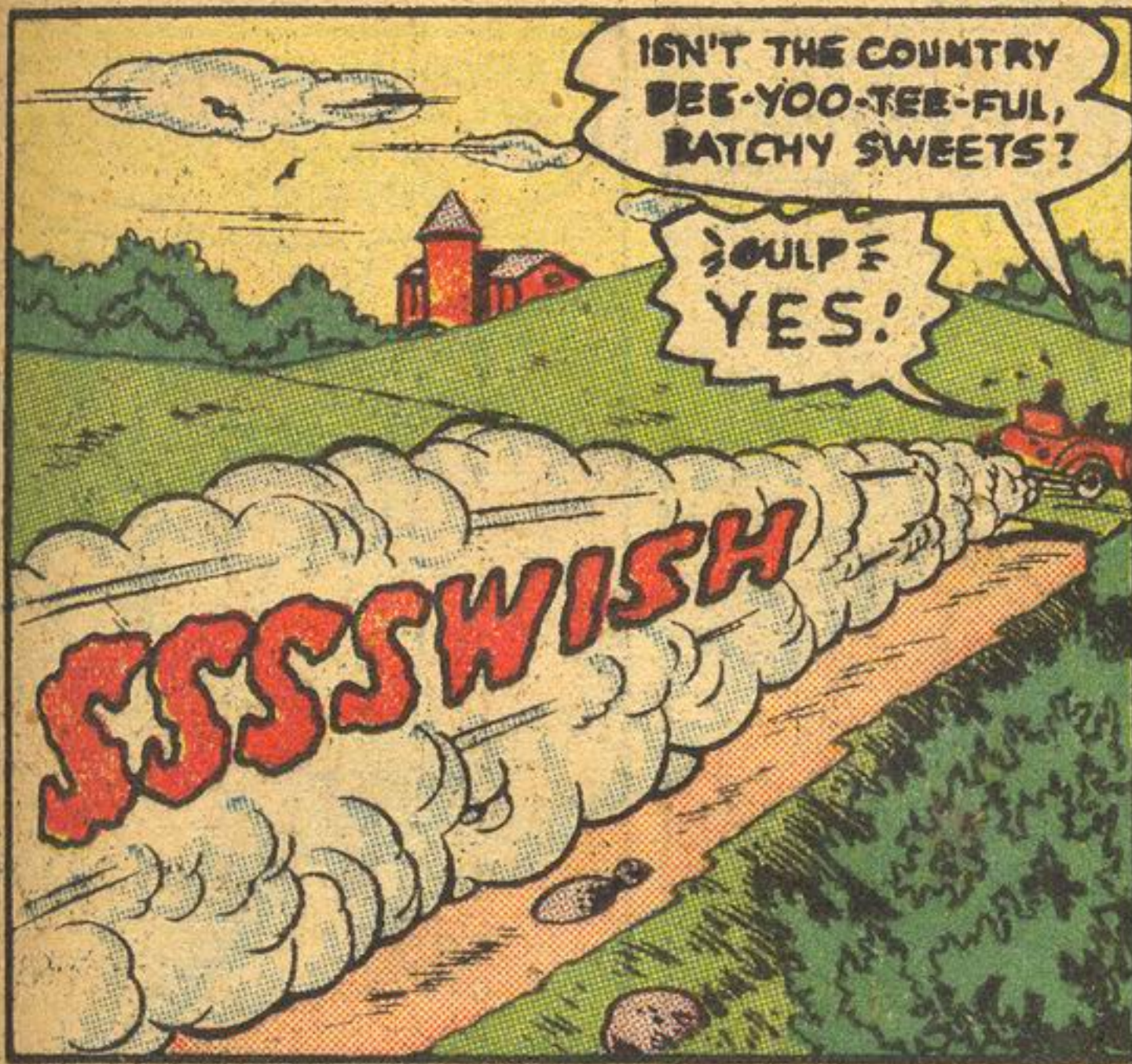


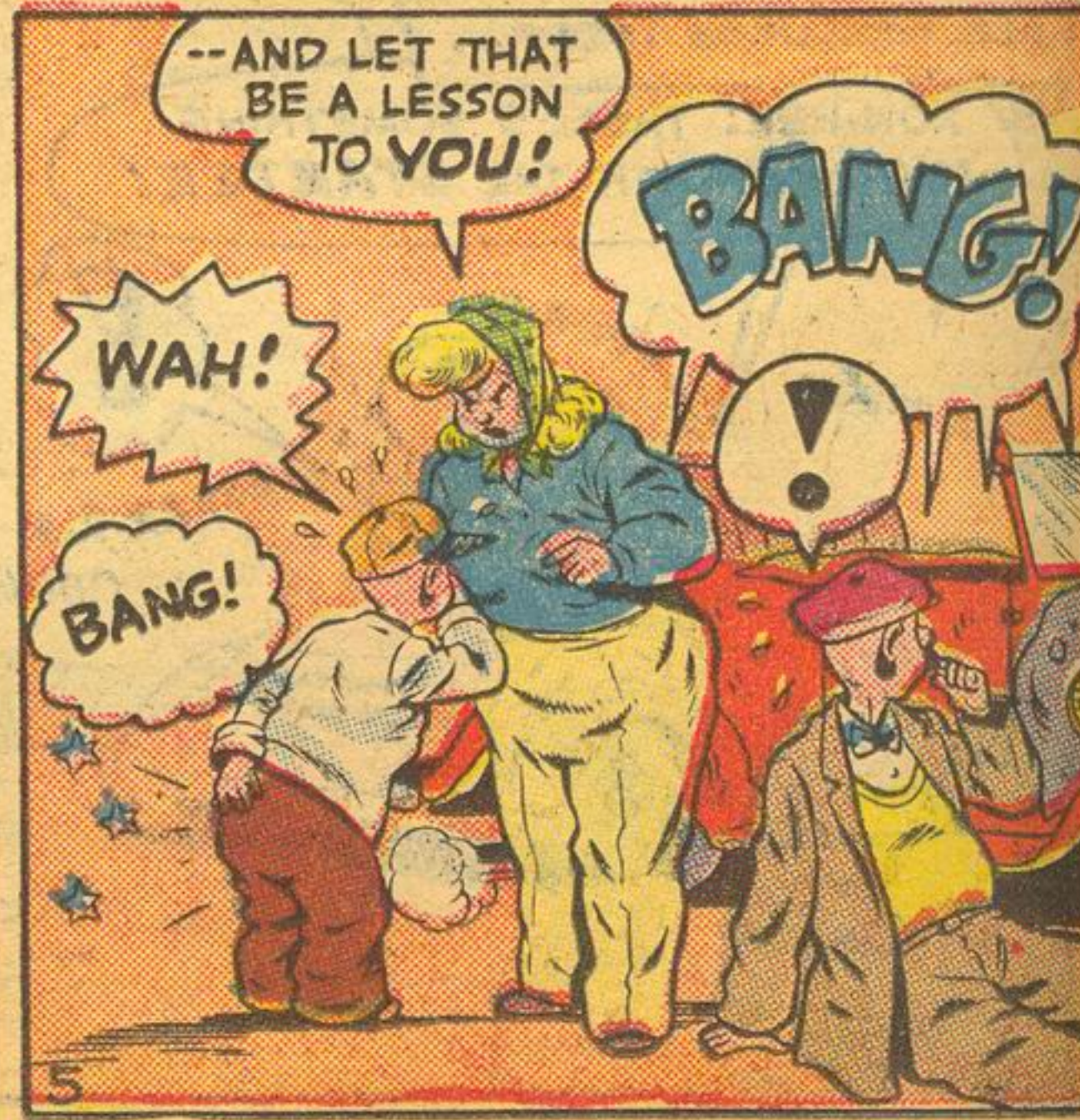
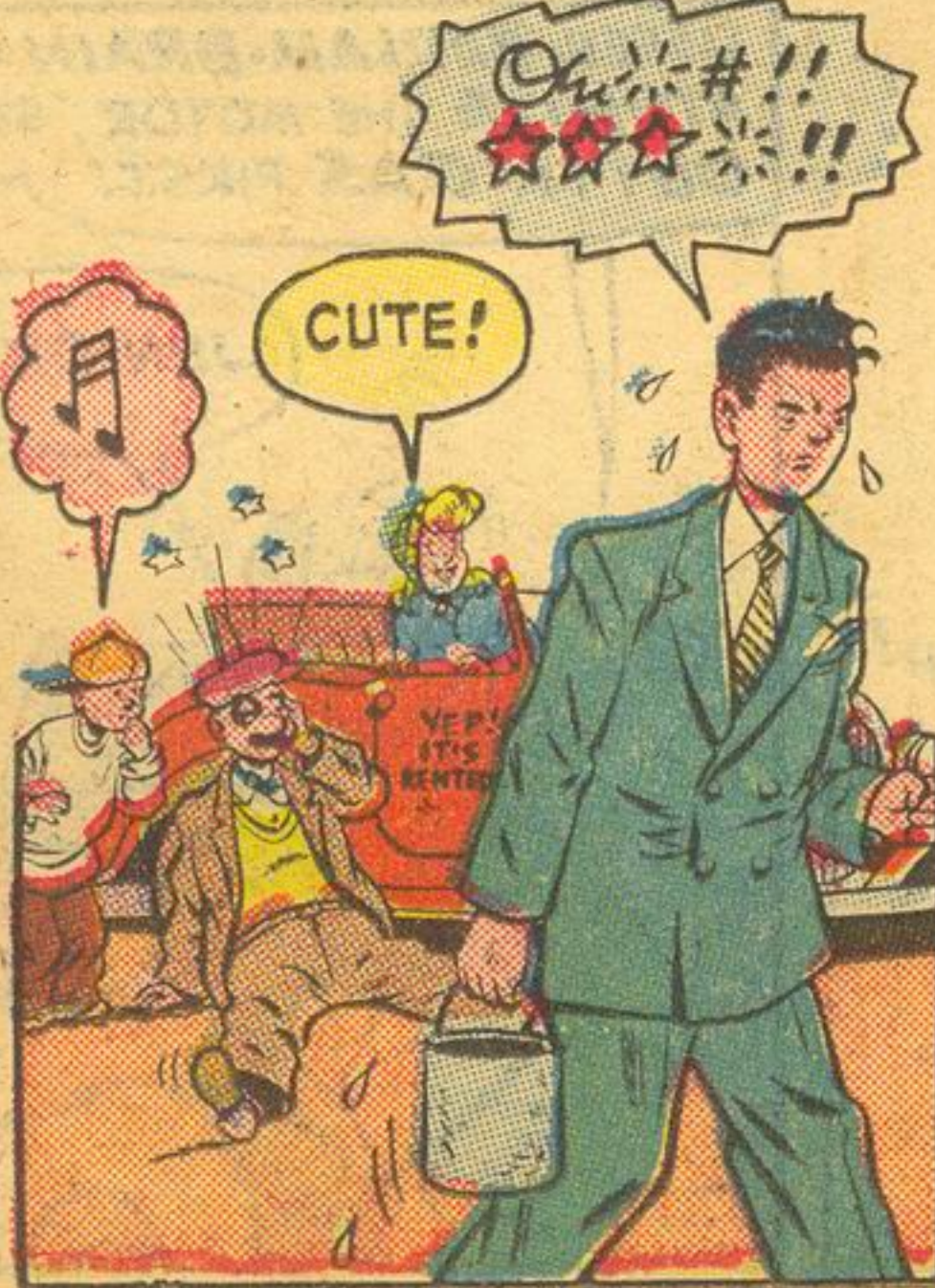
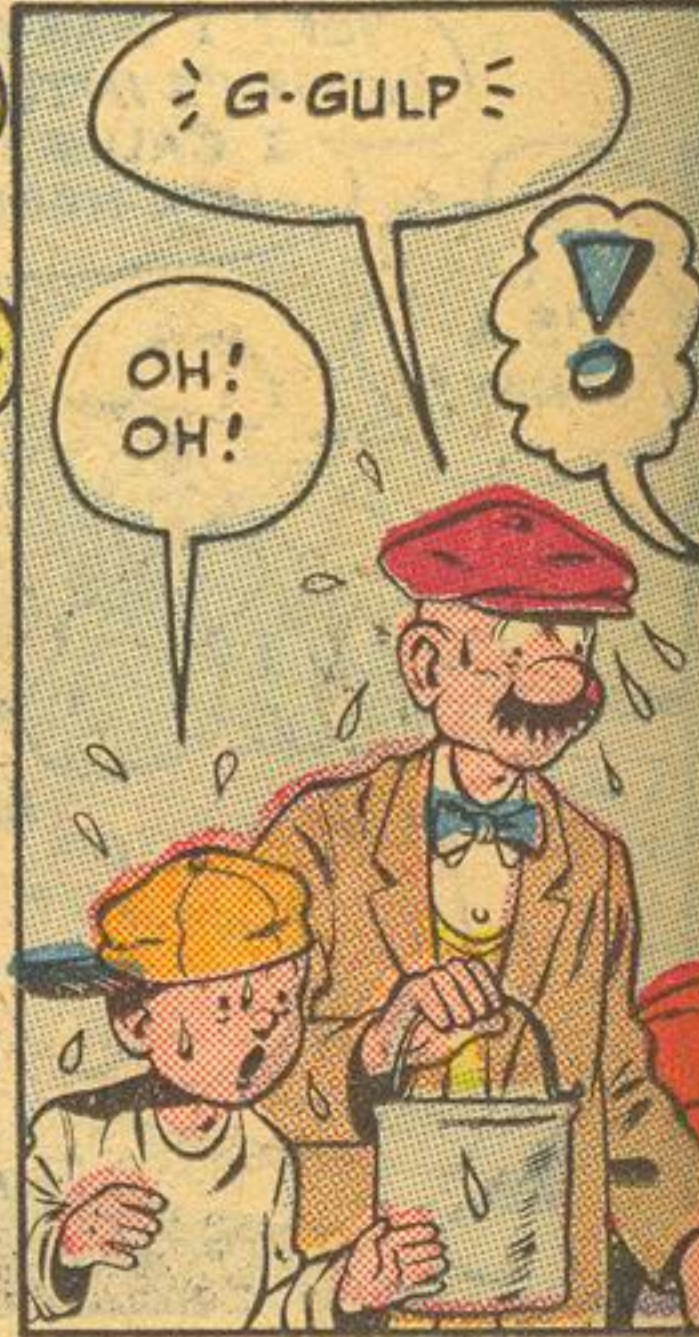
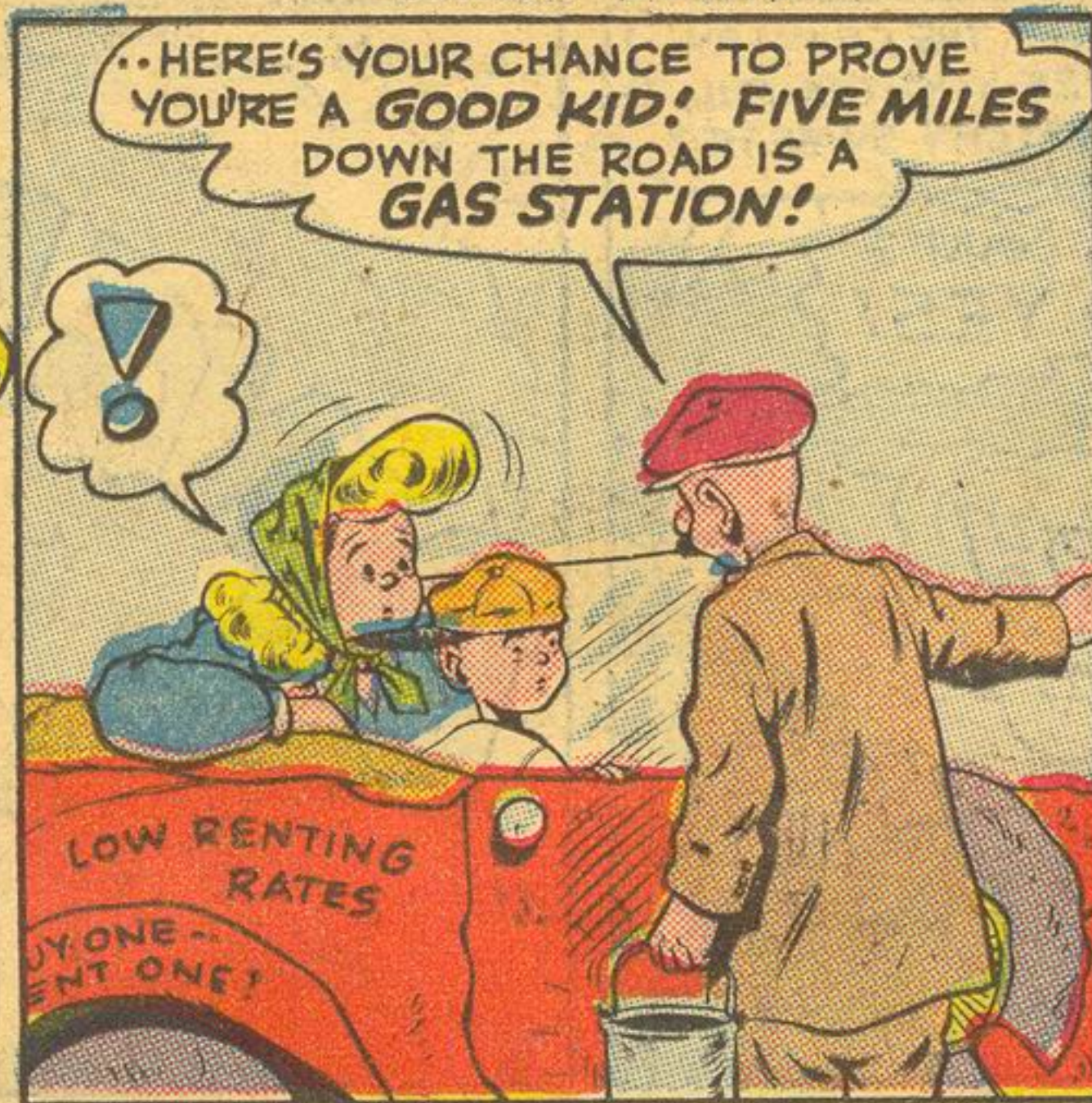
BATCH BACHELOR

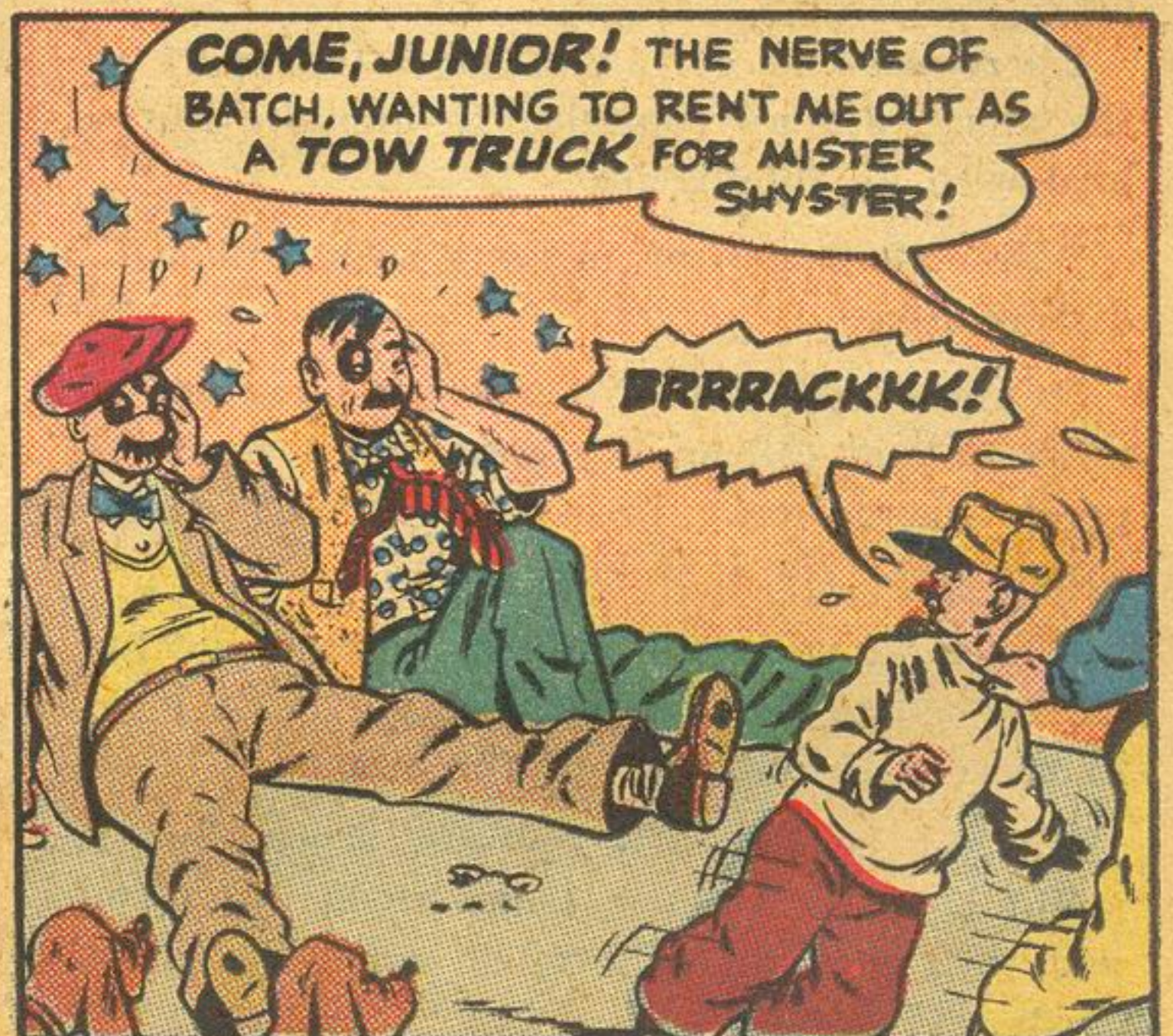
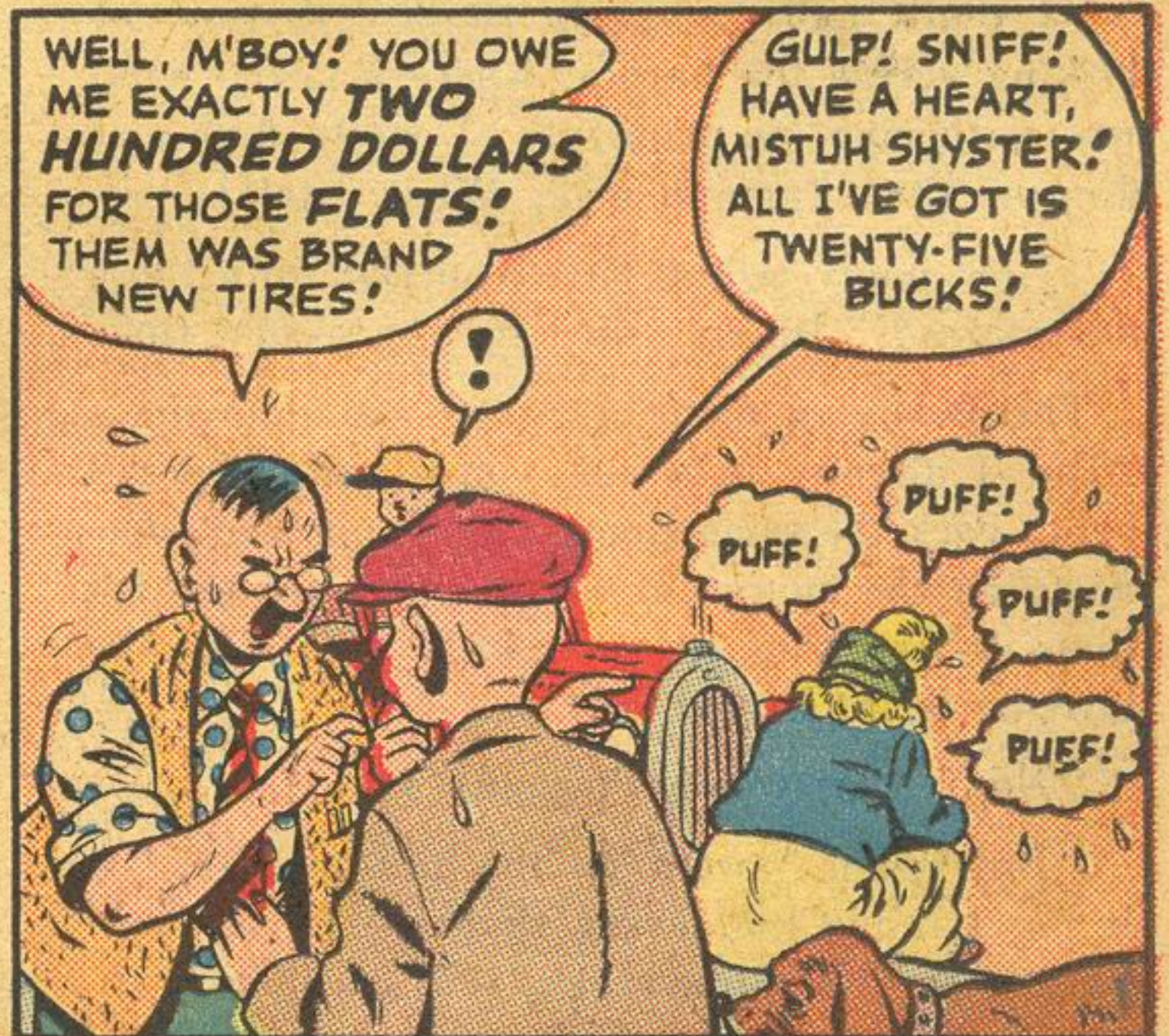
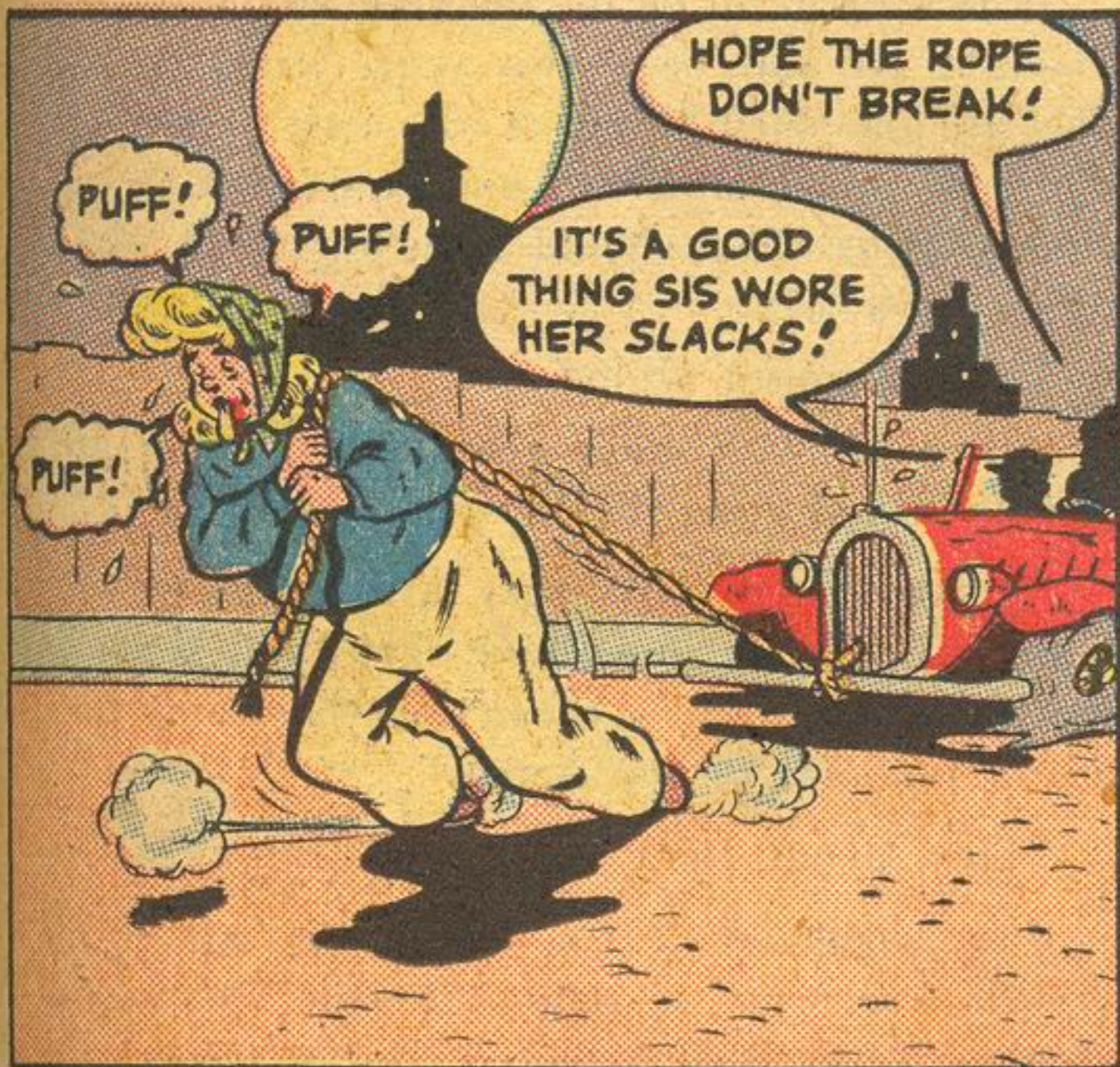
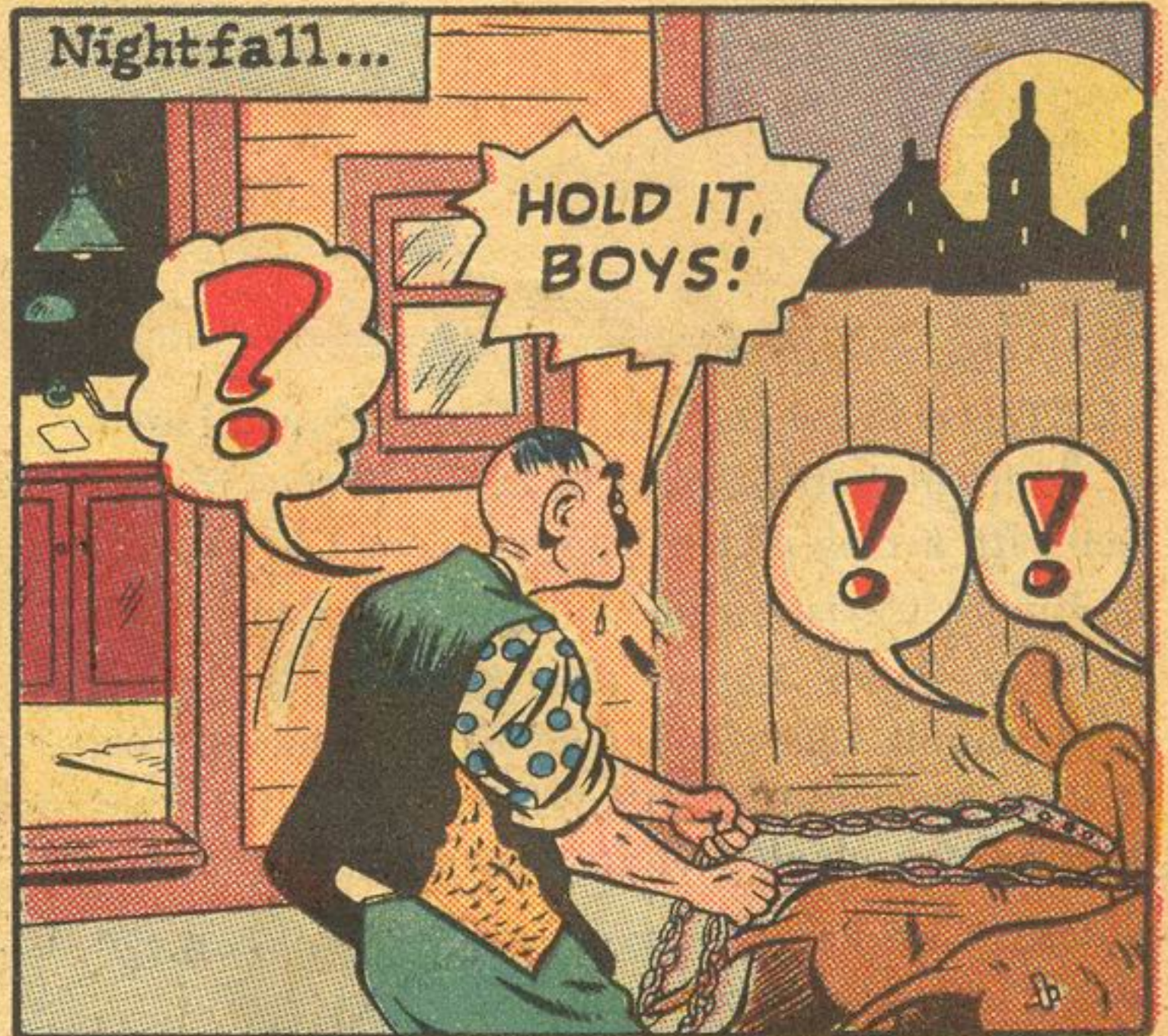
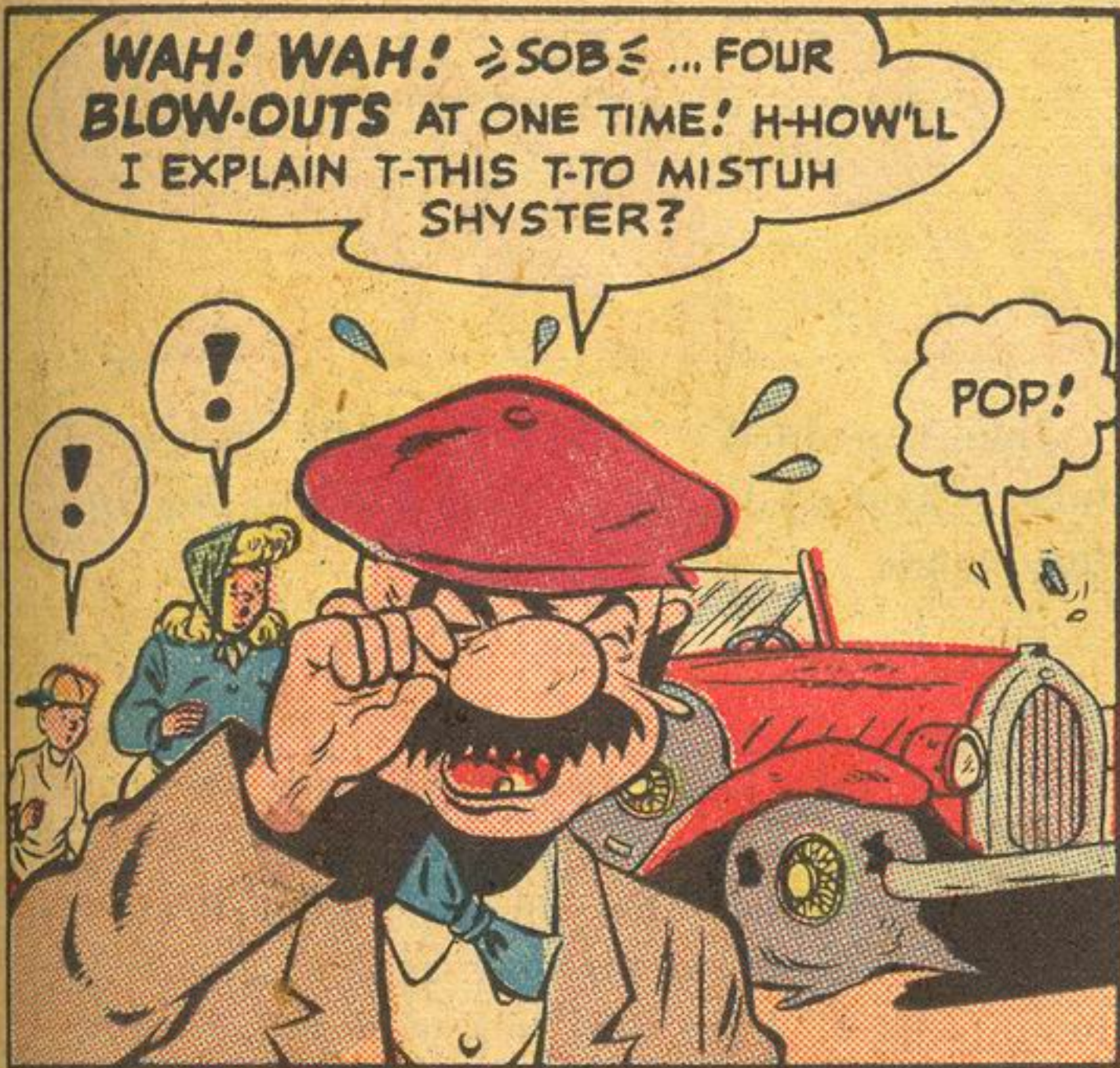












THIS IS THE BIRD

"It is a weird enough tale," said Senor Lopez of the Lolita Mines in Lima, Peru. "Weird yet with a ring of truth to it, Senor Christian."

Jimmy Christian nodded, smiling a bit.

"But Senor Lopez, this story of the giant bird sounds like the legend of the ancient roc, if you remember your folklore—the roc that laid an egg many feet in circumference."

"Si!" said the Peruvian excitedly. "Is it not so? Then what you think?"

"I don't know what to think," Jimmy sat looking across the harbor, where a sharp wind was gathering up handfuls of white fluff and flinging them far and wide. What a tale!

"How many scouts have you sent into those mountains?" Jimmy asked for the second time.

The Peruvian made a gesture of annoyance. "But I already have tell you—four. They all bring back the same story. This giant bird come down on the mountain winds and scare the Indians so bad they no come back. Can it be the bird he is intelligent, no?"

"No," Jimmy wasn't going that far.

"But, senor," went on the mining man, "is it not strange that every time any of my men go into the Narquita region that great bird appears and scares the guides and carriers off?"

There was no getting around that part of the story, Jimmy conceded to himself. But a bird with an intelligence—

"How about getting in there with a plane?" Jimmy asked.

"Cannot do, senor. No place in hundreds of miles to land. All mighty gorges, valleys of the great narrowness. Trees everywhere. Great jungle trees. No, it is impossible."

"Then we've got to pack in," Jimmy got up. He turned to the Peruvian again. "Can I get in there with only two or three men?"

"Might be done. Dangerous, senor, but it might be done," Senor Lopez stood up. "You will then go, you will try to solve this great mystery?"

Jimmy nodded. "That's the only reason I'll take a flyer at it, Senor Lopez. I like the mystery angle."

The Peruvian grinned. "You norteamericanos!"

Jimmy left Lima two days later with two well picked men, one an Indian tracker of high calibre, the other an intelligent Peruvian geologist who knew his way around among the mountains of Peru and her wild tribes.

It was great to be on the trek again, Jimmy thought. It had been two years since he had tackled any such thing. And never before was there so much mystery connected with any of his missions. This should turn out to be something of a trip!

That Narquita region

"What do you know about the Narquitas?" Jimmy asked Jose, the Peruvian geologist.

"Little except that they are a pretty wild bunch. Use blow pipes and darts, like some of the Amazonian tribes. Some scientists think they are a remnant of the Aztecs."

"How about their country?" Jimmy asked.

Jose shrugged. "It's among the wildest in South America," he said. "At the foot of the Andes. Never been explored. But it teems with legends of great gold stores."

"Uh-huh. That's why Lopez is so interested, eh?"

Jose nodded. "Naturally. Lopez is not interested in the ethnological findings of any region. It's purely gold with him."

Well, Jimmy didn't mind a bit of gold either. And Lopez had made him a sweet deal. Find the gold of the Narquitas and you can have one-third. What if he found a million or so?

The seven days passed swiftly and then they were near their destination. The towering Andes rose like skyscrapers above them. The valley of the Narquitas was only a few miles farther on. A few miles from a fortune!

They made camp where they found them-

SMASH COMICS

selves and pondered the next move. They were heavily armed. There was nothing to hold them from starting on their search. Then let's be off!

Across the valley of the Narquitas went the little party of three, their hopes high, their eyes wide open. It was Jose who saw it first. He cried out, pointing upward.

"It is a bird, senores, of a size to be a dream!"

It was such a bird. It hovered in the sky, a mighty winged monster with a spread that must have been all of fifty feet! It hovered and circled and swooped, then rose again to wing this way and that, as if on the watch.

"Valgame dios!" cried Chaka, the Indian tracker. "I have never seen such a bird. Nor has any man. It cannot be of this world, senores." He crossed himself devoutly.

Jimmy Christian was floored for the moment. Certainly it was a bird of noble proportions. It was such a bird as Aladdin might have ridden on. Could it be a roc? Was there something to the old myth? Was there a hidden valley somewhere in this jungle, as some thought, where prehistoric giants of the animal world still existed?

No. Jimmy couldn't believe it. He just couldn't. This was simply an over-large bird of the condor family. It probably was not at all dangerous. "Come on," he said. "We'll soon find if this winged monster means any harm." He started out, the two others following with little relish.

About the middle of the valley the huge bird swooped lower, hung suspended in the air, and seemed to eye them hostilely. Its wings appeared not to move. Jimmy kept his senses and took out his camera for a shot. The creature gave a blood-curdling shriek and rose quickly, winging away on still pinions.

Jimmy had snapped his camera, hoping he had got a good shot. It was a fast camera, maybe it caught some details that escaped the human eye.

The Indian, Chaka, had stood as if rooted to the ground as the great bird soared away. Then he did an odd thing. He leaped away across the plain as if the very devil were after him.

Jimmy couldn't help bursting out laughing.

"Man, I never saw a fellow run so fast," he told Jose. "He flew!"

Jose was serious. "Me I feel just like doing that, senor."

"But you aren't going to, are you, Jose?"

Jose shook his head. "I intend to see this thing through if it kills me," he said bluntly.

It became too dark for further exploring, so the two men went back to their camp. Chaka had not paused there. He was probably still going, thought Jimmy. Well, let him go. Superstitious. All Indians were. That's why the big bird held such a power over them.

Jimmy didn't develop his picture that night because he became too drowsy after eating. He and Jose rolled up in their blankets.

It rained during the night, waking the two men. They hurriedly threw up a small tent and crawled inside.

In the morning there was an arrow sticking in the mud of their camp. Attached to it was a piece of paper and words, carefully scrawled. "You win, Lopez. I tried to get it all myself but it's too big. Will see you in Lima." It was unsigned.

"Now, what do you make of that?" Jimmy said.

They started across the valley again and soon came upon some strange looking tracks. They had been made by smooth tread rubber tires, or so they looked. There were three of them, and they only went for a distance of five feet or less.

"Where did they go?" asked Jose.

"Where did they come from?" asked Jimmy. Then: "Come on back to camp, Jose. I think I've got it!"

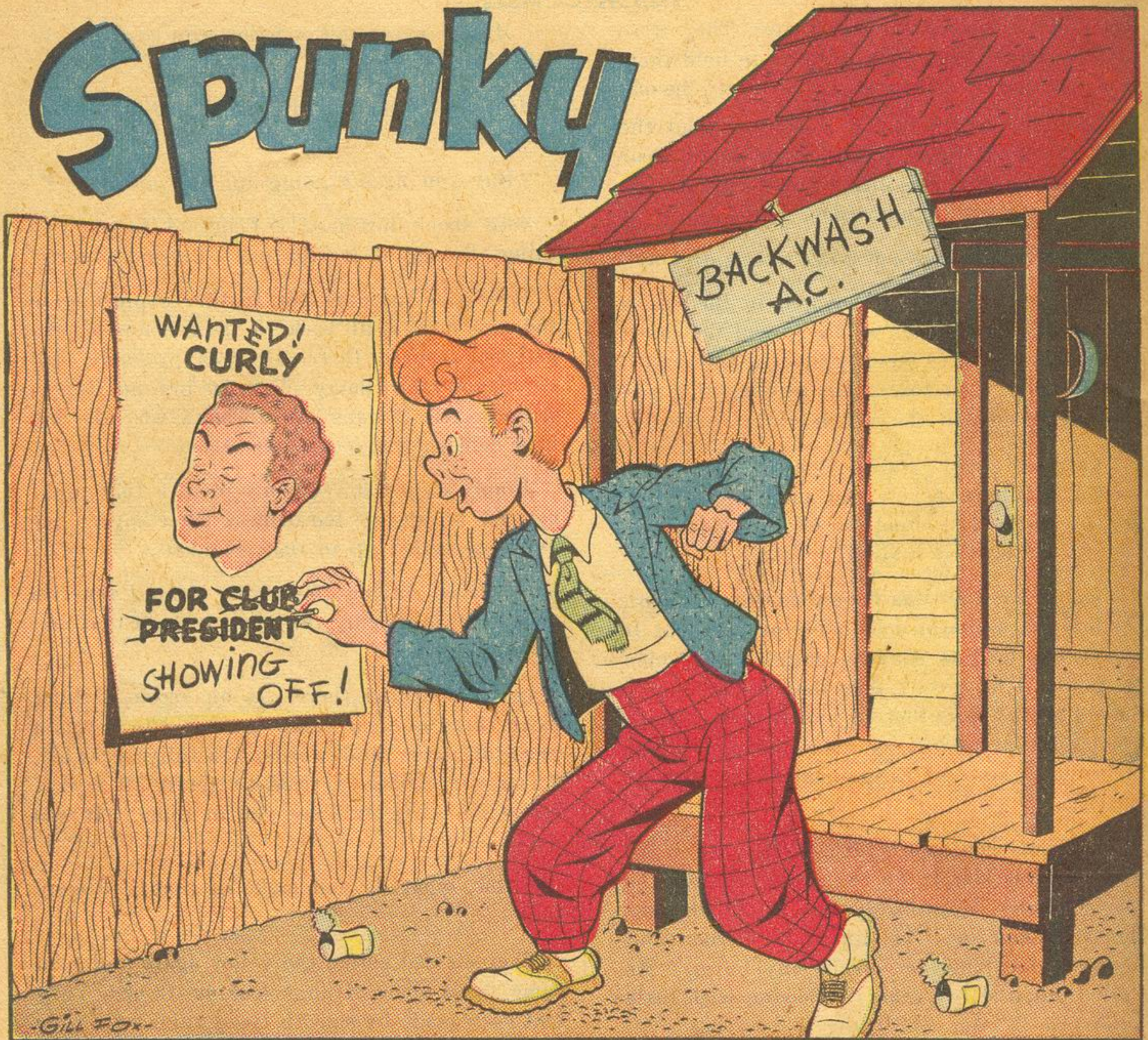
Jimmy developed his film and gave a yip.

"It is, all right," he said, waving the wet negative. "Whoever sent the note has been scaring everybody away with his 'big bird.' Well, it's no bird, Jose. Or rather, it is."

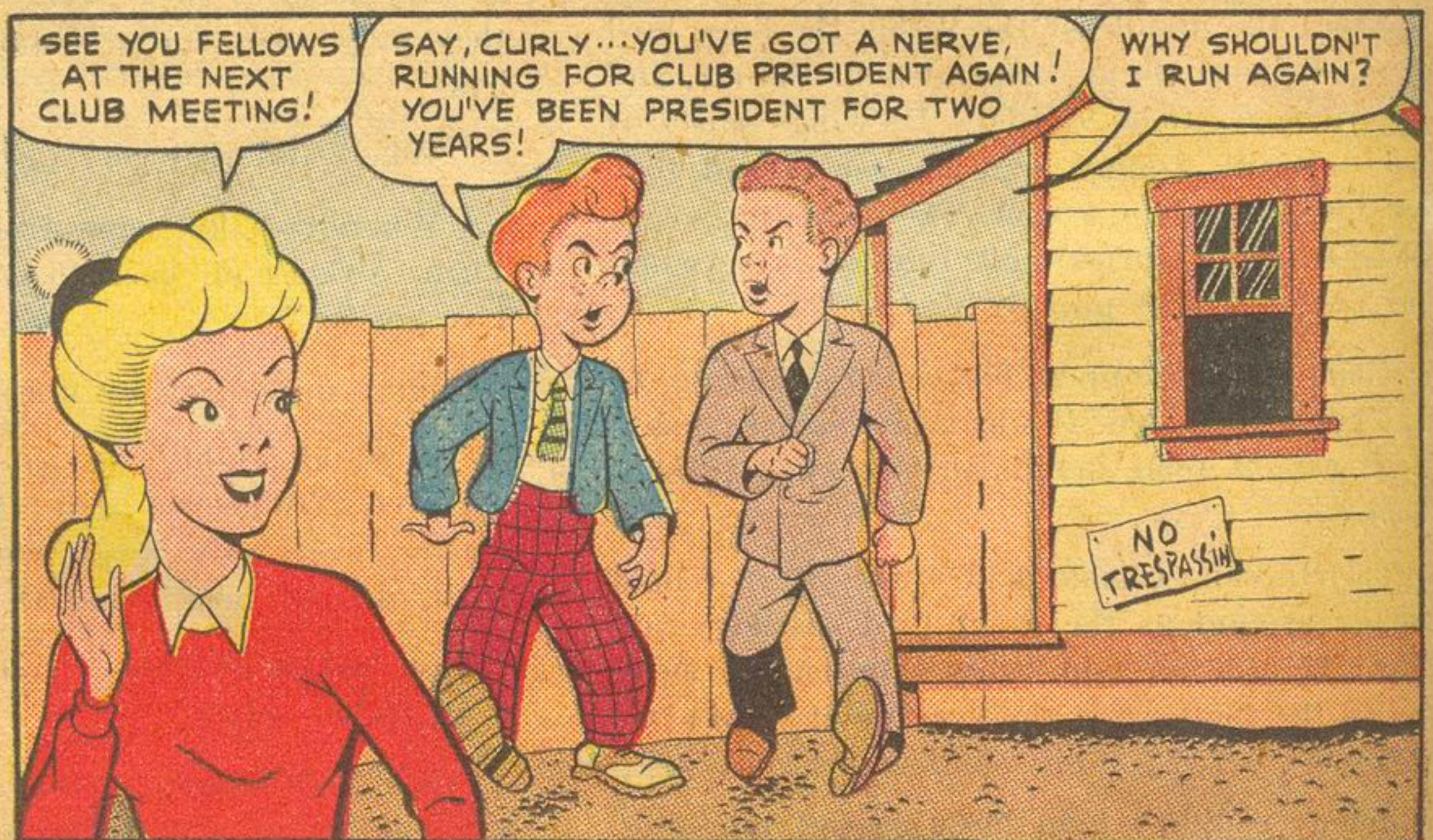
Jose looked puzzled. "You say it isn't, then it is. Quien sabe?"

"It's a helicopter, Jose. A helicopter with a phony set of wings attached. What a gag!"

Spunky



YOU'VE READ ABOUT THE HEN THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGGS! NOW READ ABOUT THE HEN THAT WAS WORTH ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS TO SPUNKY!

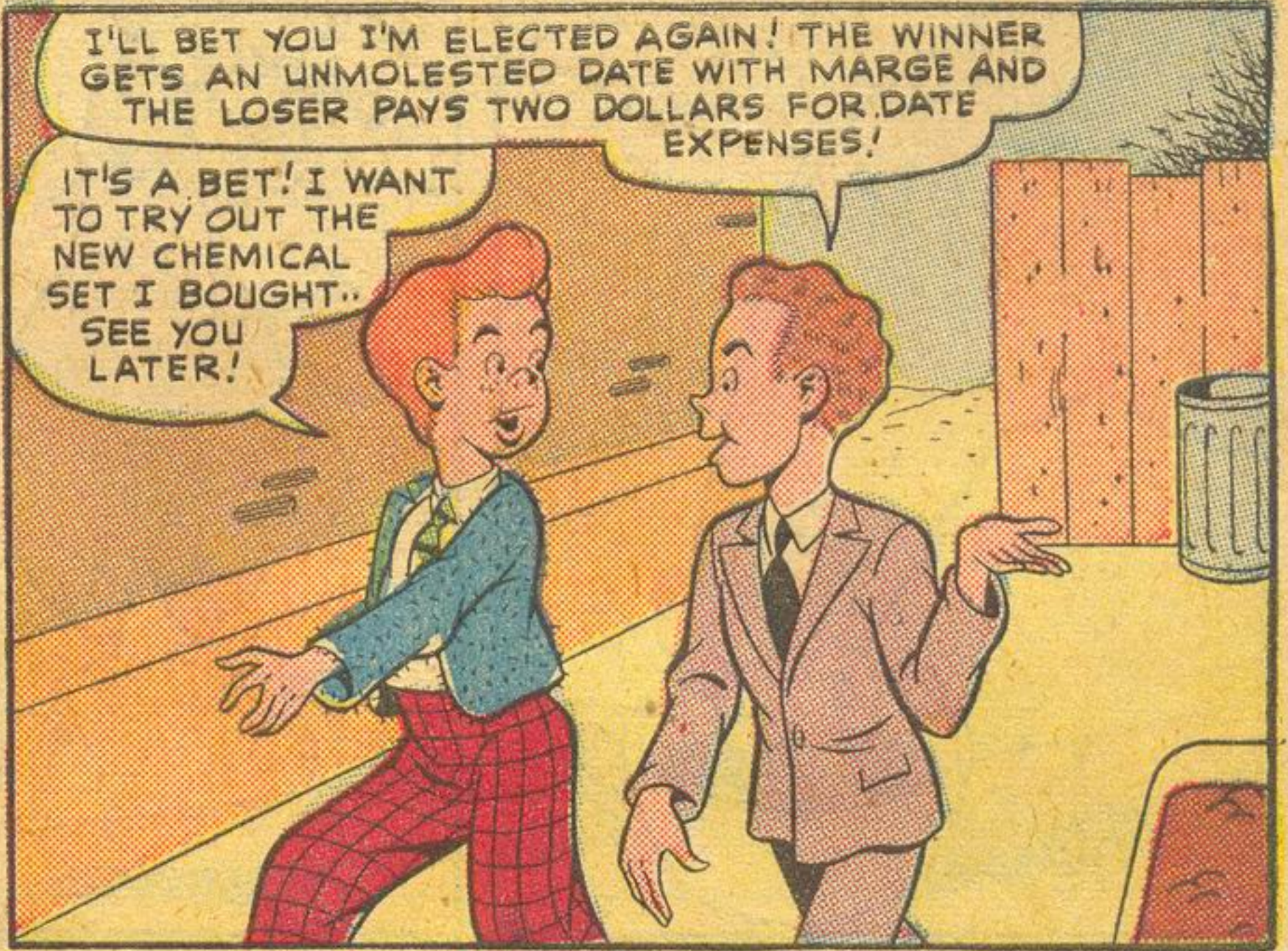


IT'S **UNCONSTITUTIONAL** AND YOU ONLY ACCEPTED THE NOMINATION TO SHOW OFF TO MARGE! BUT YOU'RE GONNA **LOSE** THIS TIME!



I'LL BET YOU I'M ELECTED AGAIN! THE WINNER GETS AN UNMOLESTED DATE WITH MARGE AND THE LOSER PAYS TWO DOLLARS FOR DATE EXPENSES!

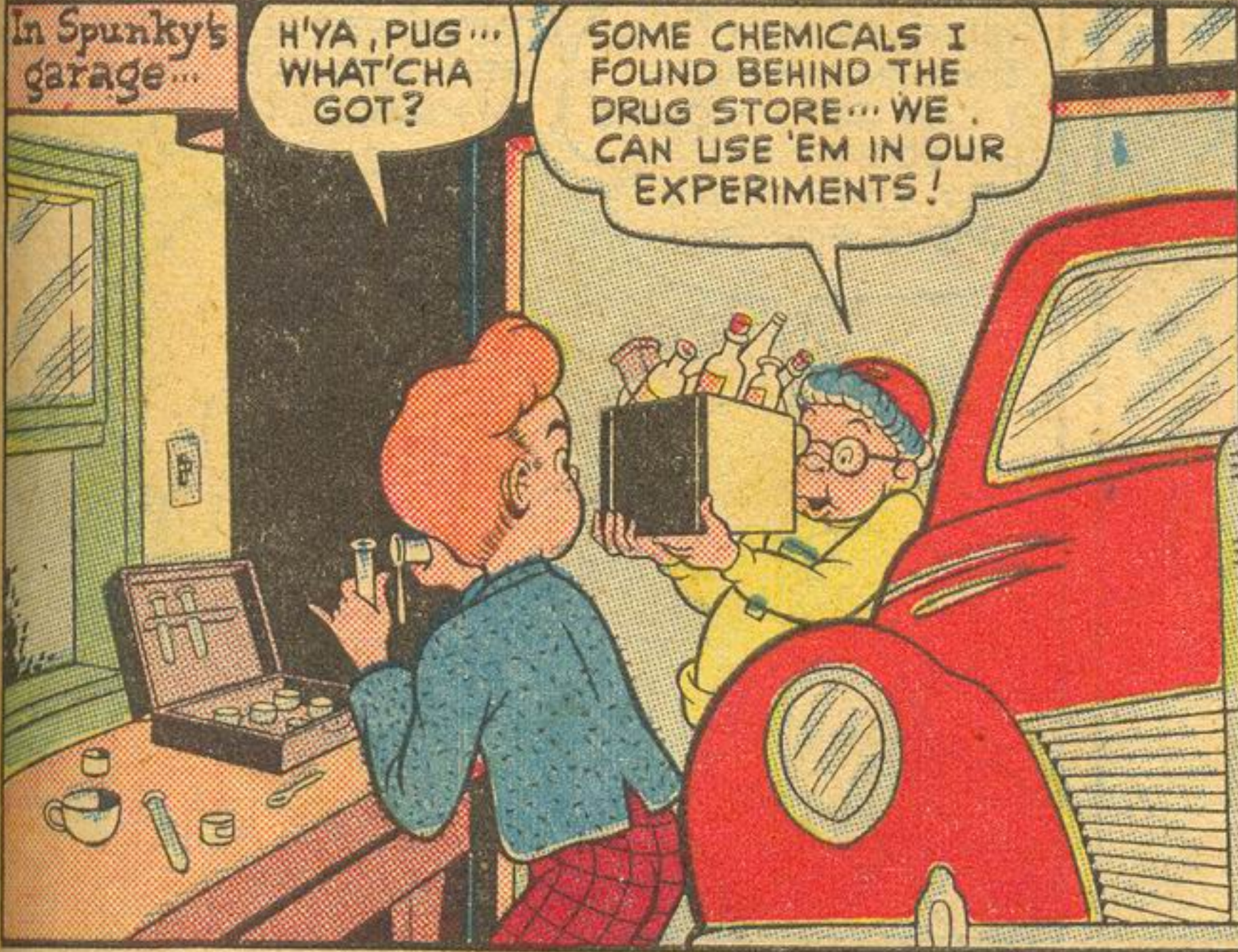
IT'S A BET! I WANT TO TRY OUT THE NEW CHEMICAL SET I BOUGHT.. SEE YOU LATER!



In Spunky's garage...

H'YA, PUG... WHAT'CHA GOT?

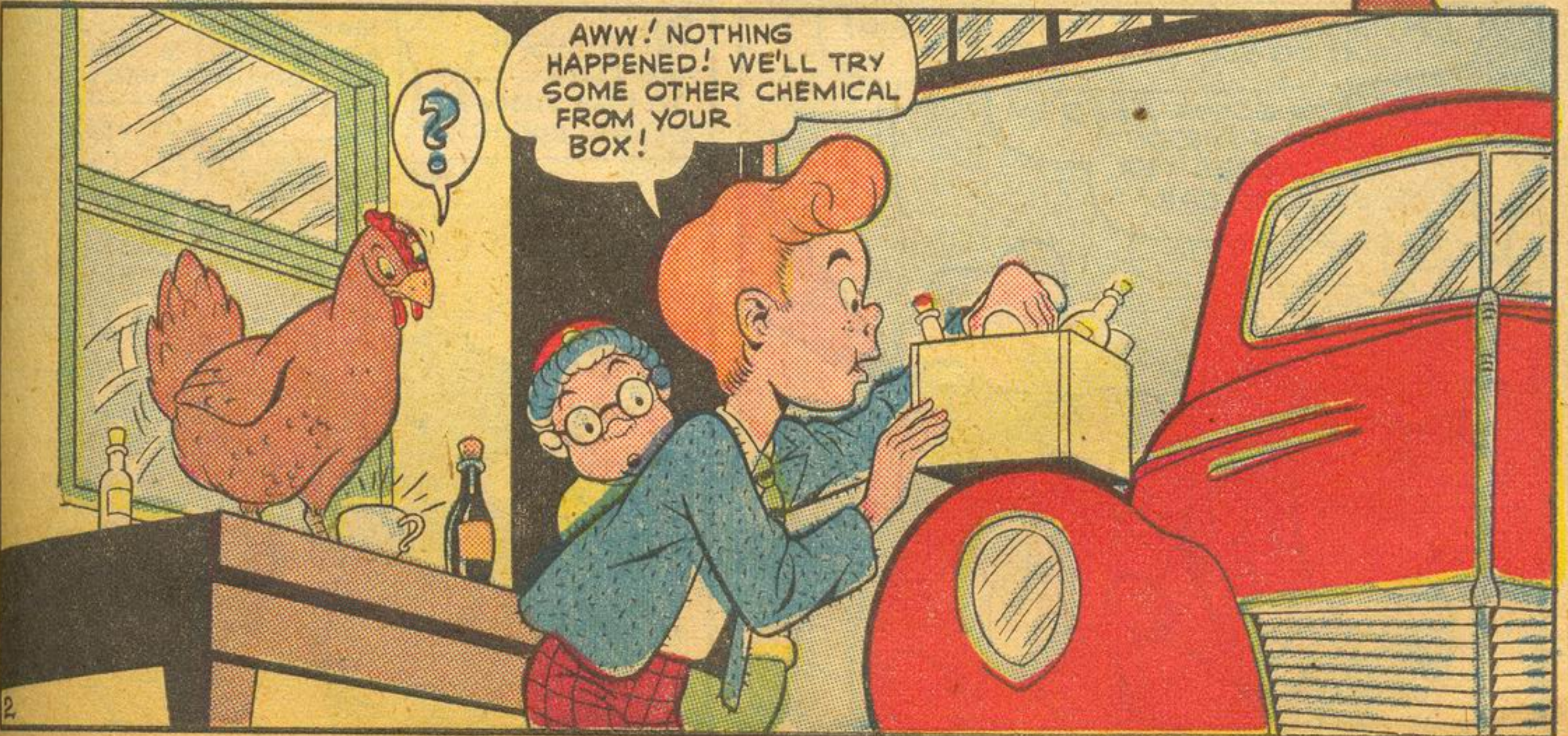
SOME CHEMICALS I FOUND BEHIND THE DRUG STORE... WE CAN USE 'EM IN OUR EXPERIMENTS!



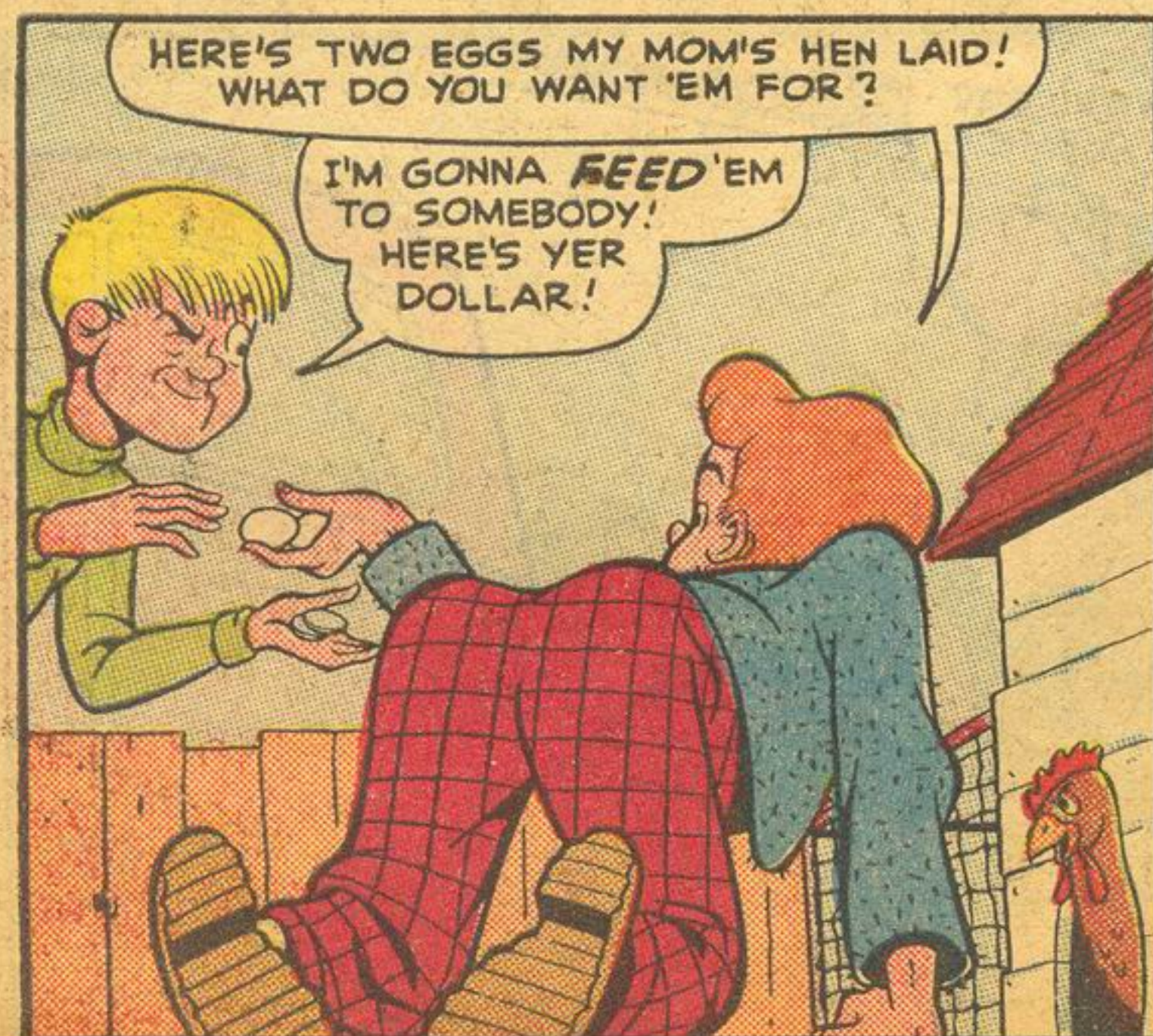
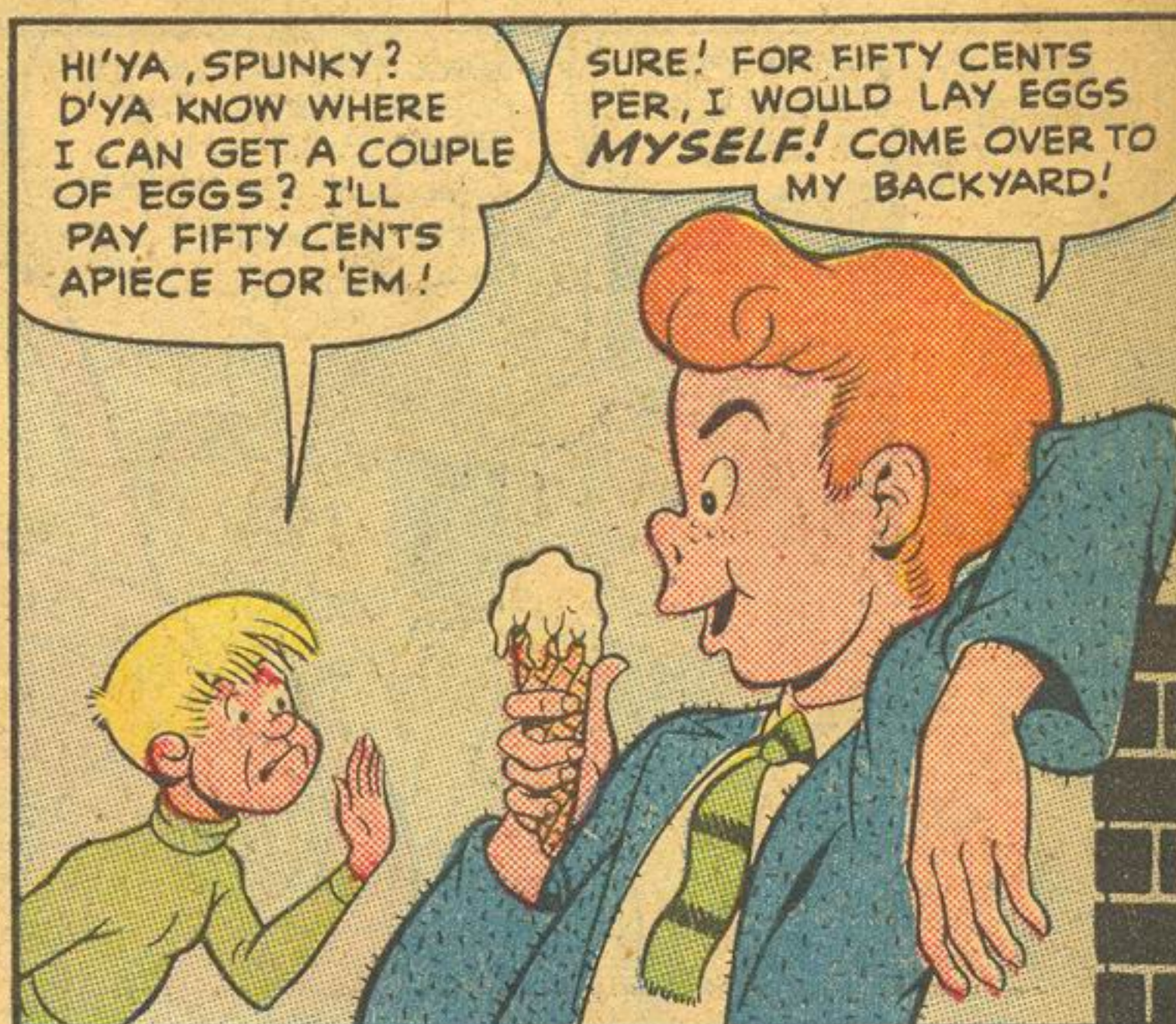
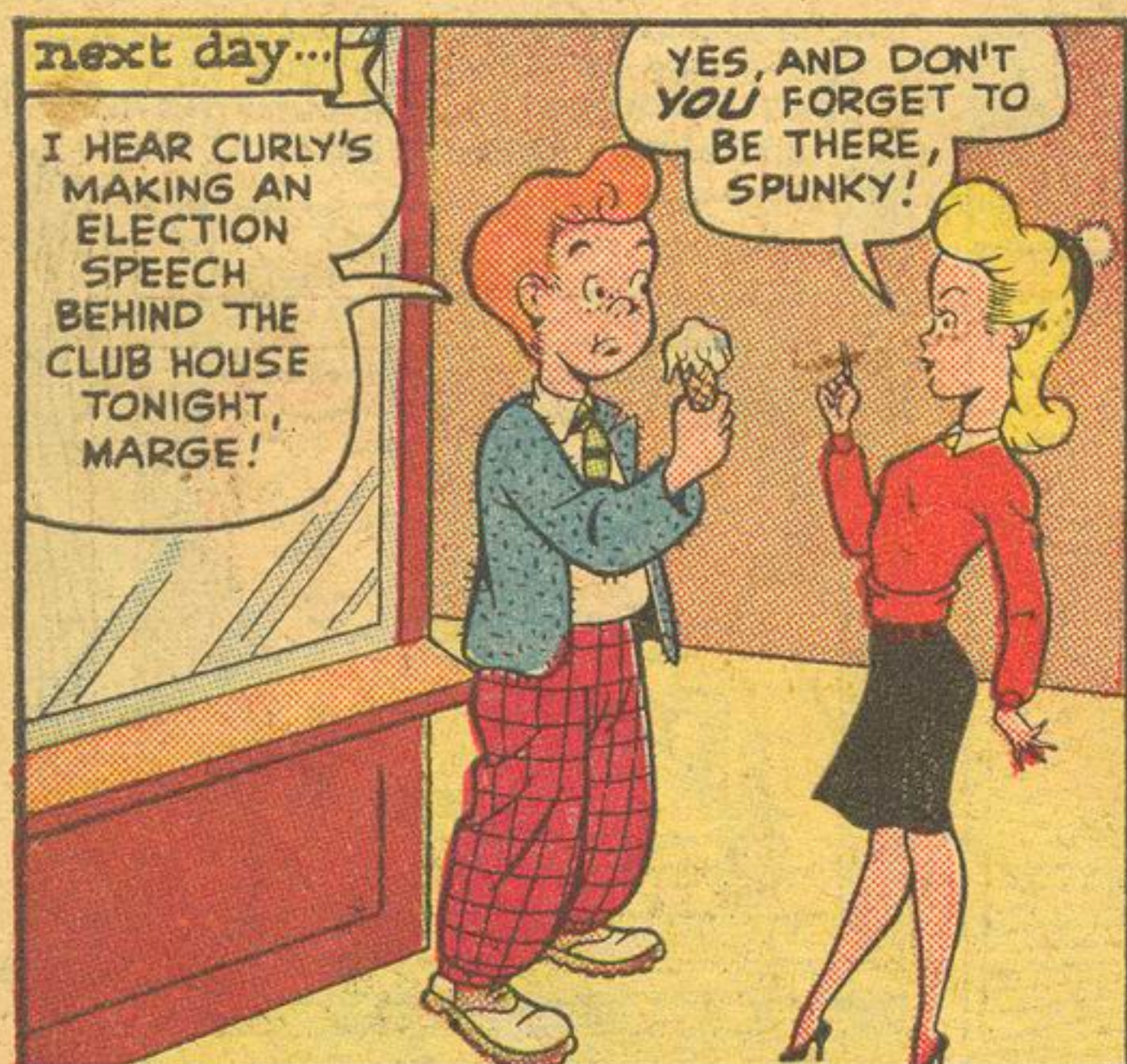
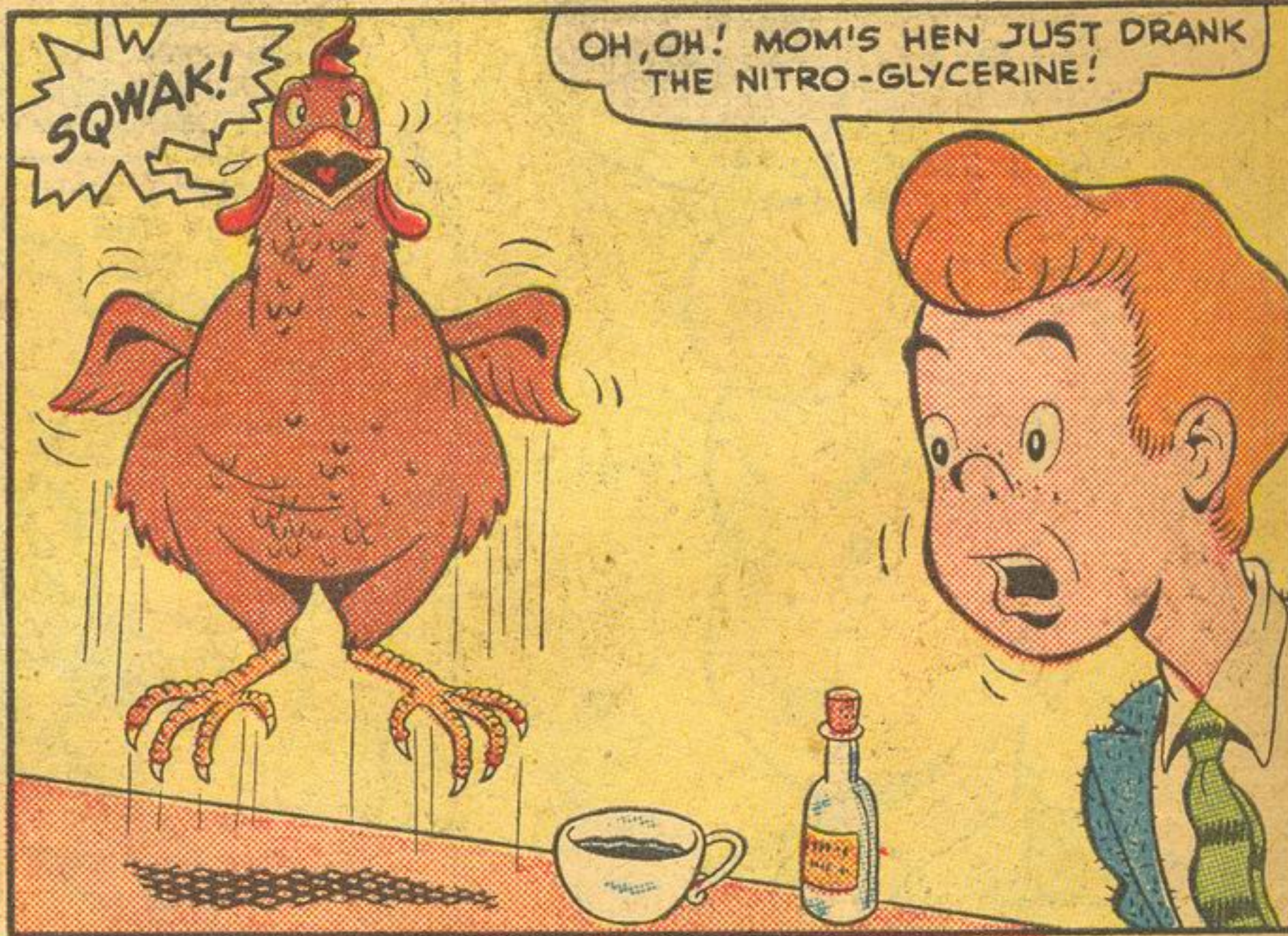
LET'S TRY THIS BIG BOTTLE YOU JUST BROUGHT IN, LABELED NITRO-GLYCERINE... WHATEVER THAT IS!

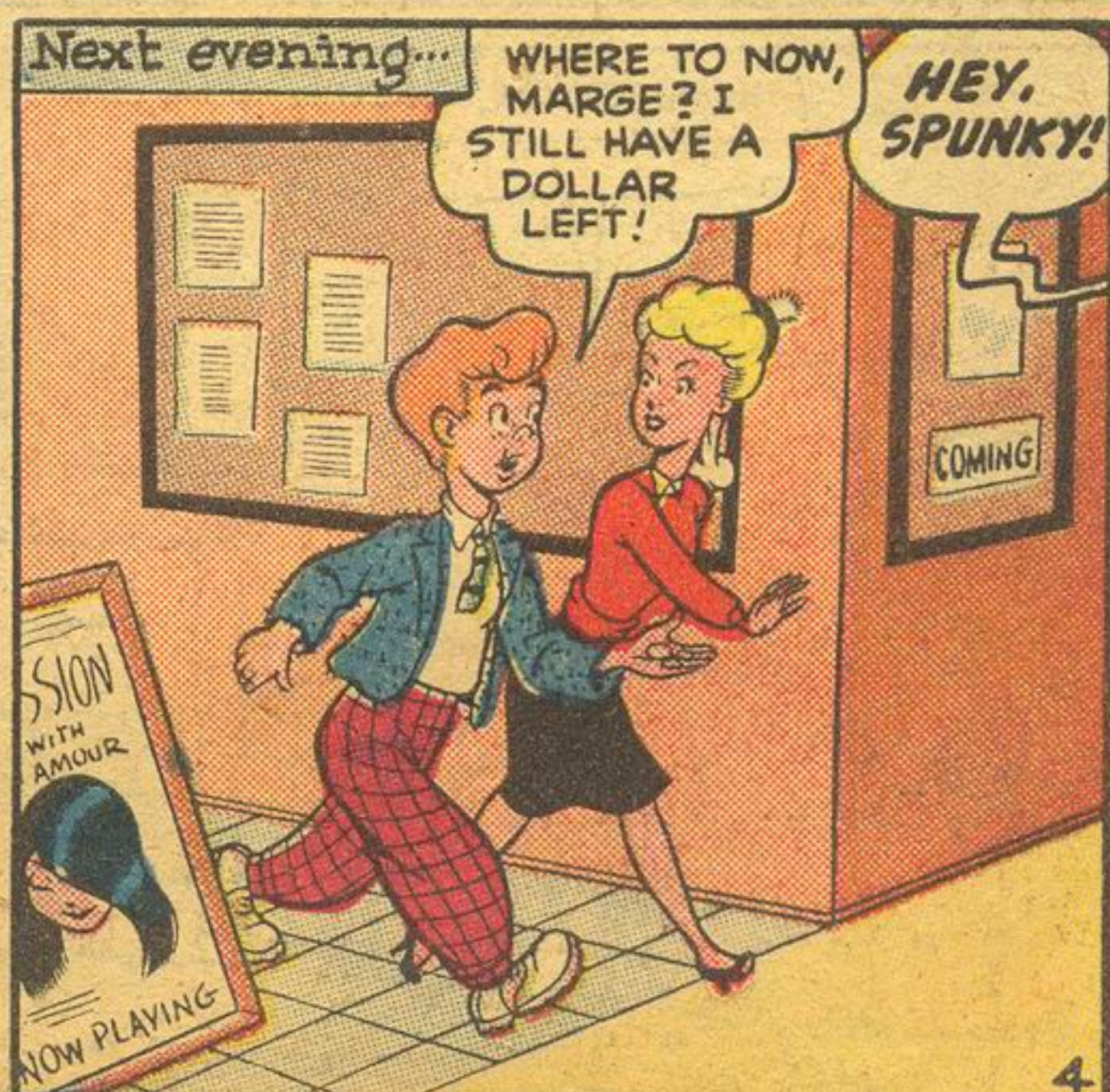
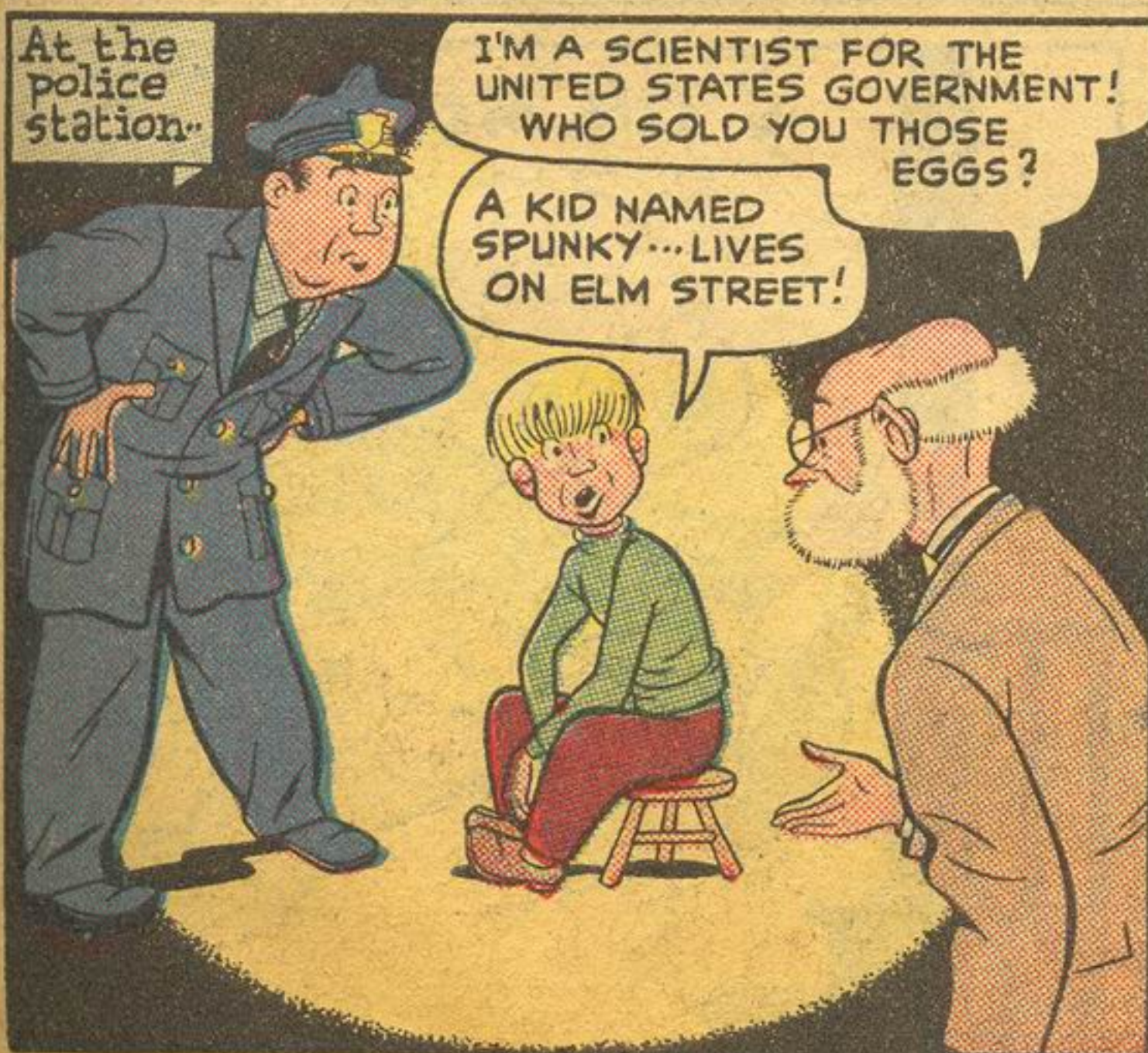
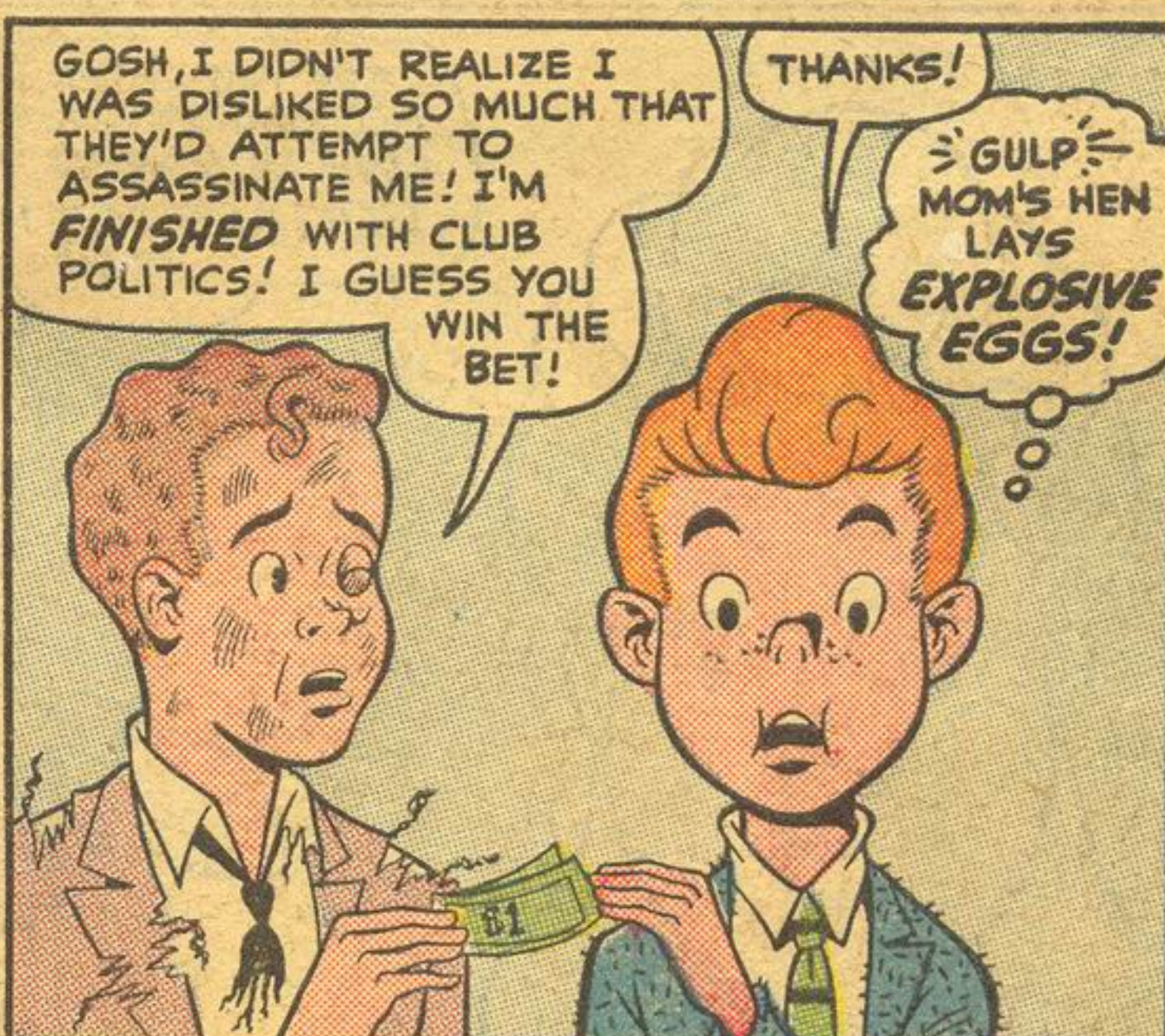
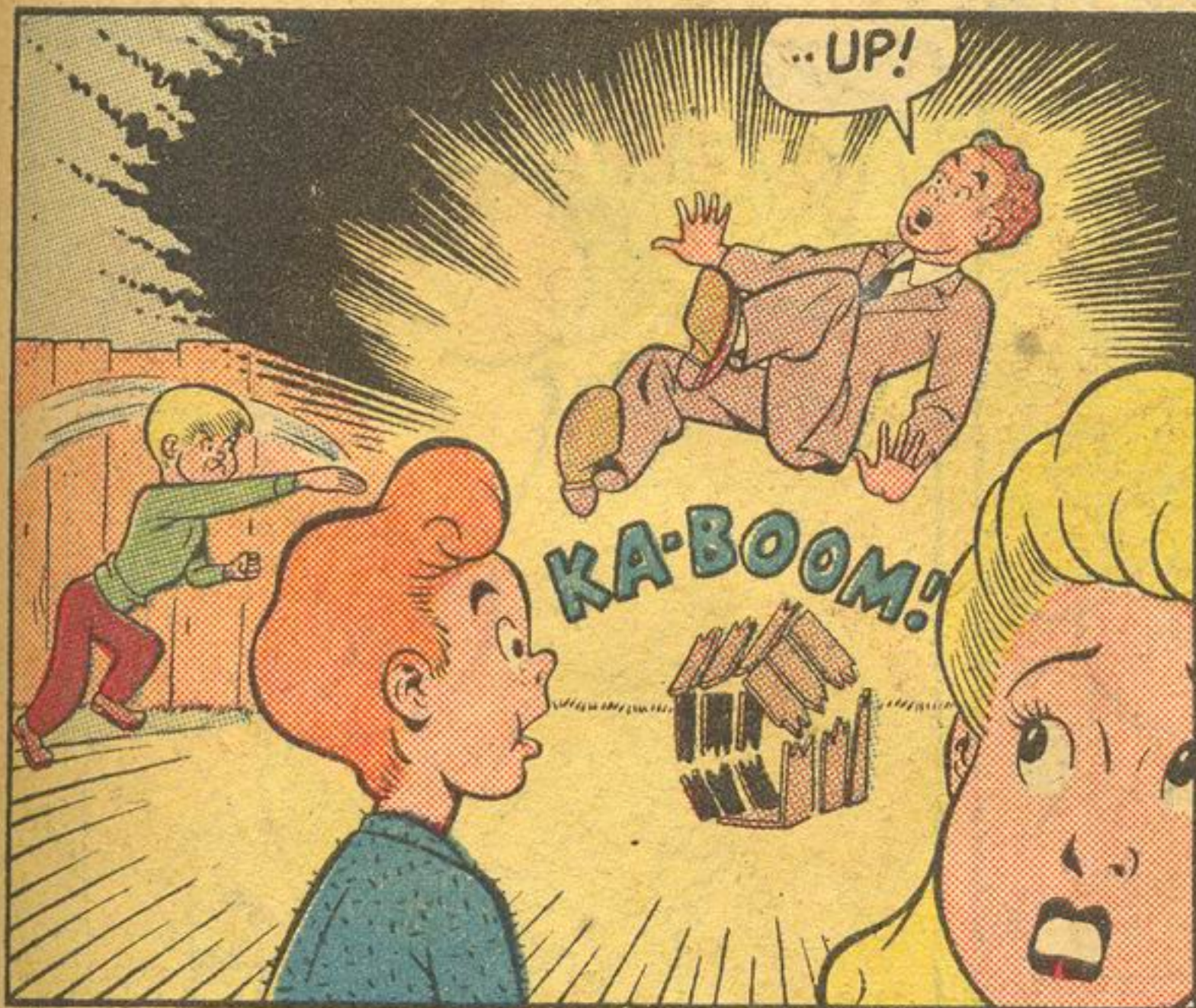


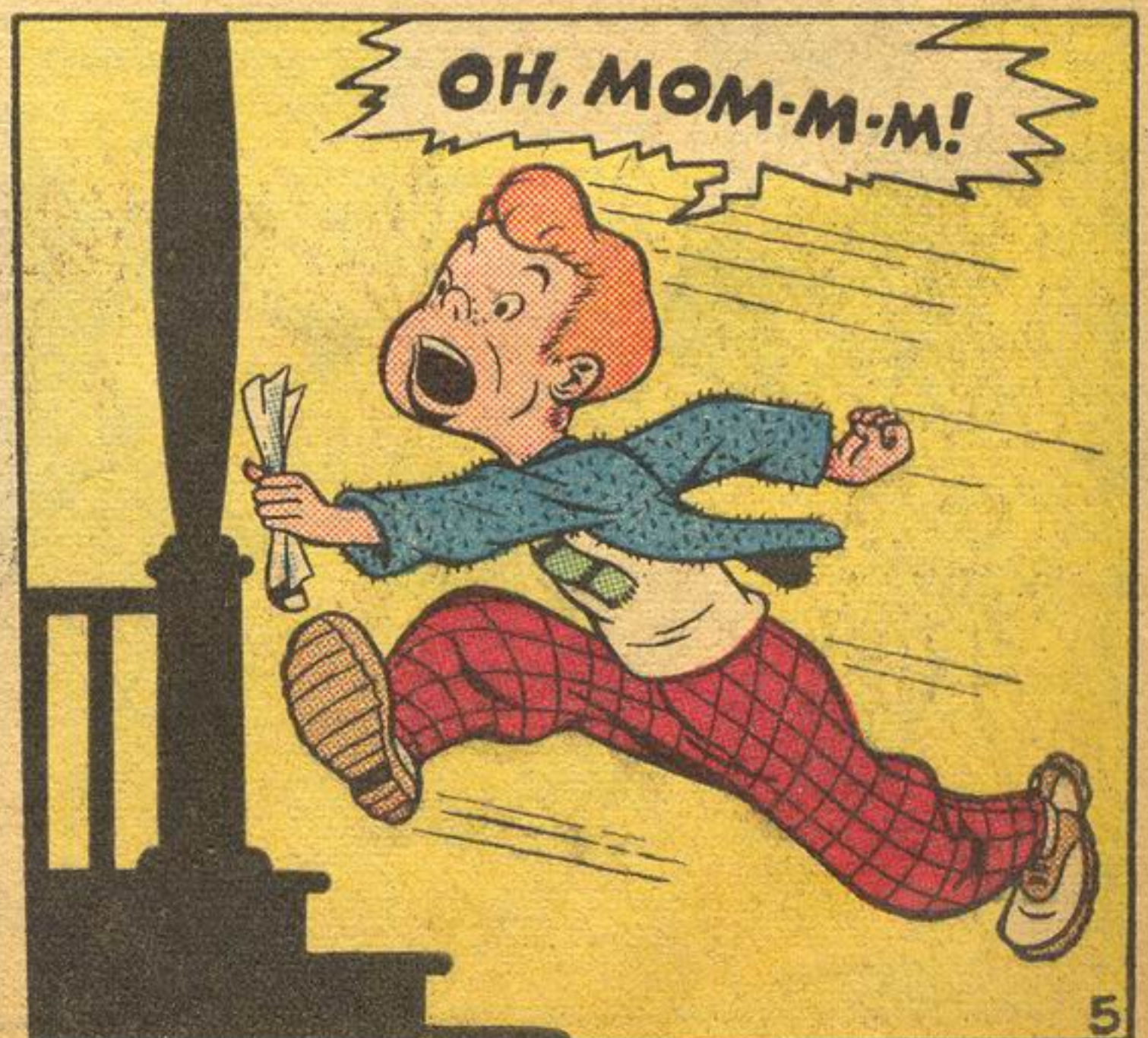
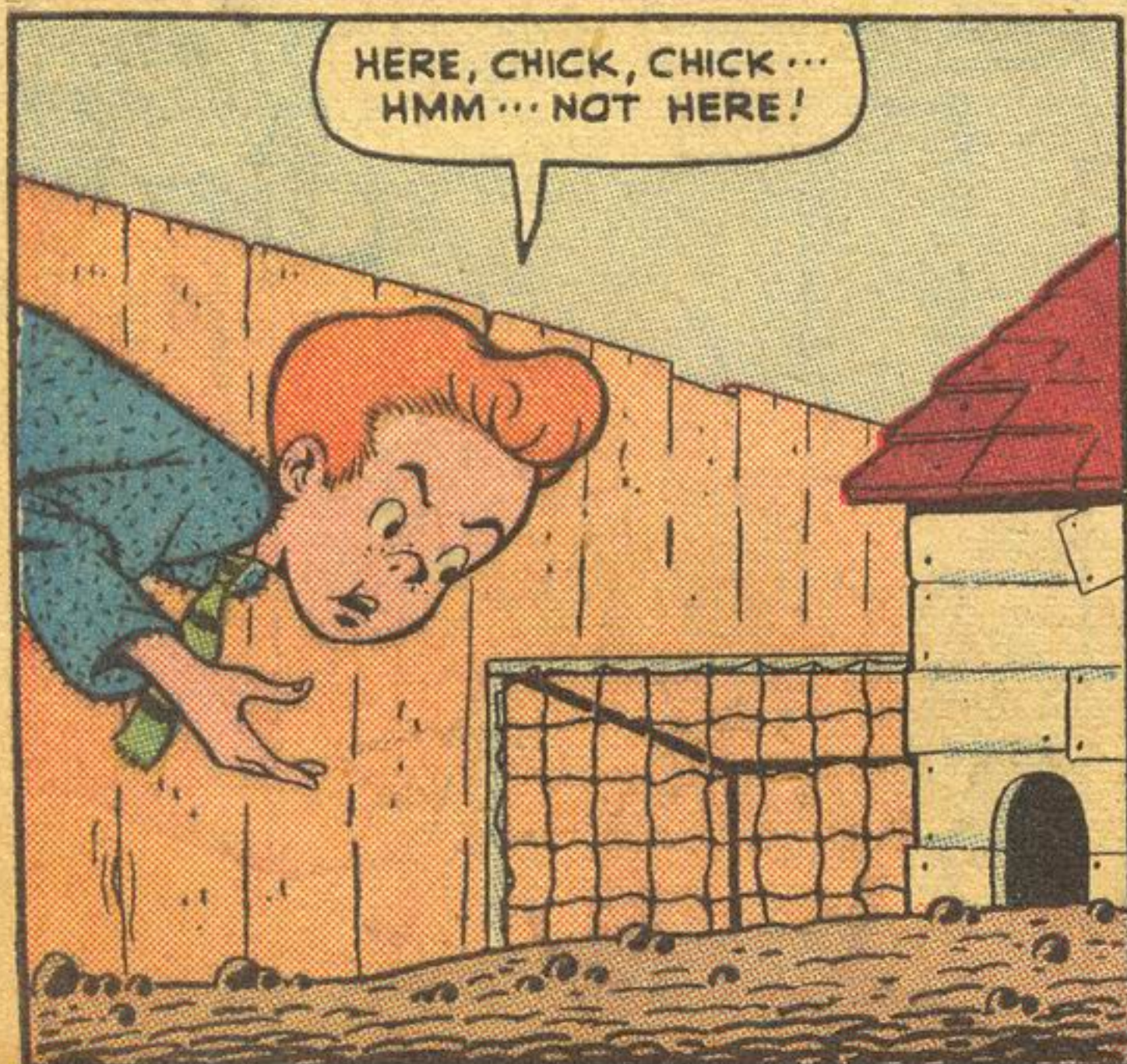
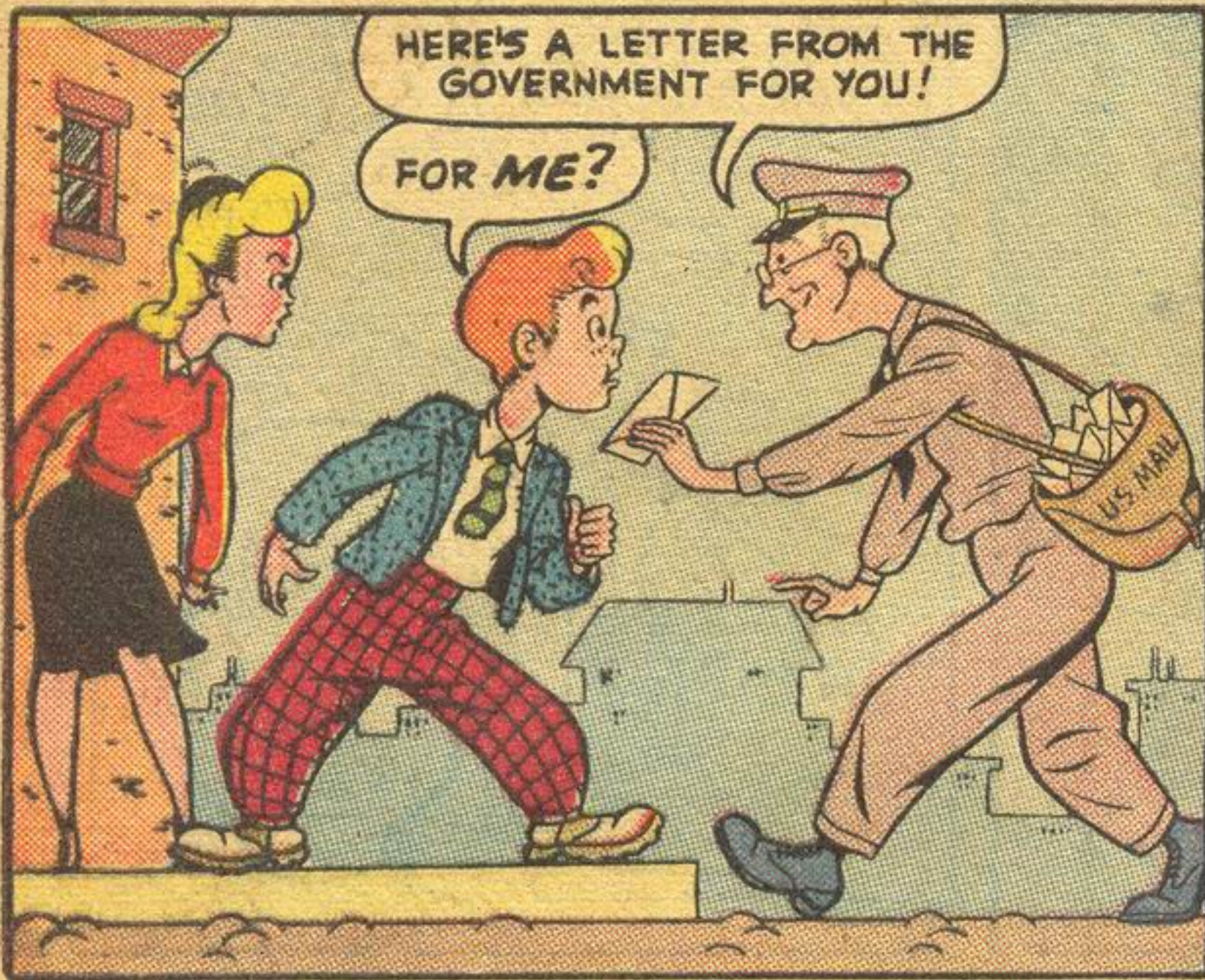
AWW! NOTHING HAPPENED! WE'LL TRY SOME OTHER CHEMICAL FROM YOUR BOX!

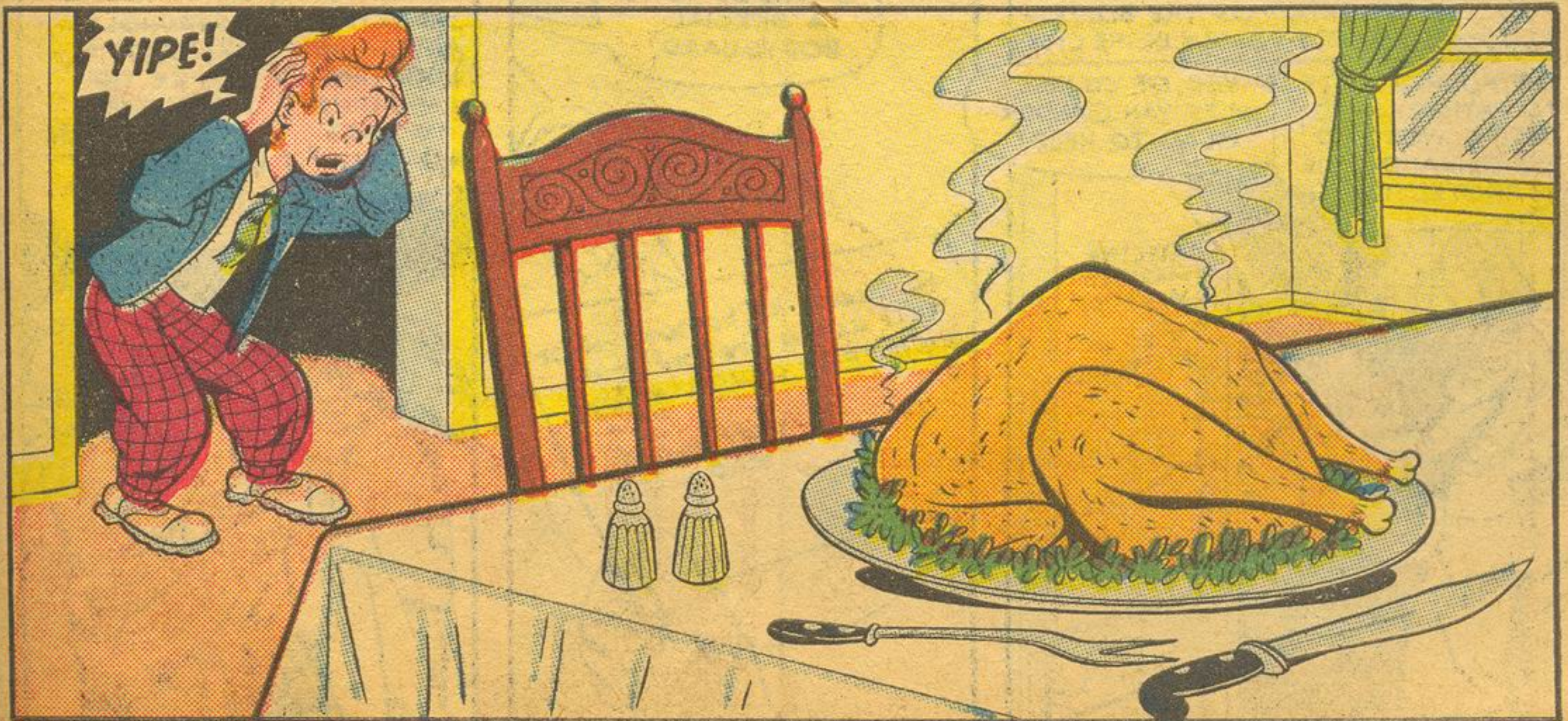
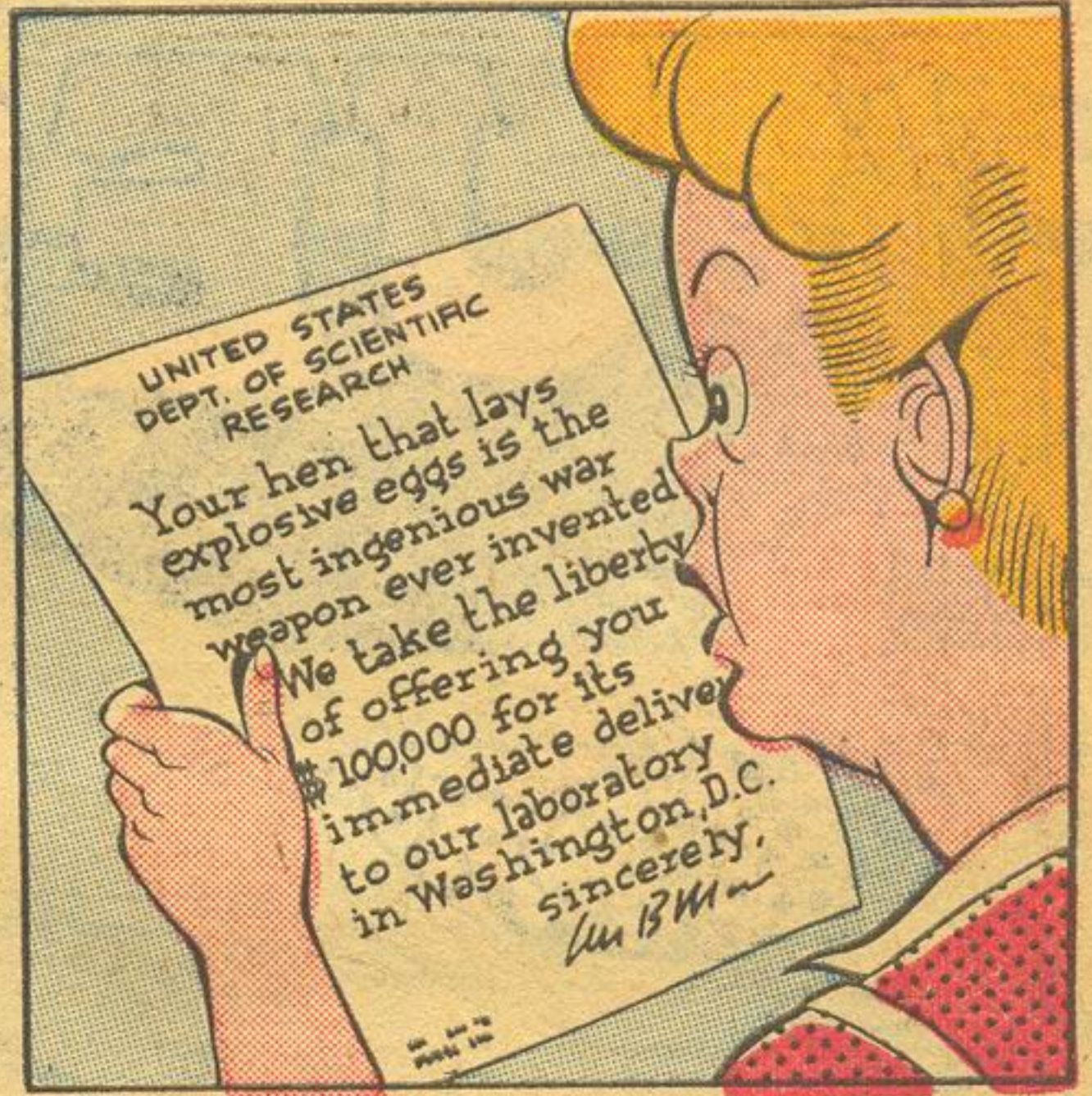


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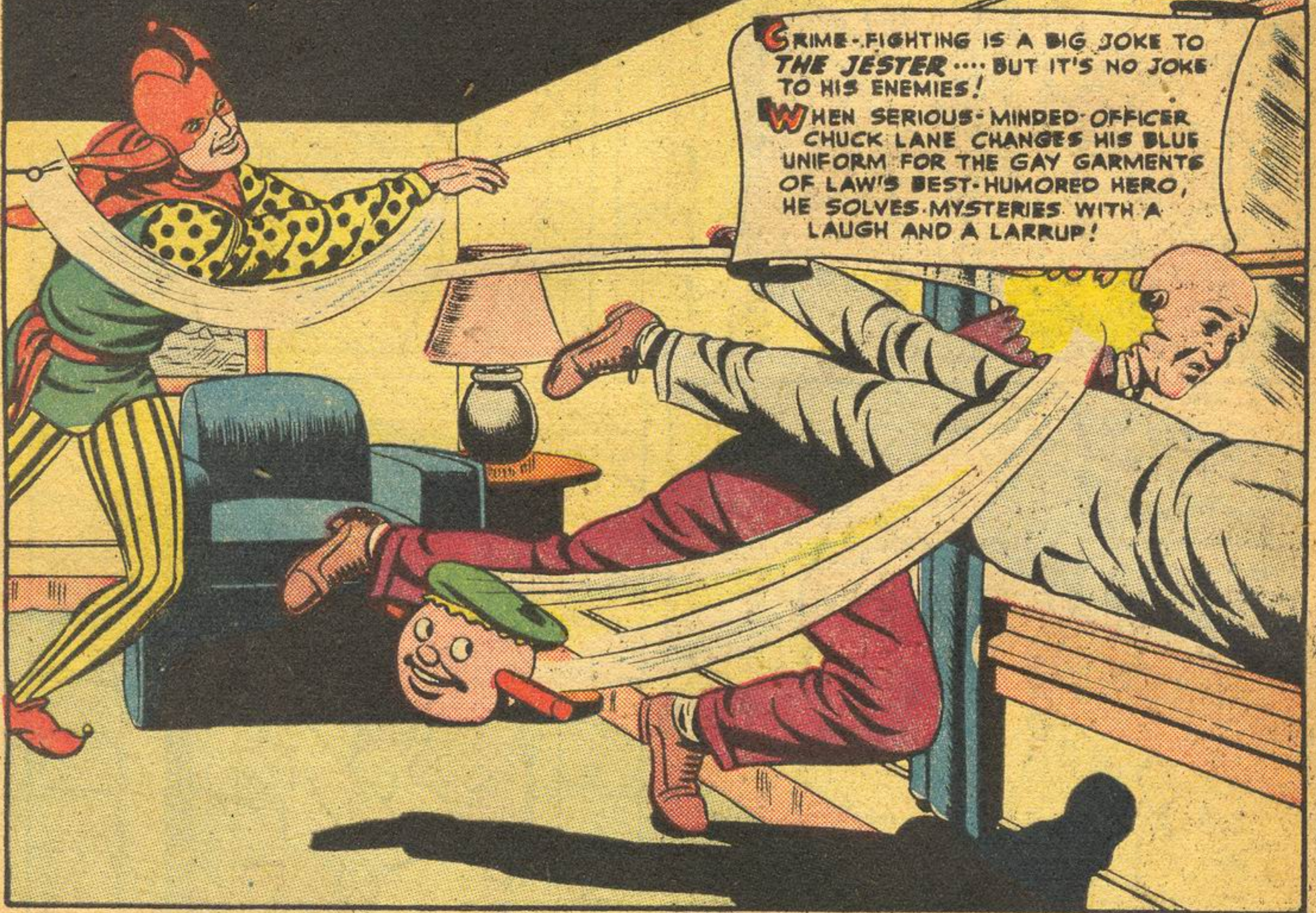


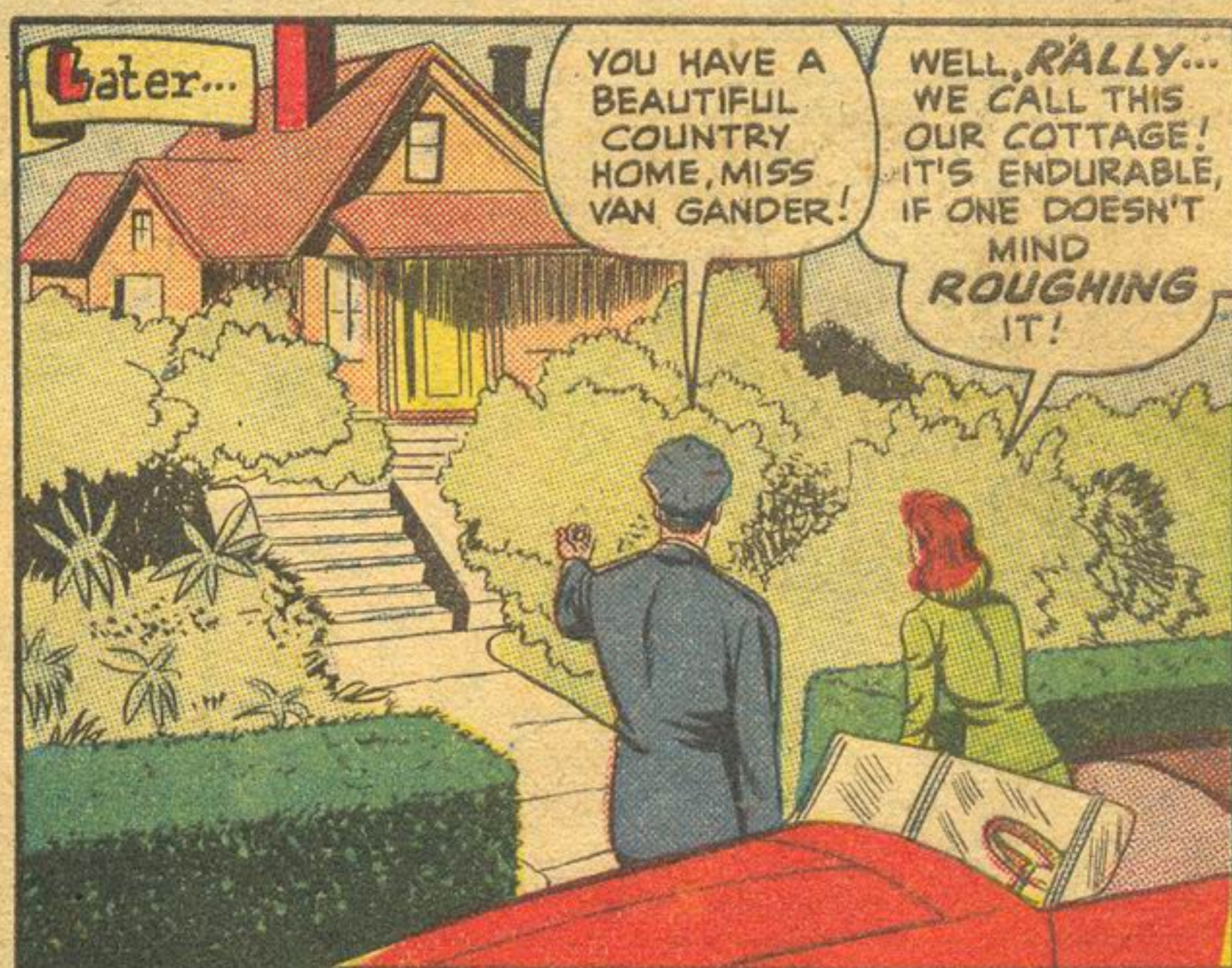




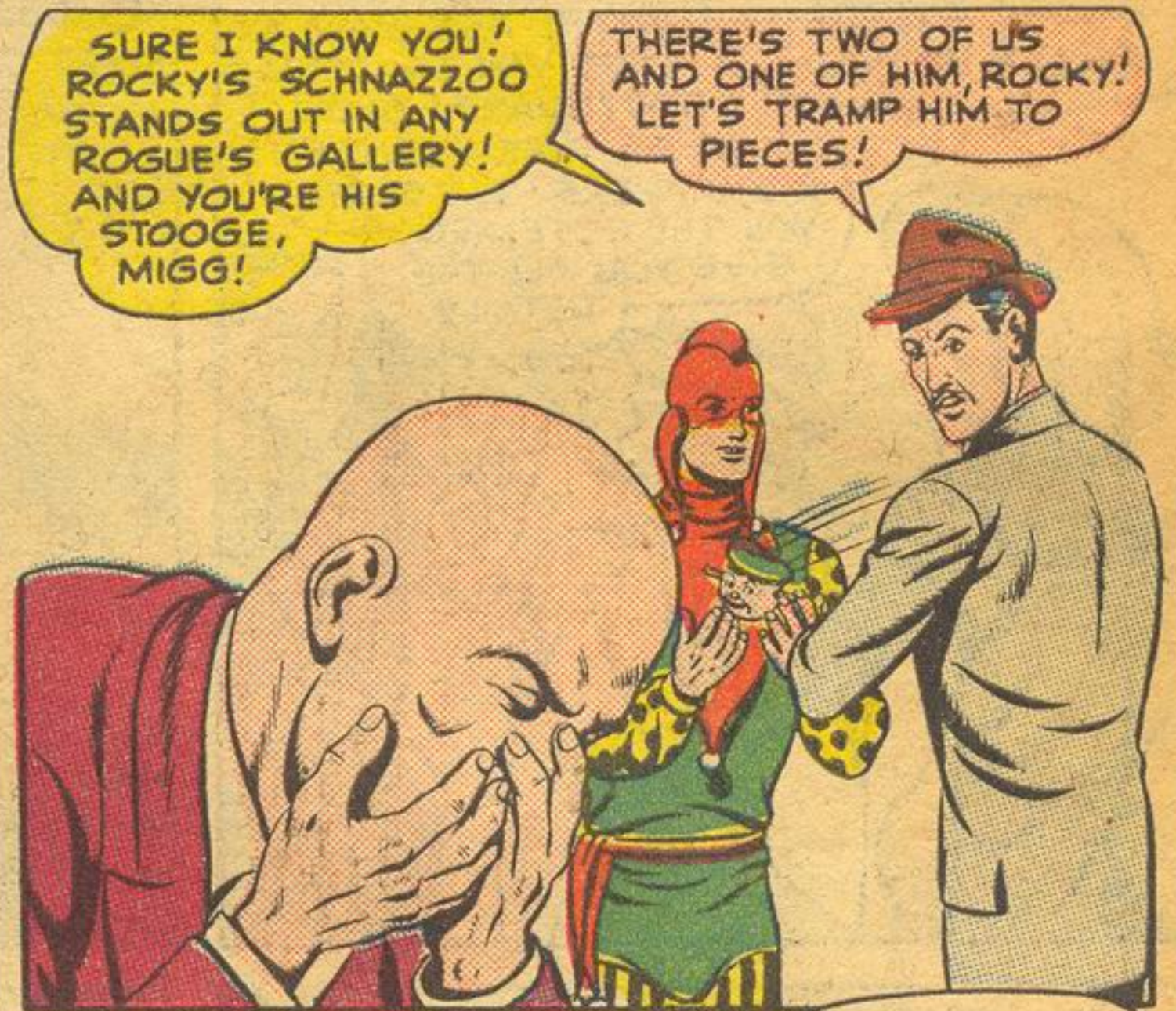
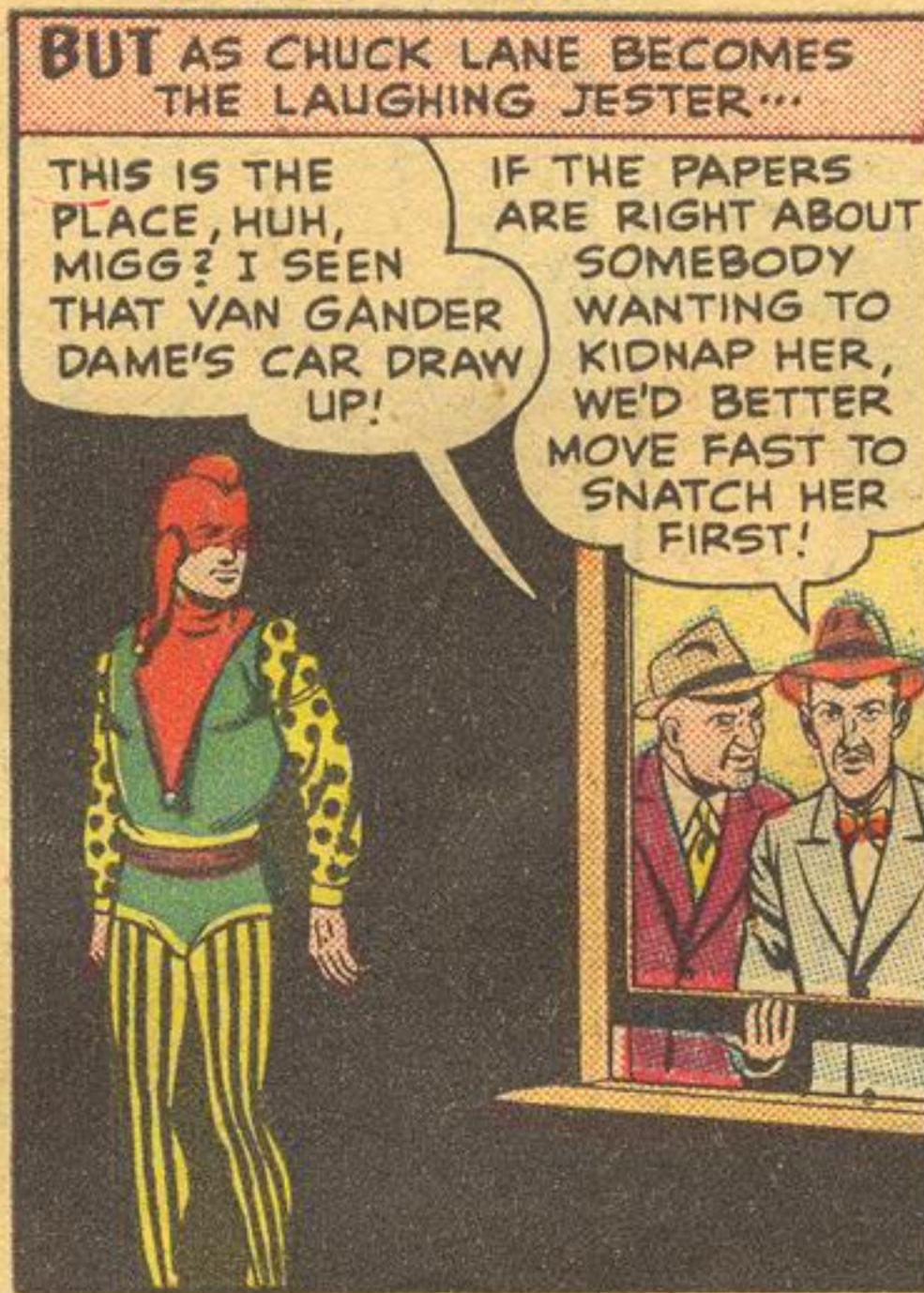
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The JESTER



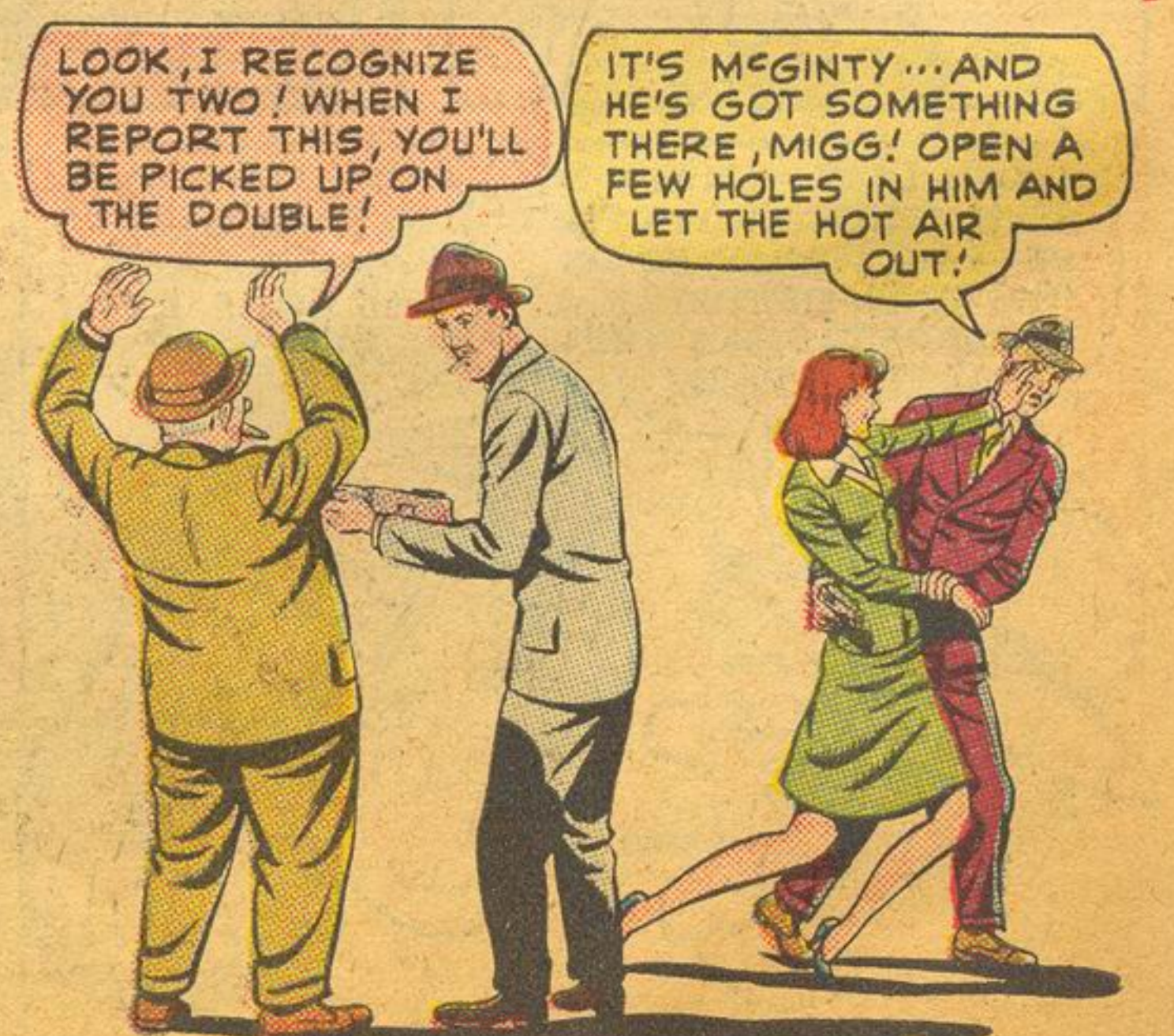


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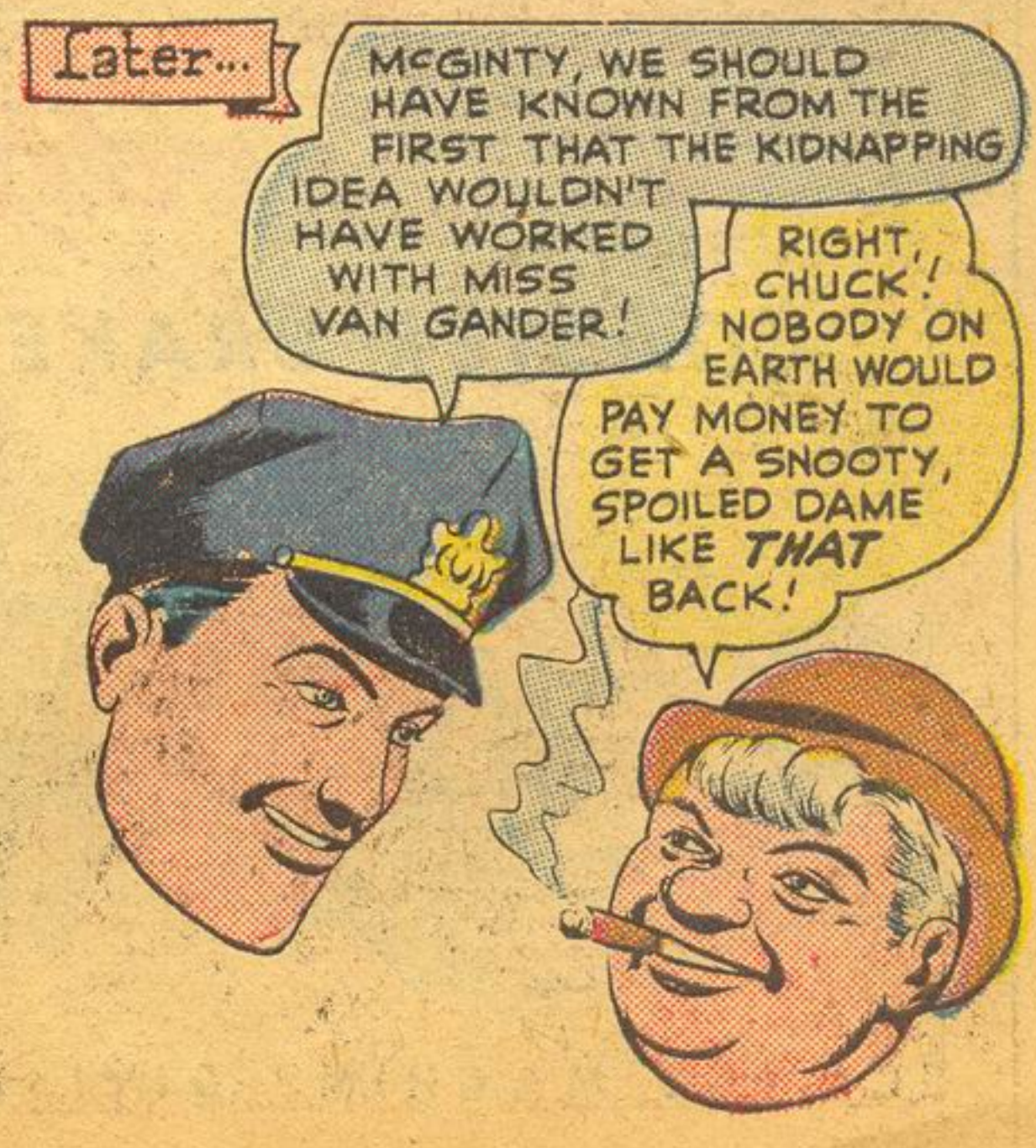
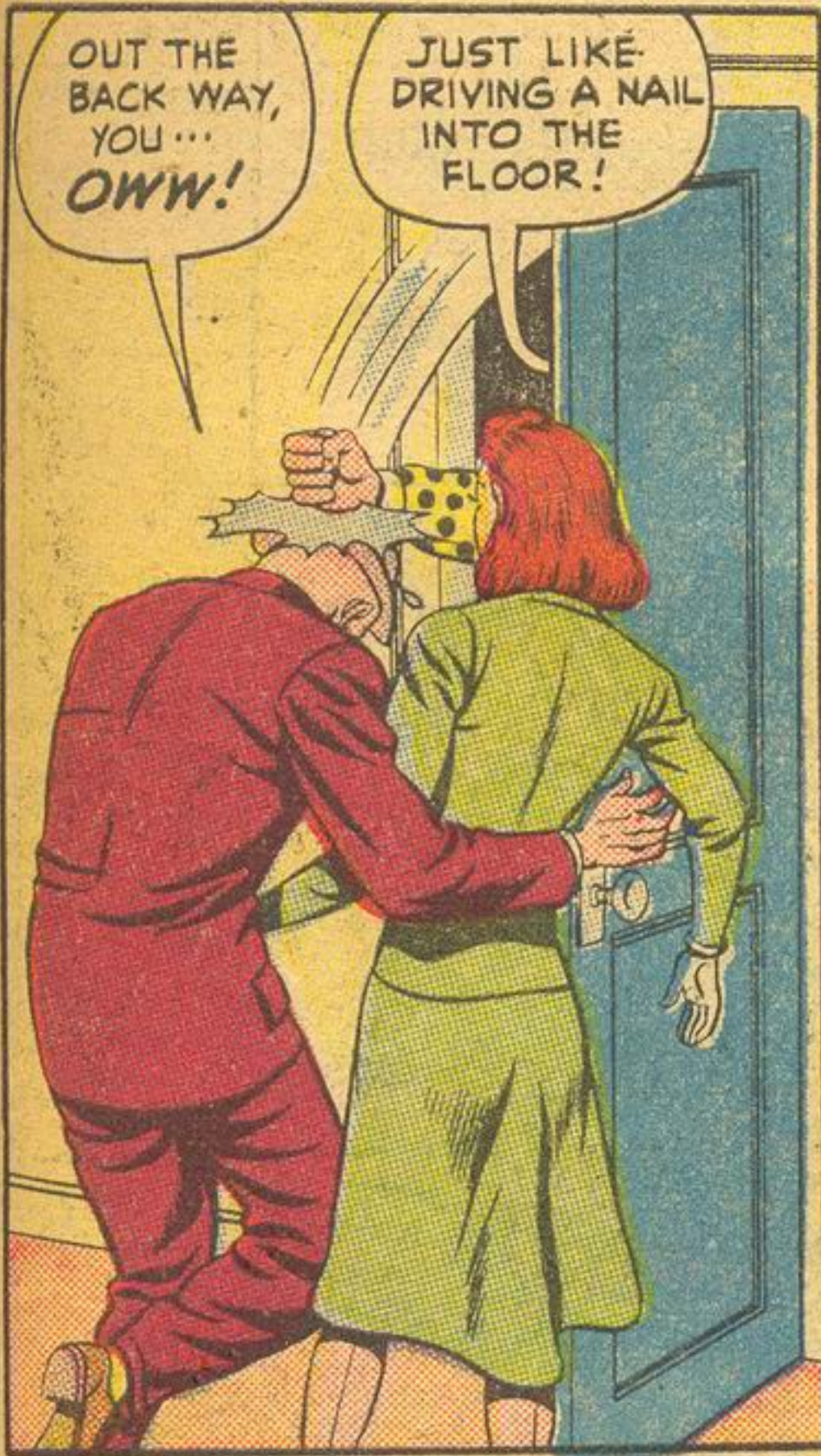




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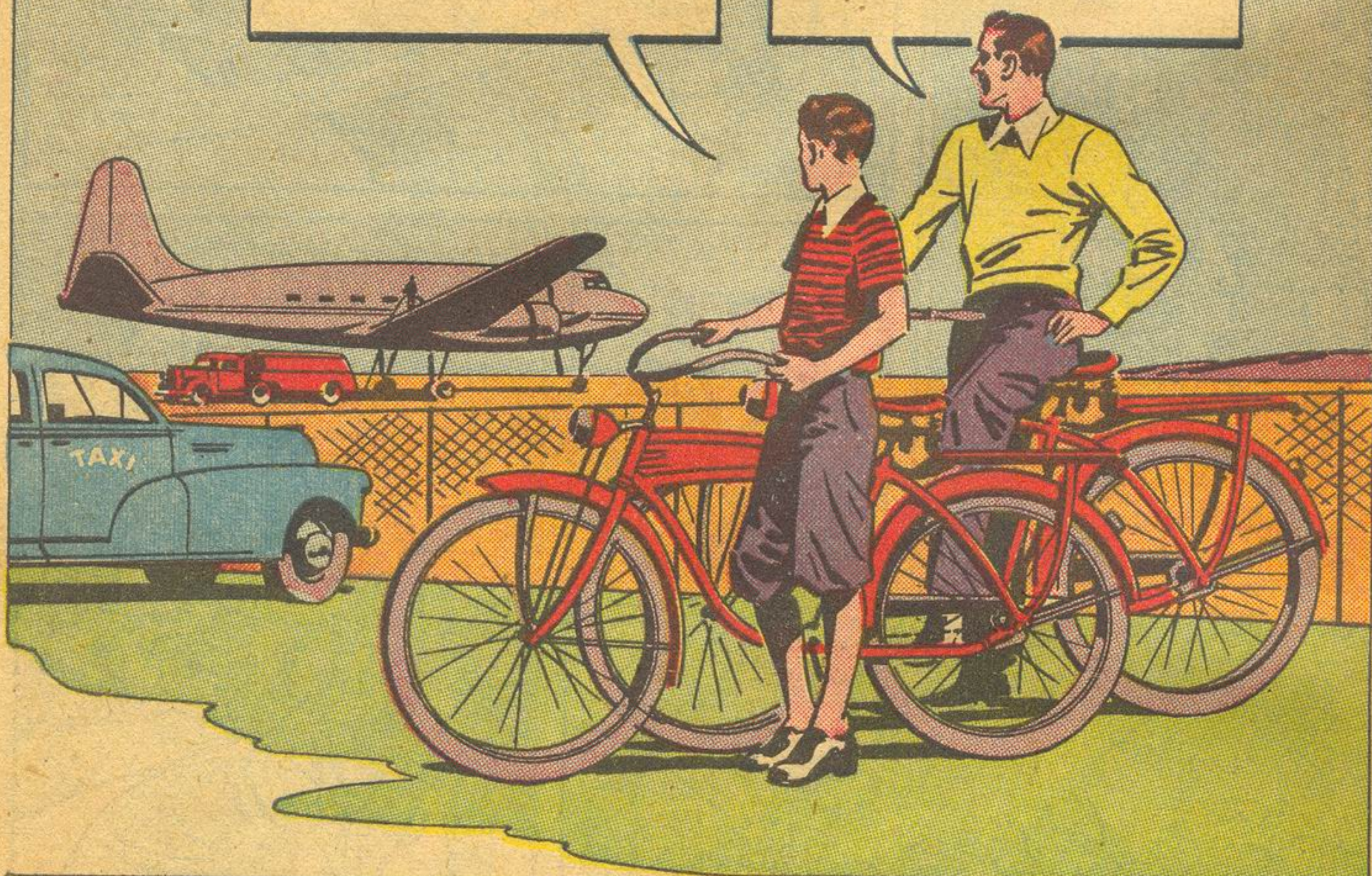


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"Gosh Dad, you mean
Bendix Brakes
are on all three!"

"Yes Son—Bendix builds
brakes for all types of
planes, cars and trucks!"



GET THE NEW

Bendix

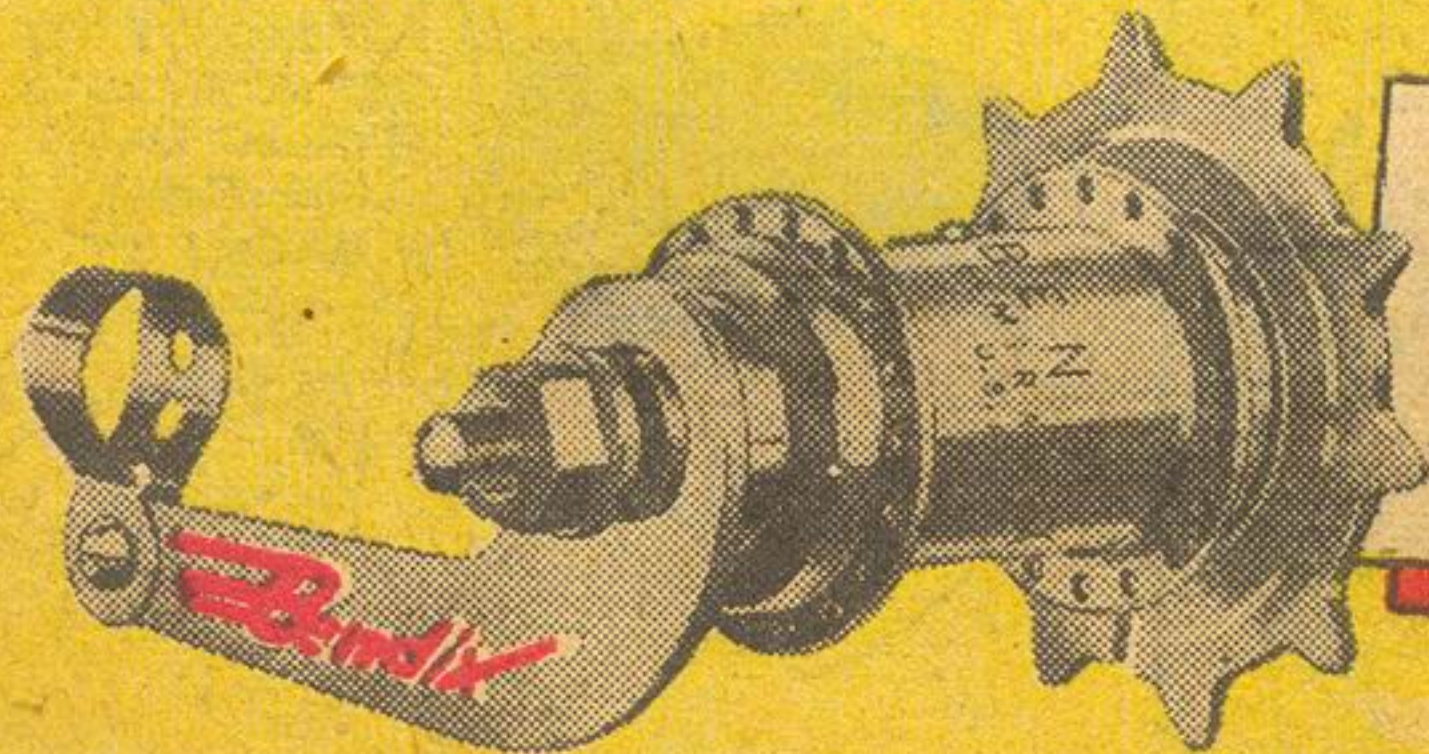
COASTER BRAKE!

If you want the latest and finest coaster brake be sure that your new bike is equipped with a Bendix* Coaster Brake. It is made by one of America's leading brake manufacturers and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake. *TRADEMARK

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- ★ Stops Quicker ★ Coasts Longer

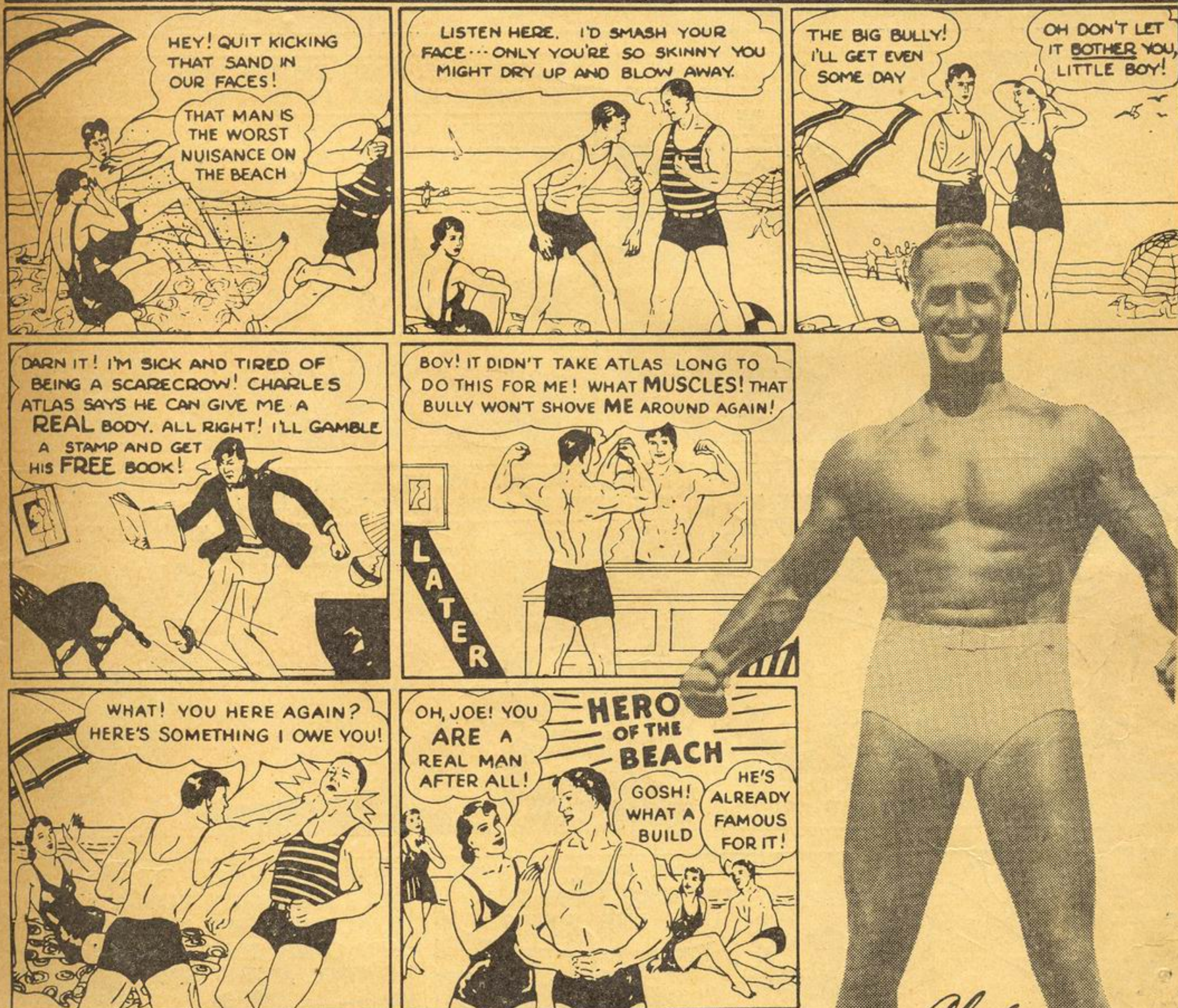


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Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"OUTWITTING
The KIDNAPPERS"



WHEN THEY FIND
THAT RANSOM NOTE,
I'LL BE SITTING
PRETTY...



AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM
CITY BIKE CLUB HEAR POLICE RADIO FLASH...

...KIDNAPPERS
LAST SEEN ON
ROUTE 22
DRIVING TOWARD
SPARTA
MOUNTAIN...

GOLLY...
THEY'RE HEADING
THIS WAY!

COME ON,
FELLAS...WE'RE
HEADING FOR
THE CROSSROADS!



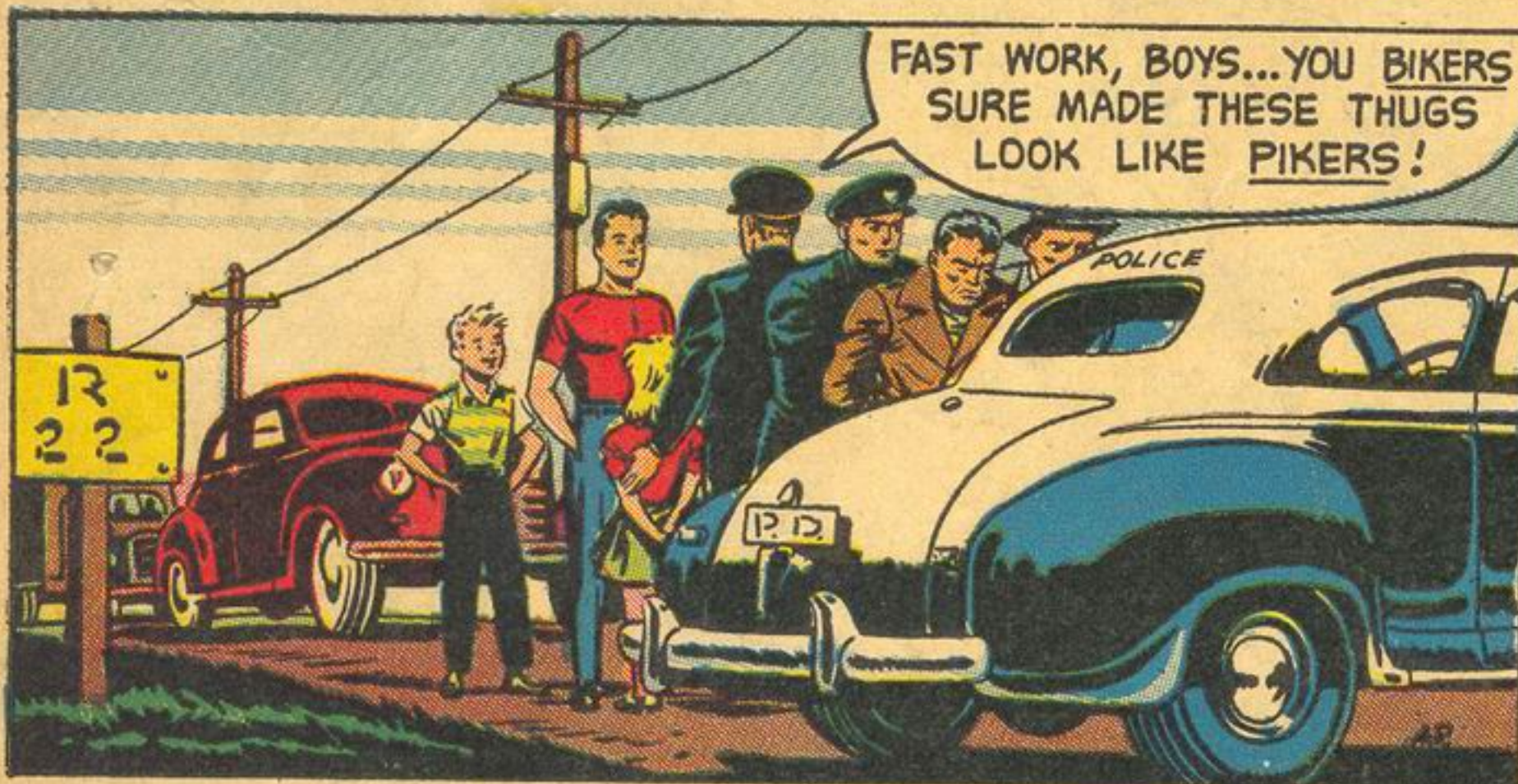
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I'LL STOP ALL CARS WITH
MY SPARK-INTERRUPTER!

A SPARK-INTERRUPTER CUTS OFF
ALL IGNITIONS BY REMOTE CONTROL!



THE PLAN WORKS...THE KIDNAP-CAR
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THEY'VE GOT THE
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SURE MADE THESE THUGS
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AND I ARE MIGHTY PARTIAL TO U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN
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CONTROL AT TOP SPEED!

NEXT ISSUE:
TRAPPING A
BANDIT!

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WEATHER--GIVES QUICKER, SURER STOPS.
WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?